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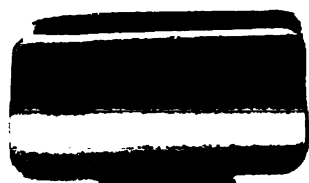
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CAMBRIDGE BOOK
OF POETRY

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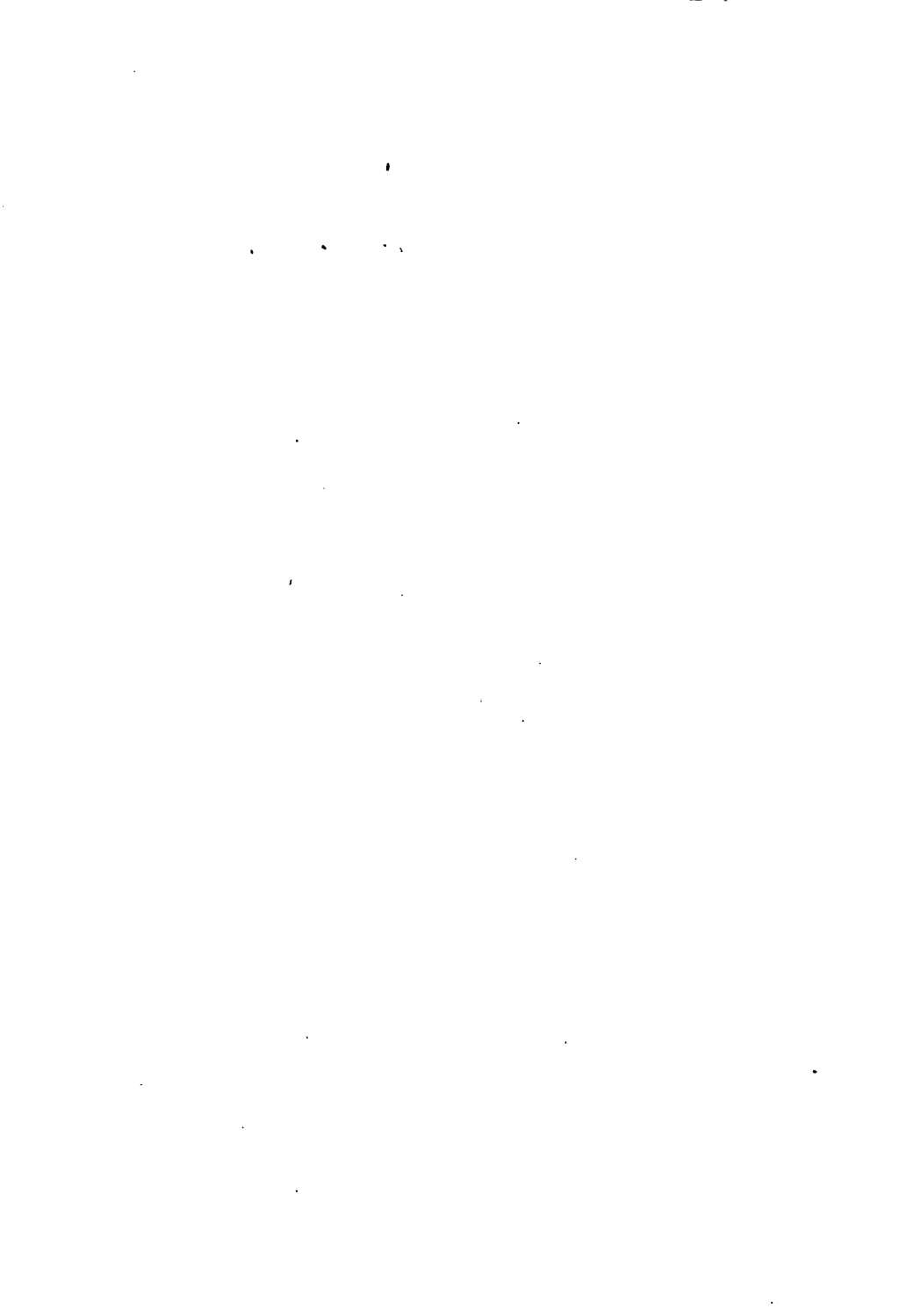
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THE
CAMBRIDGE BOOK
OF
POETRY AND SONG

SELECTED FROM
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS

BY

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES

AUTHOR OF "RISK AND OTHER POEMS"

COMPILER OF "THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY BOOK," "SEVEN
VOICES OF SYMPATHY"

UNIV. OF
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GIFT OF
A. F. MORRISON

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TO YIU
ALBONIAO

TO THE MEMORY OF

My Friend

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED.

THY name, O poet, shall go sounding on
While breaks the wave on shore of Machigonne.*
The sky and ocean whence thy genius stole
The charm which draws the universal soul,
Alone remain the same as on that day
Now lying five and seventy years away.
These type the fate of what thy voice hath sung;
Like sea and sky, the heart is ever young.
Man's joys and griefs a thousand years ago,
Throb still the same as do the waters flow;
The light and dark, as then, divide his sky,
Though earth has seen so many millions die.
Who best meets man, not men, as ages move,
Will be secure of human praise and love;
Who best meets man will share, and only he,
With heaven and ocean, immortality.

C. F. B.

* The Indian name of Portland.



P R E F A C E.

THOUGH text-books of every variety abound, and many persons assert the old to be better than the new, yet every year sees no inconsiderable number added to their list. It is folly to suppose that any one prepares a work merely for the sake of doing it, and careful examination proves that every successor in a given field has some superiority of plan, comprehensiveness, detail, or material to recommend it. Something it may lack that others have; but it also has something that others lack. So it is with compilations of poetry. Every one is found faulty somewhere, by somebody, nor can it be imagined possible, with the varied tastes of men, that the work of one should be so all-embracing as to leave no intelligent reader disappointed. The compiler of this volume has not pretended to make what she has never found,—a perfect compilation,—and will be gratified if this prove so well done as to save it from the charge of being a supernumerary. Whatever its defects, it still carries out, in the main, her aim in undertaking it, which was,—

First.—To represent the genius of woman as fairly as that of man.

Second.—To the extent of the compiler's power, to give those poets their just dues who have hitherto not had them.

Third.—To quote largely, though in brief passages, from those authors whose works, through their uninviting looks, length, or subject, or the undue bias imparted by ridicule and one-sided criticism, are generally seldom read, and but imperfectly represented.

Fourth. — To bring together not only copious extracts from the standard and popular writers of Great Britain and America, but also a goodly number of poems from the very latest volumes of both countries, and a representation, through one poem, at least, of those whose writings are as yet uncollected, and whose names have not appeared in other compilations.

The alphabetic arrangement of the work — prepared virtually in portions; not offered complete to the printers — demanded unusual readiness in the choice and supply of material, and the temporary omissions of chance or necessity placed authors and poems desired for the body of the work in its supplement. A glance at the latter will quickly discover, from its value, that, though coming after, it is no afterthought.

A number of names on the compiler's list were, through accident, wholly omitted, while others were left out through want of space on account of the length of poems, or because extracts could not be seasonably obtained. Positive knowledge of insufficient space excluded *translations* from the work, and though ballads and anonymous poems were in the plan, there was found to be very meagre room for even these.

In comparing the extent of representation, it will be remembered that the space occupied by poems, no less than their number, must be considered. Other things being equal, the compiler welcomes brevity, and the more this element prevails in an author, or the more his works admit of short and striking quotation, the more variously can he be represented. It often happens that one long lyric claims as much room as five or six short ones, while a mere glance at the index would seem to indicate injustice.

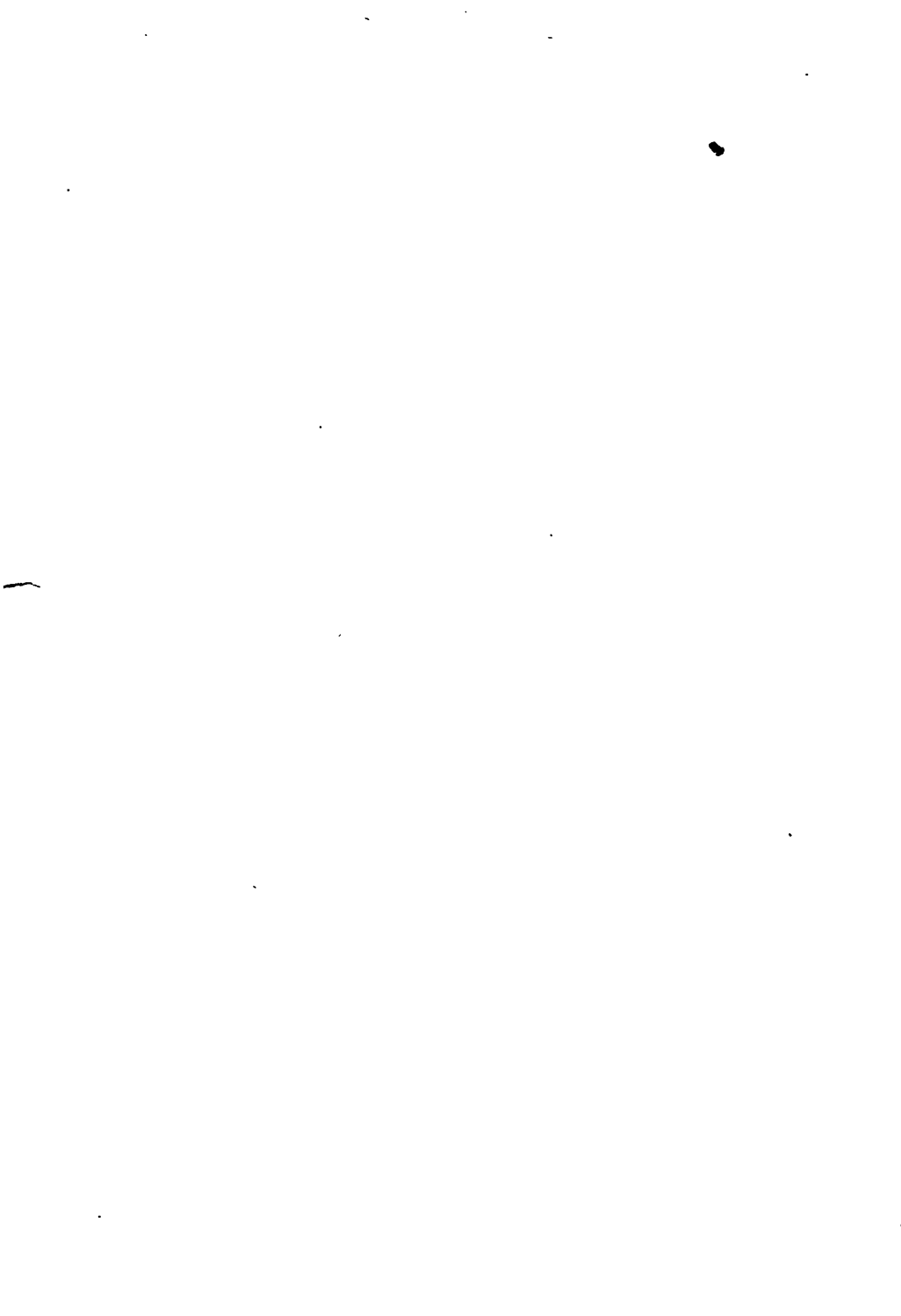
To the editor's sincere regret, and through circumstances over which she had no control, JOAQUIN MILLER, JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, and WALT WHITMAN are unrepresented in this volume; while the poems from HELEN JACKSON, DR. JOYCE, and EDGAR FAWCETT are, from a like necessity, not those at first selected from their works.

The publishers acknowledge the generous courtesy of the following houses in granting the use of their publications: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; J. R. Osgood & Co.; Harper & Brothers; Charles Scribner's Sons; J. B. Lippincott & Co.; G. P. Putnam's Sons; Lee & Shepard; D. Appleton & Co.; The Century Company; E. P. Dutton & Co.; and R. Worthington.

The editor also recognizes the private courtesy of many, among whom are EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, RICHARD WATSON GILDER, JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, WILLIAM WINTER, EDGAR FAWCETT, EDNA DEAN PROCTOR, MARY MAPES DODGE, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, JULIA C. R. DORR, and LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.

Justice requires the statement that this compilation has occupied the leisure intervals of a busy life for but fifteen months; also that it has been prepared entirely without aid; and that a thorough examination of the authors' works, where accessible—as in the majority of cases they were—made the selections, as largely as possible, independent of those prepared by others, though of necessity, choice has often proved coincident.

C. F. B.



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 b. Newton, St. Bridget, South Wales, Eng., 1621.
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 b. Salem, Mass., Aug. 23, 1813.
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 b. Colehill, Eng., March 3, 1605 or 1606.
 d. Beaconsfield, Eng., Oct. 31, 1657.
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- b. Southampton, Eng., July 14, 1874.
 d. Theobalds, Newington, Eng., Nov. 25, 1743.
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WEBSTER, AUGUSTA.

- b. England, 1841.
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WELBY, AMELIA B.

- b. St. Nicholas, Ind., Feb. 3, 1819
 d. Louisville, Ky., May 8, 1832.
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WESLEY, CHARLES.

- b. Epworth, Lincolnshire, Eng., Dec. 18, 1708.
 d. London, March 28, 1788.
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 Music" 632
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WHITE, BLANCO.

- b. Seville, Spain, July 11, 1775.
 d. Liverpool, Eng., May 20, 1841.
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WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.

- b. Nottingham, Eng., March 21, 1785.
 d. Cambridge, Eng., Oct. 19, 1806.
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 "Rose" 636
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WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN.

- b. Providence, R. I., 1803.
 d. June 27, 1878.
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WHITNEY, ADELINE D. T.

- b. Boston, 1824.
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WHITTIER, ELIZABETH HUSSEY.

- b. Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 7, 1815.
 d. Amesbury, Mass., Sept. 3, 1884.
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WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.

- b. Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807. d. Sept. 7, 1892.
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WILDE, RICHARD HENRY

- b. Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 24, 1784.
 d. New Orleans, Sept. 10, 1847.
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WILLIAMS, HELEN MARIA

- b. near Berwick, Eng., 1703.
 d. Paris, Dec., 1897.
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WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER.

- b. Portland, Me., Jan. 20, 1807.
 d. Idlewild, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1867.
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WILLSON, FORCEYTHE.

- b. Little Genesee, N. Y., 1837.
 d. 1887.
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WILSON, JOHN (Christopher North).

- b. Paisley, Scotland, May 18, 1785.
 d. Edinburgh, April 3, 1854.
 The Evening Cloud 657
 The Shipwreck (*Isle of Palms*) 657

WINTER, WILLIAM.

- b. Gloucester, Mass., July 15, 1836.
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WITHER, GEORGE.

- b. Brentworth, Eng. June 11, 1588.
d. London, May 3, 1657.
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WOLCOT, JOHN (Peter Pindar).

- b. Dodbrooke, Devonshire, Eng., 1733.
d. Somers Town, London, Jan. 13, 1813.
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WOLFE, CHARLES.

- b. Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 14, 1791.
d. Cove of Cork, now Queensdown, Feb. 21, 1823.
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Go, Forget Me 665
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WOODWORTH, SAMUEL.

- b. Scituate, Mass., Jan. 13, 1785.
d. New York, Dec. 9, 1842.
The Old Oakan Bucket 666

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.

- b. Cockermouth, Eng., April 7, 1770.
d. Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850.
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WOTTON, SIR HENRY.

- b. Boston (or Boughton Hall), Kent, Eng.,
March 31, 1523. d. Eton, Dec., 1539.
A Happy Life 676

WYATT, SIR THOMAS.

- b. Allington Castle, Kent, Eng., 1503.
d. Sherborne, Eng., Oct. 11, 1542.
A Lover's Prayer 677
Description of the One he would
Love 677
Pleasure mixed with Pain 677

YOUNG, EDWARD.

- b. Upham, Hampshire, Eng., 1684.
d. Wellwyn, Hertfordshire, April 12, 1763.
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Ambition (*Night Thoughts*) VII. 683
Cheerfulness in Misfortune
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(*Night Thoughts*) II. 680
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(*Night Thoughts*) IV. 682
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(*Night Thoughts*) II. 680
Joy to be Shared (*Night*
Thoughts) II. 678
Power of the World (*Night*
Thoughts) V. 683
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ness of Death (*Night*
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Time, its Use and Misuse (*Night*
Thoughts) II. 678
Virtue, the Measure of Years
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Wisdom (*Night Thoughts*) VIII. 684

YOUNG, WILLIAM.

- b. Monmouth, Ills., 1847.
The Horseman (From *The Cen-
tury*) 588

HENRY ABBEY.

THE CALIPH'S MAGNANIMITY.

A TRAVELLER across the desert
waste

Found on his way a cool, palm-
shaded spring,
And the fresh water seemed to his
pleased taste,

In the known world, the most de-
licious thing.

"Great is the caliph!" said he; "I
for him
Will fill my leathern bottle to the
brim."

He sank the bottle, forcing it to drink
Until the gurgle ceased in its lank
throat;

And as he started onward, smiled to
think

That he for thirst bore God's sole
antidote.

Days after, with obeisance low and
meet,

He laid his present at the caliph's feet.

Forthwith the issue of the spring was
poured

Into a cup, on whose embossed
outside,

Jewels, like solid water, shaped a
gourd.

The caliph drank, and seemed well
satisfied,

Nay, wisely pleased, and straightway
gave command

To line with gold the man's work-
hardened hand.

The courtiers, looking at the round
reward,

Fancied that some unheard-of vir-
tue graced

The bottled burden borne for their
loved lord,

And of the liquid gift asked but to
taste.

The caliph answered from his potent
throne:

"Touch not the water; it is mine
alone!"

But soon — after the humble giver
went.

O'erflowing with delight, which
bathed his face —

The caliph told his courtiers the
intent

Of his denial, saying: "It is base
Not to accept a kindness when ex-
pressed

By no low motive of self-interest.

"The water was a gift of love to me,
Which I with golden gratitude re-
paid.

I would not let the honest giver see
That, on its way, the crystal of the
shade

Had changed, and was impure; for
so, no less,

His love, thus scorned, had turned to
bitterness.

"I granted not the warm, distasteful
draught

To asking lips, because of firm mis-
trust,

Or kindly fear, that, if another
quaffed,

He would reveal his feeling of dis-
gust,

And he, who meant a favor, would
depart,

Bearing a wounded and dejected
heart."

.....
 ..::: MAY IN KINGSTON. :::
 ..::: ..:::

OUR old colonial town is new with
 May;
 The budding trees that clasp across
 the streets,
 Grow greener sleeved with bursting
 buds each day.

Still this year's May the last year's
 May repeats;
 Even the old stone houses half renew
 Their youth and beauty, as the old
 trees do.

High over all, like some divine de-
 sire
 Above our lower thoughts of daily
 care,
 The gray, religious, heaven-touching
 spire
 Adds to the quiet of the spring-
 time air;
 And over roofs the birds create a sea,
 That has no shore, of their May
 melody.

Down through the lowlands now of
 lightest green,
 The undecided creek winds on its
 way.
 There the lithe willow bends with
 graceful mien,
 And sees its likeness in the depths
 all day;
 While in the orchards, flushed with
 May's warm light,
 The bride-like fruit-trees dwell, at-
 tired in white.

But yonder loom the mountains old
 and grand,
 That off, along dim distance, reach
 afar,
 And high and vast, against the sun-
 set stand,
 A dreamy range, long and irreg-
 ular—
 A caravan that never passes by,
 Whose camel-backs are laden with
 the sky.

So, like a caravan, our outlived years
 Loom on the introspective land-
 scape seen

Within the heart: and now, when
 May appears,
 And earth renews its vernal bloom
 and green,
 We but renew our longing, and we
 say:
 "Oh, would that life might ever be
 all May!

"Would that the bloom of youth
 which is so brief,
 The bloom, the May, the fullness
 ripe and fair
 Of cheek and limb, might fade not
 as the leaf;
 Would that the heart might not
 grow old with care,
 Nor love turn bitter, nor fond hope
 decay;
 But soul and body lead a life of
 May!"

FACIEBAT.

As thoughts possess the fashion of
 the mood
 That gave them birth, so every
 deed we do
 Partakes of our inborn disquietude
 Which spurns the old and reaches
 toward the new.
 The noblest works of human art and
 pride
 Show that their makers were not
 satisfied.

For, looking down the ladder of our
 deeds,
 The rounds seem slender; all past
 work appears
 Unto the doer faulty; the heart
 bleeds,
 And pale Regret comes weltering
 in tears,
 To think how poor our best has been.
 how vain,
 Beside the excellence we would at-
 tain.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;

All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY, thou goddess heavenly
bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with
delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence
reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton
train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows
more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy
sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of na-
ture gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleas-
ure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's
isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her
stores,

How oft in fields of death thy pres-
ence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too
dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun
refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it
to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant
soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of
oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that
lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent
skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven
repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen
Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's
isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her
bleak mountains smile.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, thou reason'st well! —
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us —
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works — he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.
 [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me:
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
 Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,
 That my awakened soul may take her flight,
 Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
 Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

MARK AKENSIDE.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
 Is it an offence to own
 That our bosoms e'er incline
 Toward immortal Glory's throne?

For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure.
 Bourbon's smight, Braganza's treasure,
 So can fancy's dream rejoice,
 So conciliate reason's choice,
 As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
 Be the passport to thy heaven,
 Foilow thou those gloomy ways—
 No such law to me was given;
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
 Faring like my friends before me;
 Nor an holier place desire
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
 And Tully's curule chair, and Mil-
 ton's golden lyre.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF POETIC
 AND ARTISTIC CREATIONS.

By these mysterious ties, the busy
 power
 Of memory her ideal train preserves
 Entire; or when they would elude
 her watch,
 Reclaims their fleeting footsteps
 from the waste
 Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
 The various forms of being, to present
 Before the curious eye of mimic art
 Their largest choice: like Spring's
 unfolded bloom
 Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful
 bee
 May taste at will from their selected
 spoils
 To work her dulcet food. For not
 the expanse
 Of living lakes in summer's noontide
 calm,
 Reflects the bordering shade and sun-
 bright heavens
 With fairer semblance; not the
 sculptured gold
 More faithful keeps the graver's
 lively trace,
 Than he whose birth the sister-
 powers of art
 Propitious viewed, and from his
 genial star
 Shed influence to the seeds of fancy
 kind,
 Than his attempered bosom must
 preserve
 The seal of nature. There alone,
 unchanged

Her form remains. The balmy walks
 of May
 There breathe perennial sweets: the
 trembling chord
 Resounds forever in the abstracted
 ear,
 Melodious; and the virgin's radiant
 eye,
 Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
 Shines with unabating lustre. Thus
 at length
 Endowed with all that nature can
 bestow,
 The child of fancy oft in silence
 bends
 O'er these mixed treasures of his
 pregnant breast
 With conscious pride. From them
 he oft resolves
 To frame he knows not what excel-
 ling things,
 And win he knows not what sublime
 reward
 Of praise and wonder. By degrees
 the mind
 Feels her young nerves dilate: the
 plastic powers
 Labor for action: blind emotions
 heave
 His bosom; and with loveliest frenzy
 caught,
 From earth to heaven he rolls his
 daring eye,
 From heaven to earth. Anon ten
 thousand shapes,
 Like spectres trooping to the wiz-
 ard's call,
 Flit swift before him. From the
 womb of earth,
 From ocean's bed they come: the
 eternal heavens
 Disclose their splendors, and the
 dark abyss
 Pours out her births unknown
 With fixed gaze
 He marks the rising phantoms. Now
 compares
 Their different forms; now blends
 them, now divides;
 Enlarges and extenuates by turns;
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
 And infinitely varies. Hither now,
 Now thither fluctuates his inconstant
 aim,

With endless choice perplexed. At length his plan
 begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
 And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
 Of nature at the voice divine repaired
 Each to its place, till rosy earth unveiled
 Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
 Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
 Thus disentangled, his entire design
 Emerges. Colors mingle, features join,
 And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
 The fairer eminent in light advance;
 And every image on its neighbor smiles.
 Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
 Contemplates. Then with Promethean art
 Into its proper vehicle he breathes
 The fair conception which, embodied thus,
 And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
 An object ascertained: while thus informed,
 The various objects of his mimic skill,
 The consonance of sounds, the featured rock,
 The shadowy picture, and impassioned verse,
 Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
 By that expressive semblance, while in sight
 Of nature's great original we scan
 The lively child of art; while line by line,
 And feature after feature, we refer
 To that divine exemplar whence it stole
 Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
 Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
 Doubts where to choose; and mortal man aspires
 To tempt creative praise.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

RICHES OF A MAN OF TASTE.

WHAT though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Endows, at large, whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him,
 the Spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure unproved. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers,

Becomes herself harmonious: wont
so oft
In outward things to meditate the
charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at
home
To find a kindred order to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tem-
per'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion
wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive
mien.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

MENTAL BEAUTY.

THUS doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, e'en in out-
ward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of
a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptured
search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all th' unbounded symme-
try of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent
sun,
This endless mixture of her charms
diffused.
Mind, mind alone.— bear witness,
earth and heaven!—
The living fountains in itself con-
tains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand
in hand,
Sit paramount the graces; here en-
throned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

ASPIRATIONS AFTER THE INFI- NITE.

SAY, why was man so eminently
raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his
piercing eye,

With thoughts beyond the limit of
his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might send
him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal
powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from
his breast,
And through the mists of passion and
of sense,
And through the tossing tide of
chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while
the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep
ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high re-
ward,
Th' applauding smile of heaven?
Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched
hope,
That breathes from day to day sub-
limer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore
darts the mind,
With such resistless ardor, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free;
Spurning the gross control of wilful
might;
Proud of the strong contention of
her toils;
Proud to be daring?

For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker
said,
That not in humble nor in brief de-
light,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's
flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but
from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all th' ascent of things en-
large her view,
Till every bound at length should
disappear,
And infinite perfection close the
scene.

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"He found nothing thereon but leaves."
Matt. xxi. 19.

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit
grieves

Over the wasted life:
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle, strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garner'd
sheaves

Of life's fair, ripen'd grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and
weeds;

We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent
day—

We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our wither'd leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,—
We stand before him, humbled,
mute;
Waiting the words he breathes,—
"Nothing but leaves!"

JAMES ALDRICH.

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night
away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-
gate,
And walked in Paradise!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of
even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels
go.
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers,—
those feet
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May,
The swallows built beneath the
eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the
leaves,
The robins went the livelong day;

The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling
vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of
wine.

How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay:
Those deep and tender twilight
eyes,

So full of meaning, pure and
bright

As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born.

We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen, —
The land beyond the morn.

And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise,) —
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and
pain.

We said, *Dear Christ!* — Our hearts
bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were
white

And red with blossoms when she
came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow
prime:

The clustered apples burnt like
flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed
and fell,

The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the
grange:

And time wrought just as rich a
change
In little Babie Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could
trace,
In softened curves, her mother's
face!

Her angel-nature ripened too.

We thought her lovely when she
came,

But she was holy, saintly now;
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal,
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our
reach.

She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.

We shuddered with unlanguage
pain,
And all our hopes were changed to
fears,

And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.

We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!"
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod.
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell:
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and
fair!

We parted back her silken hair:
We wove the roses round her brow,
White buds, the summer's drifted
snow, —

Wrapt her from head to foot in flow-
ers!

And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

DESTINY.

THREE roses, wan as moonlight and
weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a
crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a
town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at
rest,
Like flower on flower, that night, on
Beauty's breasts.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's
hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief
made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead
child.

AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT.

I WONDER what day of the week —
I wonder what month of the year —
Will it be midnight, or morning,
And who will bend over my bier?

— What a hideous fancy to come
As I wait, at the foot of the stair,
While Lillian gives the last touch
To her robe, or the rose in her hair.

Do I like your new dress — pompa-
dour?

And do I like *you*? On my life,
You are eighteen, and not a day
more,
And have not been six years my wife.

Those two rosy boys in the crib
Up stairs are not ours, to be sure! —
You are just a sweet bride in her
bloom,
All sunshine, and snowy, and pure.

As the carriage rolls down the dark
street
The little wife laughs and makes
cheer;

But . . . I wonder what day of the
week,
I wonder what month of the year.

NAMELESS PAIN.

IN my nostrils the summer wind
Blows the exquisite scent of the rose!
O for the golden, golden wind,
Breaking the buds as it goes,
Breaking the buds, and bending the
grass,
And spilling the scent of the rose!

O wind of the summer morn,
Tearing the petals in twain,
Wafting the fragrant soul
Of the rose through valley and plain,
I would you could tear my heart to-
day,
And scatter its nameless pain.

UNSUNG.

As sweet as the breath that goes
From the lips of the white rose,
As weird as the elfin lights
That glimmer of frosty nights,
As wild as the winds that tear
The curled red leaf in the air,
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times
I have said the mystic rhymes,
But ere I open my eyes
This ghost of a poem flies;
Of the interfluent strains
Not even a note remains:
I know by my pulses' beat
It was something wild and sweet,
And my heart is strangely stirred
By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain,
To recall the lost refrain.
On some miraculous day
Perhaps it will come and stay;
In some unimagined Spring
I may find my voice, and sing
The song I have never sung.

RENCONTRE.

TOILING across the Mer de Glace
I thought of, longed for thee;
What miles between us stretched,
 alas!
What miles of land and sea!

My foe, undreamed of, at my side
Stood suddenly, like Fate.
For those who love, the world is wide,
But not for those who hate.

THE FADED VIOLET.

WHAT thought is folded in thy leaves!
What tender thought, what speech-
 less pain!
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Though scent and azure tint are fled—
O dry, mute lips! ye are the type
Of something in me cold and dead;

Of something wilted like thy leaves;
Of fragrance flown, of beauty dim;
Yet, for the love of those white hands,
That found thee by a river's brim—

That found thee when thy dewy
 mouth
Was purpled as with stains of wine—
For love of her who love forgot,
I hold thy faded lips to mine.

That thou shouldst live when I am
 dead,
When hate is dead, for me, and
 wrong,
For this, I use my subtlest art,
For this, I fold thee in my song.

AFTER THE RAIN.

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely-carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

PURSUIT AND POSSESSION.

WHEN I behold what pleasure is Pursuit,
What life, what glorious eagerness
 it is;
Then mark how full Possession falls
 from this,
How fairer seems the blossom than
 the fruit—
I am perplex, and often stricken
 mute
Wondering which attained the higher
 bliss,
The winged insect, or the chrysalis
It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.
Spirit of verse that still elud'st my
 art,
Thou airy phantom that dost ever
 haunt me,
O never, never rest upon my heart.
If when I have thee I shall little want
 thee!
Still flit away in moonlight, rain, and
 dew,
Will-o'-the-wisp, that I may still
pursue!

SLEEP.

WHEN to soft Sleep we give ourselves
 away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the en-
 chanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought
 we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know
 by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye may
 mark

The thin swift pinion cleaving
 through the gray.
 Till we awake ill fate can do no ill
 The resting heart shall not take up
 again
 The heavy load that yet must make
 it bleed;
 For this brief space the loud world's
 voice is still,
 No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
 How will it be when we shall sleep
 indeed?

MASKS.

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
 And shows you laughing lips and
 roguish eyes;
 But when, unmasked, gay Comedy
 appears,
 How wan her cheeks are, and what
 heavy tears!

THE ROSE.

Fixed to her necklace, like another
 gem,
 A rose she wore — the flower June
 made for her;

Fairer it looked than when upon the
 stem,
 And must, indeed, have been much
 happier.

MAPLE LEAVES.

October turned my maple's leaves to
 gold;
 The most are gone now; here and
 there one lingers;
 Soon these will slip from out the
 twigs' weak hold,
 Like coins between a dying miser's
 fingers.

TO ANY POET.

Out of the thousand verses you have
 writ,
 If Time spare none, you will not care
 at all;
 If Time spare one, you will not know
 of it:
 Nor shame nor fame can scale a
 churchyard wall.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the
 land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but
 no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto
 this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab
 There lies a lonely grave.
 And no man knows that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the
 sod
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever pass'd on earth;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth —
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's
 cheek
 Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves;
 So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,

Silently down from the mountain's
crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
or beast and bird have seen and
heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled
drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless
steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet
choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so
sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing
plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely
land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a
name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous
thought!
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won
our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of
ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden
sleep
Of him He loved so well.

HENRY ALFORD.

THE AGED OAK AT OAKLEY.

I was a young fair tree;
Each spring with quivering green
My boughs were clad; and far
Down the deep vale a light
Shone from me on the eyes
Of those who pass'd,—a light

That told of sunny days,
And blossoms, and blue sky;
For I was ever first
Of all the grove to hear
The soft voice under ground
Of the warm-working spring;
And ere my brethren stirr'd
Their sheathed bud, the kine,

And the kine's keeper, came
 Slow up the valley path,
 And laid them underneath
 My cool and rustling leaves;
 And I could feel them there
 As in the quiet shade
 They stood with tender thoughts,
 That pass'd along their life
 Like wings on a still lake,
 Blessing me; and to God,
 The blessed God, who cares
 For all my little leaves,
 Went up the silent praise;
 And I was glad with joy
 Which life of laboring things
 Ill knows,—the joy that sinks—
 Into a life of rest.
 Ages have fled since then:
 But deem not my pierced trunk

And scanty leafage serve
 No high behest; my name
 Is sounded far and wide;
 And in the Providence
 That guides the steps of men,
 Hundreds have come to view
 My grandeur in decay;
 And there hath pass'd from me
 A quiet influence
 Into the minds of men:
 The silver head of age,
 The majesty of laws,
 The very name of God,
 And holiest things that are
 Have won upon the heart
 Of humankind the more,
 For that I stand to meet
 With vast and bleaching trunk,
 The rudeness of the sky.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and
 yet not break!

How much the flesh may suffer,
 and not die!

I question much if any pain or ache
 Of soul or body brings our end
 more nigh;

Death chooses his own time; till that
 is sworn,

All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the sur-
 geon's knife.

Each nerve recoiling from the cruel
 steel

Whose edge seems searching for the
 quivering life,

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs
 reveal,

That still, although the trembling
 flesh be torn,

This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
 And try to flee from the approach-
 ing ill;

We seek some small escape; we weep
 and pray;

But when the blow falls, then our
 hearts are still;

Not that the pain is of its sharpness
 shorn,

But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
 We hold it closer, dearer than our
 own:

Anon it faints and falls in deathly
 strife,

Leaving us stunned, and stricken,
 and alone;

But ah! we do not die with those we
 mourn,—

This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, —
 famine, thirst,

Bereavement, pain; all grief and
 misery,

All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its
 worst

On soul and body, — but we cannot
 die.

Though we be sick, and tired, and
 faint and worn. —

Lo, all things can be borne!

WHERE THE ROSES GREW.

THIS is where the roses grew,
In the summer that is gone;
Fairer bloom or richer hue
Never summer shone upon:
O, the glories vanished hence!
O, the sad imperfect tense!

This is where the roses grew
When the July days were long, —
When the garden all day through
Echoed with delight and song; —
Hark! the dead and broken stalks
Eddying down the windy walks!

Never was a desert waste,
Where no blossom-life is born,
Half so dreary and unblest,
Half so lonesome and forlorn,
Since in this we dimly see
All the bliss that *used to be*.

Where the roses used to grow!
And the west-wind's wailing words
Tell in whispers faint and low
Of the famished humming-birds, —
Of the bees which search in vain
For the honey-cells again!

This is where the roses grew,
Till the ground was all perfume,
And, whenever zephyrs blew,
Carpeted with crimson bloom!
Now the chill and scentless air,
Sweeps the flower-plats brown and
bare.

Hearts have gardens sad as this,
Where the roses bloom no more, —
Gardens where no summer bliss
Can the summer bloom restore, —
Where the snow melts not away
At the warming kiss of May; —

Gardens where the vernal morns
Never shed their sunshine down, —
Where are only stems and thorns,
Veiled in dead leaves, curled and
brown, —
Gardens where we only see
Where the roses *used to be*!

LAST.

FRIEND, whose smile has come to be
Very precious unto me,
Though I know I drank not first,
Of your love's bright fountain-
burst,
Yet I grieve not for the past,
So you only love me last!

Other souls may find their joy
In the blind love of a boy:
Give me that which years have
tried,
Disciplined and purified, —
Such as, braving sun and blast
You will bring to me at last!

There are brows more fair than mine,
Eyes of more bewitching shine,
Other hearts more fit, in truth,
For the passion of your youth;
But, their transient empire past,
You will surely love me last!

Wing away your summer time,
Find a love in every clime,
Roam in liberty and light, —
I shall never stay your flight;
For I know, when all is past,
You will come to me at last!

Change and flutter as you will,
I shall smile securely still;
Patiently I trust and wait
Though you tarry long and late:
Prize your spring till it be past,
Only, only love me last!

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time,
In your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-
night!
Mother, come back from the echoless
shore,
Take me again to your heart as of
yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows
of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of
my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch
keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of
the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in
vain, —
Take them, and give me my child-
hood again!
I have grown weary of dust and de-
cay, —
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth
away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock
me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the
untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for
you!
Many a summer the grass has grown
green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces be-
tween:
Yet, with strong yearning and pas-
sionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence
again.
Come from the silence so long and so
deep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are
flown,
No love like mother-love ever has
shone;
No other worship abides and en-
dures, —
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like
yours:
None like a mother can charm away
pain
From the sick soul and the world-
weary brain.

Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy
lids creep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just
lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as o'
old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-
night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the
light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows
once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions
of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows
sweep: —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have
been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall
seem
Womanhood's years have been only
a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving em-
brace,
With your light lashes just sweeping
my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me
to sleep!

UNTIL DEATH.

MAKE me no vows of constancy, dear
friend,
To love me, though I die, thy whole
life long.
And love no other till thy days shall
end;
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet
grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose
to go: —
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk
serene

In clearer light than gilds those
earthly morns,

Above the jealousies and envies
keen

Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy
caress,

If, after death, my soul should linger
here;

Men's hearts crave tangible, close
tenderness,

Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more
peacefully

That thou wert wasting all thy life
in woe

For my poor sake; what love thou
hast for me,

Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am
dead

The praises which remorseful
mourners give

To women's graves, — a tardy recom-
pense, —

But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my
head

To shut away the sunshine and the
dew;

Let small blooms grow there, and let
grasses wave,

And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more
gay

Than I; but, trust me, thou canst
never find

One who will love and serve thee
night and day

With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets
Above my breast will blossom just
as blue,

Nor miss thy tears; e'en Nature's
self forgets; —

But while I live, be true!

EVERY DAY.

O, TRIFLING tasks so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew!

O, cares which come with every sun,
Morn after morn, the long years
through!

We shrink beneath their paltry
sway, —

The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,

The tiresome round of little things,
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour

Its tedious iteration brings;

Who shall evade or who delay

The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course

By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's

force.

And yields its substance grain by
grain;

So crumble strongest lives away

Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,

Who tracks the tiger for his life,

May wound them ere they are aware,

Or conquer them in desperate
strife;

Yet powerless he to scathe or slay

The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops

Is mightier than the fiercest shock;

The constant fall of water-drops

Will groove the adamant rock;

We feel our noblest powers decay,

In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow —

Our souls a sudden bravery fills —

But we endure not always so

The drop-by-drop of little ills!

We still deplore and still obey

The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death

Upon the battle-field, and dares

Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath

The needle-points of frets and cares;

The stoutest spirits they dismay —

The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Whose souls by faith have over-
come,
Who wore amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint alway
The petty pains of every day.

Ah! more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of
fire,
We need the humble strength of soul
Which daily toils and ills require;—
Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,
An added grace for every day.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none
could tell,
Bearing a touchstone in his hand;
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
The fair to foul, the foul to fair;
Purple nor ermine did he spare,
Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and
clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far;

Our goods suffice us as they are;
We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so avail
To check this unrelenting guest,
They seized him, saying, "Let him
test
How real is our jail!"

But, though they slew him with the
sword,
And in a fire his touchstone burned,
Its doings could not be o'erturned,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
They strewn its ashes on the
breeze;
They little guessed each grain of
these

Conveyed the perfect charm.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the keyhole, telling how it passed
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or grim, wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,
It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with Memory, when distant lies
Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

BOYHOOD.

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days! The minutes parting one by one like rays, That fade upon a summer's eve. But oh! what charm, or magic numbers Can give me back the gentle slum- bers	Those weary, happy days did leave? When by my bed I saw my mother kneel, And with her blessing took her nightly kiss; Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this — E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.
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THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

TO ROUSE, THE ARTIST.

As when in watches of the night we
 see,
 Hanging in tremulous beauty o'er
 the bed,
 The face we loved on Earth, now
 from us fled;
 So wan, so sweet, so spiritually
 free
 From taint of Earth, thy tender
 drawings be.
 There we may find a friend remem-
 bered;
 With a new aureole hovering round
 the head,
 Given by Art's peaceful immortal-
 ity.
 How many homes half empty fill the
 place
 Death vacates, with thy gracious sub-
 stitutes!
 Not sensuous with color, which may
 disgrace
 The memory of the body shared with
 brutes;
 But the essential spirit in the
 face;
 As angels see us, best, Affection
 suits.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
AFTER THE WAR.

Oh! happiest thou, who from the
 shining height,
 Of tablelands serene can look below
 Where glared the tempest, and the
 lightning's glow,
 And see thy seed made harvest wave
 in light,
 And all the darkened land with
 God's smile bright!
 Leaving with him the issue. Enough
 to know
 Aibeit the sword hath sundered broth-
 ers so,
 Yet God's vicegerent ever is the
 Right.
 Nor will he leave us bleeding, but
 his Time
 Which healeth all things will our
 wounds make whole.
 While washed and cleansed of our
 fraternal crime,
 Freedom shall count again her starry
 roll;
 All there, and moving with a step
 sublime
 To music God sounds in the human
 soul.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

SHE AND HE.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him.
 "Come away;
 Kiss her! and leave her! — thy love
 is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark
 brown hair;
 On her forehead of marble they laid
 it fair:

Over her eyes, which gazed too
 much,
 They drew the lids with a gentle
 touch;

With a tender touch they closed up
 well
 The sweet thin lips that had secrets
 to tell;

About her brows, and her dear, pale
 face
 They tied her veil and her marriage-
 lace;

And drew on her white feet her
 white silk shoes; —
 Which were the whiter no eye could
 choose!

And over her bosom they crossed
 her hands;
 "Come away," they said, — "God
 understands!"

And then there was Silence; — and
 nothing there
 But the Silence — and scents of
 egلانtere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rose-
 mary;
 For they said, "As a lady should lie,
 lies she!"

And they held their breath as they
 left the room,
 With a shudder to glance at its still-
 ness and gloom.

But he — who loved her too well to
 dread
 The sweet, the stately, the beautiful
 dead, —

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
 And turn'd it! — Alone again — he
 and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
 Though he kiss'd, in the old place,
 the quiet cheek;

He and she; yet she would not smile,
 Though he call'd her the name that
 was fondest erewhile.

He and she; and she did not move
 To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast
 without breath!
 Is there no voice? — no language of
 death

"Dumb to the ear and still to the
 sense,
 But to heart and to soul distinct, —
 intense?

"See, now, — I listen with soul, not
 ear —
 What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
 That you ever could let life's flower
 fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
 The perfect calm o'er the agony
 steal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find
 how deep,
 Beyond all dreams, sank downward
 that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record,
 Dear,
 And show, as they say it does, past
 things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of
the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?"

"Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most
dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

"I listen — as deep as to horrible
hell,
As high as to heaven! — and you do
not tell!"

"There must be pleasures in dying,
Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to
feet!"

"I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were
dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my*
brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of
death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask, vainly, with
streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the
chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest
thing
Of all the surprises that dying must
bring."

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind
Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe
it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her
say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear
old way: —

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss
you, Dear;

"I can speak, now you listen with
soul alone;
If your soul could see, it would all
be shown.

"What a strange delicious amaze-
ment is Death,
To be without body and breathe
without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did
not cry;
Oh, listen! Love lasts! — Love never
will die.

"I am only your Angel who was your
Bride;
And I know, that though dead, I
have never died."

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this, —
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women have
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room, —
The wearer, not the garb, — the
plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid
stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye, —
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, — one
Out of which the pearl is gone:
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.

'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of his treasury,
 A mind that loved him; let it lie!
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
 Now thy world is understood;
 Now the long, long wonder ends;
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 In unspoken bliss, instead,
 Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
 By such light as shines for you;
 But in light ye cannot see
 Of unfulfilled felicity,—
 In enlarging paradise,
 Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
 Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face,
 A moment's time, a little space.
 When ye come where I have stepped
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all, and there is naught.
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
 Sunshine still must follow rain;
 Only not at death,—for death,
 Now I know, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
 Viewed from Allah's throne above;
 Be ye stout of heart, and come
 Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
 Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

If on this verse of mine
 Those eyes shall ever shine,
 Whereto sore-wounded men have
 looked for life,
 Think not that for a rhyme,
 Nor yet to fit the time,
 I name thy name,—true victor in
 this strife!
 But let it serve to say
 That, when we kneel to pray,
 Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall
 never know;
 And that thy gallant deed,
 For God, and for our need,
 Is in all hearts, as deep as love can
 go.

'Tis good that thy name springs
 From two of Earth's fair things —
 A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;
 'Tis well that in all homes,
 When thy sweet story comes,
 And brave eyes fill—that pleasant
 sounds be heard.
 Oh voice! in night of fear,
 As night's bird, soft to hear,
 Oh great heart! raised like city on a
 hill;
 Oh watcher! worn and pale,
 Good Florence Nightingale,
 Thanks, loving thanks, for thy large
 work and will!
 England is glad of thee —
 Christ, for thy charity,
 Take thee to joy when hand and
 heart are still!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

IN THE DARK.

[The author's last poem, written a few days before his death.]

ALL moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees

Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;

And from the darkness comes a wandering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,

When bright the sunbeams of the morning shone,

And the eye vainly seeks by sea and land

Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;

An inky sea reflects an inky sky;

And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps

To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the darkness steal,

And through the dark, the ocean-thunders roll;

Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel

Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty air;

I strain my eyes into the heavy night;

Blackness of darkness! — Father, hear my prayer!

Grant me to see the light!

CUI BONO?

A HARMLESS fellow, wasting useless days,

Am I: I love my comfort and my leisure;

Let those who wish them toil for gold and praise;

To me the summer-day brings more of pleasure.

So, here upon the grass, I lie at ease,
While solemn voices from the Past

are calling,
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees,

And pleasant sounds of water idly falling.

There was a time when I had higher aims

Than thus to lie among the flowers and listen

To listening birds, or watch the sunset's flames

On the broad river's surface glow and glisten.

There was a time, perhaps, when I had thought

To make a name, a home, a bright existence:

But time has shown me that my dreams are naught

Save a mirage that vanished with the distance.

Well, it is gone: I care no longer now

For fame, for fortune, or for empty praises;

Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,

I'd lie forever here among the daisies.

So you, who wish for fame, good friend, pass by;

With you I surely cannot think to quarrel:

Give me peace, rest, this bank whereon I lie,

And spare me both the labor and the laurel!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

YOUTH'S AGITATIONS.

WHEN I shall be divorced, some ten
years hence,
From this poor present self which I
am now;
When youth has done its tedious
vain expense
Of passions that forever ebb and flow;
Shall I not joy youth's heats are left
behind,
And breathe more happy in an even
clime? —
Ah no, for then I shall begin to find
A thousand virtues in this hated
time!

Then I shall wish its agitations back,
And all its thwarting currents of de-
sire;
Then I shall praise the heat which
then I lack,
And call this hurrying fever, gener-
ous fire;
And sigh that one thing only has
been lent
To youth and age in common — dis-
content.

IMMORTALITY.

FOILED by our fellow-men, depress'd,
outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its
way,
And, *Patience! in another life*, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and
we up-borne.

And will not, then, the immortal
armies scorn
The world's poor, routed leavings?
or will they,
Who fail'd under the heat of this
life's day,
Support the fervors of the heavenly
morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not
begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the
earthly strife,

From strength to strength advancing
only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles
won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal
life.

EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun
overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Beth-
nal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his
windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dis-
pirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and
said:
"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in
this scene?" —
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late
have been
Much cheer'd with thoughts of
Christ, *the living bread.*"

O human soul! as long as thou canst
so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and
flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if
thou roam —
Not with lost toil thou laborest
through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st
indeed thy home.

AUSTERITY OF POETRY.

THAT son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred
song,

In his light youth amid a festal
throng
Sate with his bride to see a public
show.

Fair was the bride, and on her front
did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth
belong—

Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,

Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
Shuddering, they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

[From *Memorial Verses*.]

GOETHE.

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailst here, and here!*

EARLY DEATH AND FAME.

FOR him who must see many years,
I praise the life which slips away
Out of the light and mutely; which
avoids

Fame, and her less fair followers,
envy, strife,
Stupid detraction, jealousy, cabal,
Insincere praises; which descends
The quiet mossy track to age.

But, when immature death
Beckons too early the guest
From the half-tried banquet of life,
Young, in the bloom of his days;
Leaves no leisure to press,
Slow and surely, the sweets
Of a tranquil life in the shade—
Fuller for him be the hours!
Give him emotion, though pain!
Let him live, let him feel: *I have lived*.
Heap up his moments with life!
Triple his pulses with fame!

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which
bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit
sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have
calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the
end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars,
ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm
renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like
you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown
vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the
answer:

"Wouldst thou be as these are? *Live*
as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round
them.

Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things
without them

Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform
 their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silver'd
 roll;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine
 with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unre-
 gardful
 In what state God's other works may
 be,

In their own tasks all their powers
 pouring,
 These attain the mighty life you
 see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely
 clear,
 A cry like thine in mine own heart
 I hear:
 "Resolve to be thyself; and know,
 that he
 Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THE TRUE MEASURE OF LIFE.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;
 In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
 For God, for man, for duty. He most lives,
 Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.
 Life is but a means unto an end—that end.
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE WORTH OF FAME.

Oh! who shall lightly say, that Fame
 Is nothing but an empty name!
 Whilst in that sound there is a charm
 The nerves to brace, the heart to
 warm,
 As, thinking of the mighty dead,
 The young from slothful couch will
 start,
 And vow, with lifted hands out-
 spread,
 Like them to act a noble part?

Oh! who shall lightly say that Fame
 Is nothing but an empty name!
 When, but for those, our mighty
 dead,
 All ages past a blank would be,
 Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,
 A desert bare, a shipless sea?

They are the distant objects seen,—
 The lofty marks of what hath been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that Fame
 Is nothing but an empty name!
 When memory of the mighty dead
 To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
 The brightest rays of cheering shed,
 That point to immortality?

THE KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless
 play
 Beguiles the rustic's closing day.
 When drawn the evening fire about,
 Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
 And child upon his three-foot stool,
 Waiting till his supper cool;

And maid, whose cheek outblooms
the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive
graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching
low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling
round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the
ground

Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless
skill,

Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till from thy centre, starting fair,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in
air.

Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high:
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's
gaze

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire;
The learned sage, whose thoughts
explore

The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with alter'd air,
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Sold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a letter'd page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch

The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.

MY LOVE IS ON HER WAY.

Oh, welcome bat and owl gray,
Thus winging low your airy way!
And welcome moth and drowsy fly
That to mine ear comes humming by!
And welcome shadows dim and deep,
And stars that through the pale sky
peep;
Oh welcome all! to me ye say
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is on the dewy air;
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound,
That steals along the stilly ground.
Oh, dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour?
Oh, noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to this fall of night?

SNATCHES OF MIRTH IN A DARK
LIFE.

DIDST thou ne'er see the swallow's
veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky
cloud
In the sunned glimpses of a stormy
day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning
flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's
path
Tracks the still waters of some sul-
len lake?
Or lonely tower, from its brown mass
of woods,
Give to the parting of a wintry sun
One hasty glance in mockery of the
night
Closing in darkness round it? (Gentle
friend!
Chide not her mirth who was sad
yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.)

JAMES BALLANTINE.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
 And bear ye a' life's changes, wi' a calm and tranquil mind,
 Though pressed and hemmed on every side, ha'e faith and ye'll win through,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crost in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,
 Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een,
 Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cloudless sky
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and dry,
 The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
 And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mld fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud and hie,
 And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e,
 Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or hoo,
 But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part;
 And when, or how, or where we met,
 I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy
 weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are
 dear—

Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
 — Then steal away, give little warn-
 ing.

'Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good Night,—but in some
 brighter clime

Bid me Good Morning.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies!
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes.
 How gently heaves th' expiring
 breast.

So fades a summer cloud away
 So sinks the gale when storms are
 o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 Fanned by some angel's purple
 wing;—
 Where is, O Grave! thy victory now!
 And where, insidious Death, thy
 sting!

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears, Where light and shade alternate dwell! How bright the unchanging morn appears; — Farewell, inconstant world, fare- well!	Its duty done, — as sinks the day, Light from its load the spirit flies; While heaven and earth combine to say "Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!"
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DAVID BARKER.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

TELL the fainting soul in the weary form, There's a world of the purest bliss, That is linked as the soul and form are linked, By a covered bridge with this. Yet to reach that realm on the other shore, We must pass through a transient gloom, And must walk unseen, unhelped, and alone Through that covered bridge — the tomb.	But we all pass over on equal terms, For the universal toll Is the outer garb, which the hand of God Has flung around the soul. Though the eye is dim and the bridge is dark, And the river it spans is wide, Yet Faith points through to a shin- ing mount That looms on the other side. To enable our feet on the next day's march To climb up that golden ridge, We must all lie down for a one night's rest Inside of the covered bridge.
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JOEL BARLOW.

TO FREEDOM.

SUN of the moral world! effulgent source Of man's best wisdom and his stead- iest force, Soul-searching Freedom! here assume thy stand, And radiate hence to every distant land; Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife, The shock of states, the impassion'd broils of life,	Spring from unequal sway; and how they fly Before the splendor of thy peaceful eye; Unfold at last the genuine social plan, The mind's full scope, the dignity of man. Bold nature bursting through her long disguise, And nations daring to be just and wise. Yes! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee;
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Protected industry beneath thy reign
 Leads all the virtues in her filial
 train;
 Courageous Probity, with brow serene;
 And Temperance calm presents her
 placid mien;
 Contentment, Moderation, Labor,
 Art,
 Mould the new man and humanize
 his heart;

To public plenty, private ease di-
 lates,
 Domestic peace, to harmony of states.
 Protected Industry, careering far,
 Detects the cause, and cures the rage
 of war,
 And sweeps, with forceful arm, to
 their last graves,
 Kings from the earth and pirates
 from the waves.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
 When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;
 The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
 Unkennd by my gudeman who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride,
 But, saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside.
 To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
 And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
 My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
 My mother she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea —
 And Auld Robin Gray, O! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work — my mother cou'dna spin;
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, "Jenny, O! for their sakes, will you marry me!"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
 His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
 Or, wherefore an I spared to cry out, Wae is me!

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
 They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
 And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
 When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I cou'dna think it he,
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a' ;
 Ae kiss we took, na mair — I bade him gang awa.
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee;
 For O, I am but young to cry out, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
 I darena think of Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray, O! he is sae kind to me.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

MAKE THINE ANGEL GLAD.

From the morning even until now,
 Evil over thee full power hath had;
 Oh, remember late the shattered
 vow!

Turn to God, and make thine
 angel glad.

Sin will seek to snare thy heart
 again;

Though her beauty make thee al-
 most mad,

Though resistance make thee pale
 with pain,

Turn to God, and make thine
 angel glad.

CONSECRATION.

A LOVER'S MOOD.

ALL the kisses that I have given,
 I grudge from my soul to-day,
 And of all I have ever taken,
 I would wipe the thought away.

How I wish my lips had been her-
 mits,
 Held apart from kith and kin,
 That fresh from God's holy service,
 To Love's they might enter in.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE years have linings just as gob-
 lets do:

The old year is the lining of the
 new,—

Filled with the wine of precious
 memories,

The golden *was* doth line the silver
is.

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

As dyed in blood, the streaming
 vines appear,

While long and low the wind about
 them grieves;

The heart of Autumn must have
 broken here

And poured its treasure out upon
 the leaves.

TO VICTORIA.

A MONARCH soul hath ruled thyself, O Queen,
 Else what it is, thy kingdom had not been.

FLETCHER BATES.

THE TWO BIRDS.

As leaves turned red
And some fell dead,
For sunnier skies two songsters fled;
But ere they went,
In merriment
They sung how summer had been
spent.

One song confest,
"I had my nest
Near yonder mountain's lofty crest;
Where none intrude
In lonely mood
I carolled oft in solitude."

The other sung
"I built among
The cottagers, where old and young
Who trod the vale
Would often hail
Me, as their little nightingale."

Then off they flew,
Like specks they grew,
Then faded in the heavenly blue.
Our human lot
Was theirs, I wot,
For one was missed, and one was not.

THE DEAD BEE.

WHERE honeysuckles scent the way,
I heard thee humming yesterday;
Thy little life was not in vain,
It gathered sweets for other's gain,
And somewhere in a dainty cell
Is stored delicious hydromel.

O poet! in thy calm retreat,
From joy and grief extracting sweet,
Some day thy fancy's wings must fold,
And thou lie motionless and cold.
Perhaps thy garnered honey then
May be the food of living men.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

THE ORGANIST.

SLOWLY I circle the dim, dizzy stair,
Wrapt in my cloak's gray fold,
Holding my heart lest it throb to the air
Its radiant secret, for though I be
old,

Though I totter and rock like a ship
In the wind,
And the sunbeams come unto me
broken and blind,
Yet my spirit drinks youth from
the treasure we hold,
Richer than gold.

Princes below me, lips wet from the
wine,
Hush at my organ's swell;
Ladies applaud me with clappings as
fine
As showers that splash in a mu-
sical well.

But their ears only hear mighty mel-
odies ringing,
And their souls never know 'tis my
angel there singing,
That the grand organ-angel awakes
in his cell
Under my spell.

There in the midst of the wandering
pipes,
Far from the gleaming keys,
And the organ-front with its gilded
stripes,
My glorious angel lies sleeping at
ease.
And the hand of a stranger may beat
at his gate,
And the ear of a stranger may listen
and wait,
But he only cries in his pain for
these,
Witless to please.

Angel, my angel, the old man's hand
Knoweth thy silver way.

I loose thy lips from their silence-
band

And over thy heart-strings my fingers play,

While the song peals forth from thy mellow throat,

And my spirit climbs on the climbing note,

Till I mingle thy tone with the tones away

Over the day.

So I look up as I follow the tone,
Up with my dim old eyes,
And I wonder if organs have angels alone,

Or if, as my fancy might almost surmise,

Each man in his heart folds an angel with wings,

An angel that slumbers, but wakens and sings

When thrilled by the touch that is sympathy-wise,

Bidding it rise.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror,
With her hand upon her brow,

Sits gazing on her lovely face,—
Ay, lovely even now!

Why doth she lean upon her hand
With such a look of care?

Why steals that tear across her cheek?

She sees her first gray hair!

Time from her form hath ta'en away
But little of its grace;

His touch of thought hath dignified
The beauty of her face.

Yet she might mingle in the dance
Where maidens gayly trip,

So bright is still her hazel eye,
So beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd
By sorrow more than years,—

The wrinkle on the cheek may be
The course of secret tears;

The mournful lip may murmur of
A love it ne'er confess'd,

And the dimness of the eye betray
A heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife:

The lover of her youth

May proudly claim the smile that pays

The trial of his truth;

A sense of slight — of loneliness

Hath never banish'd sleep:

Her life hath been a cloudless one;

Then wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks,—

What thoughts did they recall?

Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd

For banquet or for ball;

They brought back thoughts of early youth,

Ere she had learn'd to check,

With artificial wreaths, the curls

That sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand

Pass lightly through her hair,

And draw it from her brow, to leave

A kiss of kindness there.

She seem'd to view her father's smile,

And feel the playful touch

That sometimes feign'd to steal away

The curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair!

Oh, deem it not a crime

For her to weep, when she beholds

The first footprint of Time!

She knows that, one by one, those mute

Mementos will increase,

And steal youth, beauty, strength away,

Till life itself shall cease.

Al, lady! heed the monitor!
 Thy mirror tells thee truth;
 Assume the matron's folded veil,
 Resign the wreath of youth:

Go! bind it on thy daughter's brow,
 In her thou'lt still look fair—
 'Twere well would all learn wisdom,
 who
 Behold the first gray hair!

JAMES BEATTIE.

[From *The Minstrel*.]

THE ASCENT TO FAME.

Al! who can tell how hard it is to
 climb
 The steep where Fame's proud tem-
 ple shines afar?
 Al! who can tell how many a soul
 sublime
 Has felt the influence of malignant
 star,
 And waged with Fortune an eternal
 war?
 Checked by the scoff of Pride, by
 Envy's frown,
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote has pined
 alone,
 Then dropped into the grave, un-
 pitied and unknown!

[From *The Minstrel*.]

THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

Oh, how canst thou renounce the
 boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her
 votary yields!
 The warbling woodland, the resound-
 ing shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture
 of fields;
 All that the genial ray of morning
 gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of
 even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering
 bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of
 heaven,
 Oh, how canst thou renounce, and
 hope to be forgiven?

[From *The Minstrel*.]

BEAUTIES OF MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can
 tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the
 mountain side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's
 simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim
 descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and
 wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs
 above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-
 tide;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of
 love,
 And the full choir that wakes the
 universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim
 bark;
 Crowned with her pail the tripping
 milkmaid sings;
 The whistling ploughman stalks
 afield; and, hark!
 Down the rough slope the ponderous
 wagon rings;
 Through rustling corn the hare as-
 tonished springs;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the
 drowsy hour;
 The partridge bursts away on whir-
 ring wings;
 Deep mourns the turtle in seques-
 tered bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her
 aerial tower.

[From *The Minstrel*.]

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

WHERE now the rill, melodious,
 pure, and cool,
 And meads, with life, and mirth,
 and beauty crowned?
 Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and
 sluggish pool,
 Have all the solitary vale em-
 browned;
 Fled each fair form, and mute each
 melting sound,
 The raven croaks forlorn on naked
 spray.
 And hark! the river bursting every
 mound,
 Down the vale thunders, and with
 wasteful sway
 Uproots the grove, and rolls the shat-
 tered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
 So flourishes and fades majestic man.
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn
 brings forth,
 And fostering gales a while the nurs-
 ling fan.
 O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mil-
 dews wan,
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his
 balmy prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span.
 Borne on the swift, though silent
 wings of Time,
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all
 the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore
 their doom
 Whose hope still grovels in this dark
 sojourn;
 But lofty souls, who look beyond the
 tomb,
 Can smile at Fate, and wonder how
 they mourn.
 Shall Spring to these sad scenes no
 more return?
 Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal
 bed?
 Soon shall the orient with new lustre
 burn,
 And Spring shall soon her vital influ-
 ence shed,
 Again attune the grove, again adorn
 the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the
 dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower
 revive?
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone
 unjust,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish,
 hope to live?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must
 strive
 With disappointment, penury, and
 pain?
 No: Heaven's immortal spring shall
 yet arrive,
 And man's majestic beauty bloom
 again,
 Bright through the eternal year of
 Love's triumphant reign.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac,"
 they say,
 "Except, now and then, a stray
 picket
 Is shot as he walks on his beat to
 and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing — a private or two, now
 and then,
 Will not count in the news of the
 battle;
 Not an officer lost — only one of the
 men
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-
 rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully
dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear
autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fires, are
gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-
wind

Through the forest-leaves softly is
creeping;

While the stars up above, with their
glittering eyes,
Keep guard — for the army is
sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone
sentry's tread

As he tramps from the rock to the
fountain,

And thinks of the two in the low
trundle-bed,

Far away in the cot on the moun-
tain.

His musket falls slack — his face,
dark and grim,

Grows gentle with memories
tender,

As he mutters a prayer for the chil-
dren asleep —

For their mother — may Heaven
defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as
brightly as then,

That night when the love yet un-
spoken,

Leaped up to his lips — when low-
murmured vows

Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over
his eyes,

He dashes off tears that are well-
ing,

And gathers his gun closer up to its
place,

As if to keep down the heart-
swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted
pine-tree,

The footstep is lagging and weary;

Yet onward he goes through the
broad belt of light,

Toward the shade of the forest so
dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rus-
tled the leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously
flashing?

It looked like a rifle — "Ah! Mary,
good-by!"

And the life-blood is ebbing and
plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-
night,

No sound save the rush of the
river;

While soft falls the dew on the face
of the dead —

The picket's off duty forever!

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby
weigh —

Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crown-

ing curl
To the rosy point of the restless
toe?"

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging

weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "only eight."

Softly the echo goes around:

The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the

words,
While grandmother smooths the
golden curl.

And stooping above the precious
thing,

Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly "Little one,

Grandfather did not weigh you
fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the
helpless one;

Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath —
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there
be

That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise.
Within so frail and small a thing!

Oh, mother! laugh your merry note,
Be gay and glad, but do n't for-
get

From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden
yet.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones:
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their
hands,
Where from their pulpits seal'd with
dust
They preach, "In greatness is no
trust."

Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried
"Though gods they were, as men
they died!"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

THE SEASONS.

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid
the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's droop-
ing sprays,
Singing her little songs, while softly
round
Along the grass the chequered sun-
shine plays.

All beauty that is throned in woman-
hood
Pacing a summer garden's foun-
tained walks,

That stoops to smooch a glossy span-
iel down
To hide her flushing cheek from
one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced
girls,
In whose sweet spring again her
youth she sees,
With shout and dance and laugh and
bound and song,
Stripping in autumn orchards,
laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room —
 Frost on the pane, without the
 whirling snow —
 Reading old letters of her far-off
 youth,
 Of sorrows past and joys of long
 ago.

— — —
SUMMER RAIN.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
 Let not the silver lily pine,
 The drooping lily pine in vain
 To feel that dewy touch of thine,
 To drink thy freshness once again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat, the landscape quivering lies;
 The cattle pant beneath the tree;
 Through parching air and purple
 skies

The earth looks up in vain for
 thee:

For thee, for thee it looks in vain,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come thou, and brim the meadow
 streams,

And soften all the hills with mist;
 O falling dew from burning dreams,
 By thee shall herb and flower be
 kissed:

And earth shall bless thee yet again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

— — —
 JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

IN ARABIA.

“CHOOSE thou between!” and to his
 enemy
 The Arab chief a brawny hand dis-
 played.

Wherein, like moonlight on a sullen
 sea,
 Gleamed the gray scimitar's en-
 graven blade.

“Choose thou between death at my
 hand and thine!
 Close in my power my vengeance
 I may wreak;

Yet hesitate to strike. A hate like
 mine
 Is noble still. Thou hast thy
 choosing — speak!”

And Ackbar stood. About him all
 the band
 That hailed his captor chieftain,
 with grave eyes,
 His answer waited, while that heavy
 hand
 Stretched like a bar between him
 and the skies.

Straight in the face before him Ack-
 bar sent
 A sneer of scorn, and raised his
 noble head;

“Strike!” and the desert monarch,
 as content,
 Relung the weapon at his girdle
 red.

Then Ackbar nearer crept and lifted
 high

His arms toward the heaven so far
 and blue,

Wherein the sunset rays began to
 die,—

While o'er the band a deeper
 silence grew.

“Strike! I am ready! Didst thou
 think to see
 A son of Ghera spill upon the
 dust

His noble blood? Didst hope to
 have my knee

Bend at thy feet, and with one
 mighty thrust

“The life thou hatest flee before thee
 here?

Shame on thee! on thy race! art
 thou the one

Who hast so long thy vengeance
 counted dear?

My hate is greater; I did strike thy
 son,

"Thy one son, Noumid, dead before
my face:

And by the swiftest courser of my
stool

Sent to thy door his corpse. Aye,
one might trace

Their flight across the desert by
his blood.

"Strike! for my hate is greater than
thy own!"

But with a frown the Arab moved
away,

Walked to a distant palm and stood
alone,

With eyes that looked where purple
mountains lay.

This for an instant: then he turned
again

Toward the place where Ackbar
waited still,

Walking as one benumbed with bitter
pain,

Or with a hateful mission to fulfil.

"Strike, for I hate thee!" Ackbar
cried once more.

"Nay, but my hate I cannot find!"
said now

His enemy. "Thy freedom I restore.
Live; life were more than death to
such as thou."

So with his gift of life the Bedouin
slept

That night untroubled; but when
dawn broke through

The purple East, and o'er his eye-
lids crept

The long, thin fingers of the light,
he drew

A heavy breath and woke: above him
shone

A lifted dagger—"Yea, he gave
thee life,

But I give death!" came in fierce
undertone.

And Ackbar died. It was dead
Noumid's wife.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thine
heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread
feet?

What the hammer? what the
chain?

In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their
spears,

And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make
thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE.

WHAT ails this heart o' mine ?
 What ails this watery ee ?
 What gars me a' turn pale as death
 When I take leave o' thee ?
 When thou art far awa',
 Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;
 But change o' place and change o' folk
 May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
 Or walk at morning air,
 Ilk rustling bush will seem to say.
 I used to meet thee there.

Then I'll sit down and cry,
 And live aneath the tree,
 And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
 I'll ca' 't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
 That thou wi' roses tied,
 And where wi' mony a blushing
 bud
 I strove myself to hide.
 I'll doat on ilka spot
 Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
 And ca' to mind some kindly
 word,
 By ilka burn and tree.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

*[From The Farmer's Boy.]**A SPRING DAY.*

ADVANCING Spring profusely spreads
 abroad
 Flowers of all hues, with sweetest
 fragrance stored;
 Where'er she treads Love gladdens
 every plain,
 Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid
 train;
 Sweet Hope with conscious brow be-
 fore her flies,
 Anticipating wealth from Summer
 skies;
 All Nature feels her renovating sway;
 The sheep-fed pasture, and the
 meadow gay;
 And trees, and shrubs, no longer
 budding seen,
 Display the new-grown branch of
 lighter green;
 On airy downs the idling shepherd
 lies,
 And sees to-morrow in the marbled
 skies.

*[From The Farmer's Boy.]**A TEMPEST.*

ANON tired laborers bless their
 sheltering home,
 When midnight, and the frightful
 tempest come.
 The farmer wakes, and sees, with
 silent dread,
 The angry shafts of Heaven gleam
 round his bed;
 The bursting cloud reiterated roars,
 Shakes his straw roof, and jars his
 bolted doors;
 The slow-winged storm along the
 troubled skies
 Spreads its dark course: the wind
 begins to rise;
 And full-leaved elms, his dwelling's
 shade by day,
 With mimic thunder give its fury
 way:
 Sounds in the chimney-top a doleful
 peal
 Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rat-
 tling hail;

With tenfold danger low the tempest bends,
And quick and strong the sulphurous flame descends:
The frightened mastiff from his kennel flies,
And cringes at the door with piteous cries. . . .

Where now's the trifle! where the child of pride?
These are the moments when the heart is tried!
Nor lives the man, with conscience e'er so clear,
But feels a solemn, reverential fear;
Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,
When the spent storm hath howled itself to rest.
Still, welcome beats the long-continued shower,
And sleep protracted, comes with double power;
Calm dreams of bliss bring on the morning sun,
For every barn is filled, and Harvest done!

—
[From *The Farmer's Boy*.]

HARVESTING.

HARK! where the sweeping scythe now rips along:
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, Health! come, Jollity! light-footed, come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;

Each moistened brow, that scorns to wear a frown:
The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the field, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbersome grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
Whilst unrestrained the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

For, lo! encircled there, the lovely maid,
In youth's own bloom and native smiles arrayed;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;—
Invidious barrier! Why art thou so high,
When the slight covering of her neck slips by,
There half revealing to the eager sight,
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?

In many a local tale of harmless
mirth,
And many a jest of momentary
birth,
She bears a part, and as she stops to
speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her
glowing cheek.

TO HIS MOTHER'S SPINDLE.

THE hand that wore thee smooth is
cold, and spins
No more! Debility pressed hard,
around
The seat of life, and terrors filled her
brain, —
Nor causeless terrors. Giants grim
and bold,
Three mighty ones she feared to
meet: — they came —
WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY.
— all came;

And when Death beheld
Her tribulation, he fulfilled his task,
And to her trembling hand and heart
at once,
Cried, "*Spin no more.*" — Thou then
wert left half filled
With this soft downy fleece, such as
she wound
Through all her days, she who could
spin so well.
Half filled wert thou — half finished
when she died!
— Half finished? 'Tis the motto of
the world!
We spin vain threads, and strive,
and die
With sillier things than spindles on
our hands!

Then feeling, as I do, resistlessly,
The bias set upon my soul for verse;
Oh, should old age still find my brain
at work,
And Death, o'er some poor fragment
striding, cry
"Hold! spin no more!" grant,
Heaven, that purity

Of thought and texture, may assimilate
That fragment unto thee, in usefulness,
In worth, and snowy innocence.
Then shall
The village school-mistress, shine
brighter through
The exit of her boy; and both shall
live,
And virtue triumph too; and virtue's
tears,
Like Heaven's pure blessings, fall
upon their grave.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

[Written at Clare Hall, Herts, June, 1804.]

WELCOME, silence! welcome, peace!
Oh, most welcome, holy shade!
Thus I prove, as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief
While rapture's rushing tears descend,
That every flower and every leaf
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.
I would not for a world of gold
That Nature's lovely face should
tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold:
Pure source of intellectual fire!
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquickened midst the world's rude
strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will
cloy;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that summer heats will turn,
That keen will come the frosty
night;
But both shall please: and ere he turn
Yield Reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
 To rural gods, or prostrate fall;
 Did I not see, did I not feel,
 That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.
 O Heaven, permit that I may lie

Where o'er my corse green branches
 wave;
 And those who from life's tumult fly
 With kindred feelings, press my
 grave.

GLEANER'S SONG.

DEAR Ellen, your tales are all plenteously stored
 With the joys of some bride, and the wealth of her lord;
 Of her chariots and dresses,
 And worldly caresses,
 And servants that fly when she's waited upon:
 But what can she boast if she weds unbeloved?
 Can she e'er feel the joy that one morning I proved,
 When I put on my new gown and waited for John?

These fields, my dear Ellen, I knew them of yore,
 Yet to me they ne'er look'd so enchanting before;
 The distant bells ringing,
 The birds round us singing,
 For pleasure is pure when affection is won:
 They told me the troubles and cares of a wife;
 But I loved him; and that was the pride of my life,
 When I put on my new gown and waited for John.

He shouted and ran, as he leapt from the stile;
 And what in my bosom was passing the while?
 For love knows the blessing
 Of ardent caressing,
 When virtue inspires us, and doubts are all gone.
 The sunshine of Fortune you say is divine;
 True love and the sunshine of Nature were mine,
 When I put on my new gown and waited for John.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

ODE TO A MOUNTAIN OAK.

PROUD mountain giant, whose majes-
 tic face,
 From thy high watch-tower on the
 steadfast rock,
 Looks calmly o'er the trees that
 throng thy base,
 How long hast thou withstood the
 tempest's shock?
 How long hast thou looked down on
 yonder vale
 Sleeping in sun before thee;

Or bent thy ruffled brow, to let the
 gale
 Steer its white, drifting sails just
 o'er thee?

Strong link 'twixt vanished ages!
 Thou hast a sage and reverend
 look;
 As if life's struggle, through its
 varied stages,
 Were stamped on thee, as in a
 book.

Thou hast no voice to tell what thou
hast seen,
Save a low moaning in thy troubled
leaves;
And canst but point thy scars, and
shake thy head,
With solemn warning, in the sun-
beam's sheen;
And show how Time the mightiest
thing bereaves,
By the sere leaves that rot upon thy
bed.

Type of long-suffering power!
Even in my gayest hour,
Thou 'dst still my tongue, and send
my spirit far,
To wander in a labyrinth of thought;
For thou hast waged with Time
unceasing war,
And out of pain hast strength and
beauty brought.
Thou amidst storms and tempests
hadst thy birth,
Upon these bleak and scantily-shel-
tering rocks,
Nor much save storm and wrath
hast known on earth;
Yet nobly hast thou bode the fiercest
shocks.
That Circumstance can pour on
patient Worth.

I see thee springing, in the vernal
time,
A sapling weak, from out the bar-
ren stone,
To dance with May upon the moun-
tain peak:
Pale leaves put forth to greet the
genial clime,
And roots shot down life's sus-
tenance to seek,
While mere existence was a joy
alone —

O thou wert happy then!
On summer's heat thy tinkling leaf-
lets fed,
Each fibre toughened, and a little
crown
Of green upon thy modest brow was
spread,
To catch the rain, and shake it gently
down.

But then came autumn, when
Thy dry and tattered leaves fell
dead;
And sadly on the gale
Thou drop'dst them one by
one —
Drop'dst them, with a low, sad
wail,
On the cold, unfeeling stone.
Next Winter seized thee in his iron
grasp,
And shook thy bruised and strain-
ing form;
Or locked thee in his icicle's cold
clasp,
And piled upon thy head the shorn
cloud's snowy fleece.
Wert thou not joyful, in this bitter
storm,
That the green honors, which erst
decked thy head,
Sage Autumn's slow decay, had
mildly shed?
Else, with their weight, they'd given
thy ills increase.
And dragged thee helpless from thy
upturned bed.

Year after year, in kind or adverse
fate,
Thy branches stretched, and thy
young twigs put forth,
Nor changed thy nature with the
season's date:
Whether thou wrestled'st with the
gusty north,
Or beat the driving rain to glittering
froth,
Or shook the snow-storm from thy
arms of might,
Or drank the balmy dews on sum-
mer's night; —
Laughing in sunshine, writhing in
the storm,
Yet wert thou still the same!
Summer spread forth thy tower-
ing form,
And Winter strengthened thy great
frame.
Achieving thy destiny
On went'st thou sturdily,
Shaking thy green flags in triumph
and jubilee!

From thy secure and sheltering
branch
The wild bird pours her glad and
fearless lay,
That, with the sunbeams, falls upon
the vale,
Adding fresh brightness to the smile
of day,
'Neath those broad boughs the youth
has told love's tale;
And thou hast seen his hardy fea-
tures blanch,
Heard his snared heart beat like a
prisoned bird,
Fluttering with fear, before the
fowler laid;
While his bold figure shook at every
word—
The strong man trembling at a
timid maid!
And thou hast smiled upon their
children's play;
Seen them grow old, and gray, and
pass away.

Heard the low prattle of the thought-
less child,
Age's cold wisdom, and the lessons
mild
Which patient mothers to their off-
spring say:—
Yet art thou still the same!
Man may decay;
Race after race may pass away;
The great may perish, and their very
fame
Rot day by day—
Rot noteless with their once inspired
clay:
Still, as at their birth,
Thou stretchest thy long arms above
the earth—
Type of unbending Will!
Type of majestic, self-sustaining
Power!
Elate in sunshine, firm when tem-
pests lower,
May thy calm strength my wavering
spirit fill!
O let me learn from thee,
Thou proud and steadfast tree,
To bear unmurmuring what stern
Time may send;

Nor 'neath life's ruthless tempests
bend:
But calmly stand like thee,
Though wrath and storm shake
me,
Though vernal hopes in yellow
Autumn end,
And strong in truth work out my
destiny.
Type of long-suffering Power!
Type of unbending Will!
Strong in the tempest's hour,
Bright when the storm is still;
Rising from every contest with an
unbroken heart,
Strengthened by every struggle,
emblem of might thou art!
Sign of what man can compass, spite
of an adverse state,
Still, from thy rocky summit, teach
us to war with fate!

—
*AWAKING OF THE POETICAL
FACULTY.*

ALL day I heard a humming in my
ears,
A buzz of many voices, and a throng
Of swarming numbers, passing
with a song
Measured and stately as the rolling
spheres'.
I saw the sudden light of lifted
spears,
Slanted at once against some mon-
ster wrong;
And then a fluttering scarf which
might belong
To some sweet maiden in her
morn of years.
I felt the chilling damp of sunless
glades,
Horrid with gloom; anon, the
breath of May
Was blown around me, and the
lulling play
Of dripping fountains. Yet the
lights and shades,
The waving scarfs, the battle's
grand parades,
Seemed but vague shadows of
that wondrous lay.

TO ENGLAND.

STAND, thou great bulwark of man's
liberty!

Thou rock of shelter rising from
the wave,
Sole refuge to the overwheared
brave

Who planned, arose, and battled to
be free,
Fell undeterred, then sadly turned
to thee;—

Saved the free spirit from their
country's grave,
To rise again, and animate the
slave,

When God shall ripen all things.
Britons, ye

Who guard the sacred outpost, not
in vain

Hold your proud peril! Freemen
undeffiled,

Keep watch and ward! Let battle-
ments be piled

Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled,
till the main

Sink under them; and if your
courage wane,

Through force or fraud, look west-
ward to your child!

LOVE SONNETS.

How canst thou call my modest love
impure,

Being thyself the holy source of
all?

Can ugly darkness from the fair
sun fall?

Or nature's compact be so insecure,
That saucy weeds may sprout up
and endure

Where gentle flowers were sown?
The brooks that crawl,

With lazy whispers, through the
lilies tall,

Or rattle o'er the pebbles, will
allure

With no feigned sweetness, if their
fount be sweet.

So thou, the sun whence all my
light doth flow —

Thou, sovereign law by which my
fancies grow —

Thou, fount of every feeling, slow or
fleet —

Against thyself would'st aim a
treacherous blow,

Slaying thy honor with thy own
conceit.

WHY shall I chide the hand of wil-
ful Time

When he assaults thy wondrous
store of charms?

Why charge the gray-beard with a
wanton crime?

Or strive to daunt him with my
shrill alarms?

Or seek to lull him with a silly
rhyme:

So he, forgetful, pause upon his
arms,

And leave thy beauties in their
noble prime,

The sole survivors of his grievous
harms?

Alas! my love, though I'll indeed
bemoan

The fatal ruin of thy majesty;
Yet I'll remember that to Time

alone

I owed thy birth, thy charms' matu-
rity,

Thy crowning love, with which he
vested me,

Nor can reclaim, though all the
rest be flown.

IN this deep hush and quiet of my
soul,

When life runs low, and all my
senses stay

Their daily riot; when my wearied
clay

Resigns its functions, and, without
control

Of selfish passion, my essential whole
Rises in purity, to make survey

Of those poor deeds that wear my
days away;

When in my ear I hear the dis-
tant toll

Of bells that murmur of my coming
knell,

And all things seem a show and
mockery —
Life, and life's actions, noise and
vanity;
I ask my mournful heart if it can tell
If all be truth which I protest to
• thee:
And my heart answers, solemnly,
" 'Tis well."

I HAVE been mounted on life's top-
most wave,
Until my forehead kissed the daz-
zling cloud;
I have been dashed beneath the
murky shroud
That yawns between the watery
crests. I rave,
Sometimes, like cursed Orestes;
sometimes lave
My limbs in dews of asphodel; or,
bowed
With torrid heat, I moan to heaven
aloud,
Or shrink with Winter in his icy
cave.
Now peace broods over me; now sav-
age rage
Spurns me across the world. Nor
am I free
From nightly visions, when the
pictured page
Of sleep unfolds its varied leaves to
me.
Changing as often as the mimic
stage; —
And all this, lady, through my love
for thee!

SOMETIMES, in bitter fancy, I bewail
This spell of love, and wish the
cause removed;
Wish I had never seen, or, seeing,
not loved
So utterly that passion should pre-
vail
O'er self-regard, and thoughts of
thee assail
Those inmost barriers which so
long have proved
Unconquerable, when such defence
behoved.

But, ah! my treacherous heart
doth ever fail
To ratify the sentence of my mind;
For when conviction strikes me to
the core,
I swear I love thee fondlier than
before;
And were I now all free and uncon-
fined,
Loose as the action of the shore-
less wind,
My slavish heart would sigh for
bonds once more.

AH! let me live on memories of
old, —
The precious relics I have set aside
From life's poor venture; things
that yet abide
My ill-paid labor, shining, like pure
gold,
Amid the dross of cheated hopes
whose hold
Dropped at the touch of action.
Let me glide
Down the smooth past, review
that day of pride
When each to each our mutual
passion told —
When love grew frenzy in thy blaz-
ing eye,
Fear shone heroic, caution quailed
before
My hot, restless kisses — when
we bore
Time, conscience, destiny, down,
down for aye,
Beneath victorious love, and thou
didst cry,
"Strike, God! life's cup is run-
ning o'er and o'er"

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever, and forever.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death-bemocking folly?

Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made him.

Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

HORATIUS BONAR.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
 I shall be soon;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon,
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
 I shall be soon.
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
 Beyond the coming and the going,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
 While these hot breezes blow;
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
 Soft resting on thy breast;
 Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm
 And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Let thine outstretchèd wing Be like the shade of Elim's palm Beside her desert spring.	Calm in the sufferance of wrong, Like Him who bore my shame, Calm mild the threatening, taunting throng. Who hate thy holy name;
Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude. The sounds my ear that greet, Calm in the closet's solitude, Calm in the bustling street;	Calm when the great world's news with power My listening spirit stir; Let not the tidings of the hour E'er find too fond an ear;
Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in my hour of pain, Calm in my poverty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;	Calm as the ray of sun or star Which storms assail in vain, Moving unruffled through earth's war, The eternal calm to gain.

HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

URVASI.

'Tis a story told by Kalidasa,—
Hindoo poet—in melodious rhyme,
How with train of maidens, young
Urvasi
Came to keep great Indra's festal
time.

'T was her part in worshipful confes-
sion
Of the god-name on that sacred day,
Walking flower-crowned in the long
procession,
"I love Puru-shotta-ma" to say.

Pure as snow on Himalayan ranges,
Heaven-descended, soon to heaven
withdrawn,
Fairer than the moon-flower of the
Ganges.
Was Urvasi, Daughter of the Dawn.

But it happened that the gentle
maiden
Loved one Puru-avas, — fateful
name! —
And her heart, with its sweet secret
laden,
Falterèd when her time of utter-
ance came.

"I love" — then she stopped, and
people wondered;

"I love" — she must guard her
secret well;

Then from sweetest lips that ever
blundered,

"I love Puru-avas," trembling fell.

Ah, what terror seized on poor Ur-
vasi!

Misty grew the violets of her eyes,
And her form bent like a broken daisy
While around her rose the mocking
cries.

But great Indra said, "The maid
shall marry

Him whose image in her faithful
heart

She so near to that of God doth carry,
Scarce her lips can keep their
names apart."

Call it then not weakness or dissem-
bling

If, in striving the high name to
reach,

Through our voices runs the tender
trembling

Of an earthly name too dear for
speech!

Ever dwells the lesser in the great-
er;
In God's love the human: we by
these

Know he holds Love's simplest stam-
mering sweeter
Than cold phrase of wordy Phar-
isees.

ANNA LYNCH BOTTA.

THE LESSON OF THE BEE.

THE honey-bee that wanders all day
long
The field, the woodland, and the gar-
den o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter
store;
Humming in calm content his quiet
song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing
breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds
he sips,
The single drop of sweetness closely
pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if
we,
Seek only to draw forth the hidden
sweet
In all the varied human flowers we
meet
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil
we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nec-
tar there.

LOVE.

Go forth in life, O friend! not seeking
love,
A mendicant that with imploring
eye
And outstretched hand asks of the
passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may
move:
For such poor love, to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop
and wait,
A suppliant whose prayer may be
denied
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace-
gate:
But thy heart's affluence lavish un-
controlled, —
The largess of thy love give full
and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter
gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaust-
less sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and
dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or
flow.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day has but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its day is done.

LOVE'S REWARD.

FOR Love I labored all the day.
Through morning chill and midday
heat,
For surely with the evening gray,
I thought, Love's guerdon shall be
sweet.

At eventide, with weary limb,
I brought my labors to the spot

Where Love had bid me come to him;
Thither I came, but found him not.

For he with idle folks had gone
To dance the hours of night away;
And I that toiled was left alone,
Too weary now to dance or play.

THE DIFFERENCE.

SWEETER than voices in the scented
hay,
Or laughing children gleaning ears
that stray,

Or Christmas songs that shake the
snows above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes
with love.

Sadder than birds in sunless summer
eves,
Or drip of rain-drops on the fallen
leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen
shore,
Is spring that comes, but brings us
love no more.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

TO TIME.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand
to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and
slowly thence —
Lulling to sad repose the weary
sense —

The faint pang stealest, unperceived
away;

On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried
the bitter tear

That flows in vain o'er all my soul
held dear,

I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with
a smile —

As some lone bird, at day's depart-
ing hour, | shower,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient
Forgetful, though its wings are wet
the while:

Yet, ah! how much must that poor
heart endure

Which hopes from thee, and thee
aloue, a cure!

THE GREENWOOD.

Oh! when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy
sound,

The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green, —

Oh! then 't is sweet,
In some retreat,

To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we
love,

And to wind through the greenwood
together.

But when 't is winter weather,
And crosses grieve,

And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet

The lattice beat, —
Oh! then 't is sweet,

To sit and sing

Of the friends with whom, in the
days of Spring,

We roamed through the greenwood
together.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

IN GARFIELD'S DANGER.

Is it not possible that all the love
 From all these million hearts, which breathless turns
 To one hushed room where silent footsteps move,
 May have some power on life that feebly burns?
 Must it not have some power in some strange way,
 Some strange, wise way, beyond our tangled ken,
 When far and wide, from sea to sea to-day,
 Even in quiet fields, hard-handed men
 Pause in their toll to ask the passer-by
 "What news?" and then, "We cannot spare him yet!"
 Surely no tide can powerless rise so high.
 Bear on, brave heart! The land does not forget.
 Thou yet shalt be upborne to life and strength again
 On this flood-tide of love of millions of brave men.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

BEYOND RECALL.

<p>THERE was a time when death and I Met face to face together: I was but young indeed to die, And it was summer weather; One happy year a wedded wife, Yet I was slipping out of life.</p> <p>You knelt beside me, and I heard, As from some far-off distance, A bitter cry that dimly stirred My soul to make resistance.</p>	<p>You thought me dead: you called my name, And back from Death itself I came.</p> <p>But oh! that you had made no sign, That I had heard no crying! For now the yearning voice is mine, And there is no replying: Death never could so cruel be As Life — and you — have proved to me!</p>
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JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

EPITHALAMIUM.

<p>I SAW two clouds at morning, Tinged by the rising sun, And in the dawn they floated on, And mingled into one; [blest. I thought that morning cloud was It moved so sweetly to the west.</p> <p>I saw two summer currents Flow smoothly to their meeting, And join their course with silent force, In peace each other greeting;</p>	<p>Calm was their course through banks of green, While dimpling eddies played be- tween.</p> <p>Such be your gentle motion, Till life's last pulse shall beat; Like summer's beam, and summer's stream, Float on, in joy, to meet A calmer sea, where storms shall cease — A purer sky, where all is peace.</p>
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MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern-leaf, green and
 slender,
 Veining delicate and fibres tender;
 Waving when the wind crept down
 so low;
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass
 grew round it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and
 found it,
 Drops of dew stole in by night,
 and crowned it,
 But no foot of man e'er trod that
 way;
 Earth was young and keeping holi-
 day.
 Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant
 branches,
 Mountains hurled their snowy ava-
 lanches,
 Mammoth creatures stalked across
 the plain;
 Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
 But the little fern was not of these,
 Did not number with the hills and
 trees.
 Only grew and waved its wild
 sweet way,
 No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic
 mood,
 Heaved the rocks and changed the
 mighty motion
 Of the deep, strong currents of the
 ocean;
 Moved the plain and shook the
 haughty wood,
 Crushed the little form in soft
 moist clay,
 Covered it, and hid it safe away,
 O, the long, long centuries since
 that day!
 O, the agony, O, life's bitter cost,
 Since that useless little fern was
 lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a
 thoughtful man
 Searching Nature's secrets, far and
 deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which
 there ran
 Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
 Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and
 fine,
 And the fern's life lay in every
 line!
 So, I think, God hides some souls
 away,
 Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

ANNE BRONTË.

IF THIS BE ALL.

O God! if this indeed be all
 That life can show to me;
 If on my aching brow may fall
 No freshening dew from Thee;—
 If with no brighter light than this
 The lamp of Hope may glow,
 And I may only dream of bliss,
 And wake to weary woe!—
 If friendship's solace must decay
 When other joys are gone,

And love must keep so far away,
 While I go wandering on,—
 Wandering and toiling without gain,
 The slave of others' will.
 With constant care and frequent pain,
 Despised, forgotten still.
 Grieving to look on vice and sin,
 Yet powerless to quell
 The silent current from within,
 The outward torrent's swell;
 While all the good I would impart
 The feelings I would share,

Are driven backward to my heart
And turned to wornwood there;—
If clouds must ever keep from sight
The glories of the sun,
And I must suffer winter's blight

Ere summer is begun;—
If life must be so full of care,
Then call me soon to Thee!
Or give me strength enough to bear
My load of misery.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

LIFE WILL BE GONE ERE I HAVE LIVED.

LIFE will be gone ere I have lived;
Where now is life's first prime?
I've worked and studied, longed and
grieved
Through all that busy time.

To toil, to think, to long, to grieve—
Is such my future fate?
The morn was dreary, must the eve
Be also desolate?
Well, such a life at least makes Death
A welcome, wished-for friend;
Then aid me, Reason, Patience, Faith,
To suffer to the end.

EMILY BRONTË.

LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-
troubled sphere:
I see heaven's glories shine,
And Faith shines equal, arming me
from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power
in thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts; unutterably
vain
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless
main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,

Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates,
and rears.

Though earth and man were
gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could ren-
der void:

Thou—Thou art Being and
Breath,
And what Thou art may never be
destroyed.

REMEMBRANCE.

COLD in the earth—and the deep
snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary
grave! [thee,
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love
Severed at last by Time's all-severing
wave?

<p>Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover Over the mountains, on that north- ern shore, Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover Thy noble heart for ever, ever more? Cold in the earth — and fifteen wild Decembers, From these brown hills, have melted into spring: Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers [fering! After such years of change and suf- Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee, While the world's tide is bearing me along; Other desires and other hopes beset me, Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!</p> <p>No later light has lightened up my heaven, No second morn has ever shone for me;</p>	<p>All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given, [thee All my life's bliss is in the grave with But, when the days of golden dreams had perished, And even Despair was powerless to destroy; Then did I learn how existence could be cherished, Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy. Then did I check the tears of useless passion — Weaned my young soul from yearn- ing after thine; Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten [mine. Down to that tomb already more than And, even yet, I dare not let it lan- guish, Dare not indulge in memory's raptu- rous pain; Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish, How could I seek the empty world again?</p>
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MARIA GOWEN BROOKS.

[From *Zophiel*.]

SONG OF EGLA.

DAY, in melting purple dying;
Blossoms, all around me sighing;
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;

Let the shining ore lie darkling, —
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
Gifts and gold are naught to me,
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy, but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation.
Rapture in participation;
Yet but torture, if compest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

THE MARRIAGE OF DESPAIR.

THE bard has sung, God never formed
 a soul | meet
 Without its own peculiar mate, to
 Its wandering half, when ripe to
 crown the whole
 Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly,
 most complete!
 But thousand evil things there are
 that hate | impede,
 To look on happiness: these hurt,
 And, leagued with time, space, circum-
 stance, and fate,
 Keep kindred heart from heart, to
 pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra
 flying,
 From where her native founts of
 Antioch beam,
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting,
 sighing,
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter
 stream, —
 So many a soul, o'er life's drear des-
 ert faring,
 Love's pure, congenial spring un-
 found, unquaffed,
 Suffers, recoils,—then, thirsty and
 despairing
 Of what it would, descends and sips
 the nearest draught.

FRANCES BROWN.

LOSSES.

UPON the white sea sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses that their lives had
 known;
 While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay.
 And the strong tide went out with
 weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
 Of a fair freighted ship,
 With all his household to the deep
 gone down;
 But one had wilder woe —
 For a fair face, long ago | town.
 Lost in the darker depths of a great

There were who mourned their
 youth
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories
 ever green;
 And one upon the west
 Turned an eye that would not
 rest,
 For far-off hills whereon its joy had
 been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
 Some of proud honors told,
 Some spake of friends that were
 their trust no more;
 And one of a green grave
 Beside a foreign wave,
 That made him sit so lonely on the
 shore.

But when their tales were done,
 There spake among them one,
 A stranger, seeming from all sorrow
 free:
 "Sad losses have ye met,
 But mine is heavier yet:
 For a believing heart hath gone
 from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
 "For the living and the dead —
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure
 cross,
 For the wrecks of land and
 sea!
 But, howe'er it came to thee,
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and
 heaviest loss."

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

THE RETURN OF KANE.

TOLL, tower and minster, toll
 O'er the city's ebb and flow!
 Roll, muffled drum, still roll
 With solemn beat and slow! —
 A brave and a splendid soul
 Hath gone — where all shall go.

Dimmer, in gloom and dark,
 Waned the taper, day by day,
 And a nation watched the spark,
 Till its fluttering died away.

Was its flame so strong and calm
 Through the dismal years of ice
 To die 'mid the orange and the palm
 And the airs of Paradise?

Over that simple bier
 While the haughty Spaniard bows,
 Grief may join in the generous tear,
 And Vengeance forget her vows.

Ay, honor the wasted form
 That a noble spirit wore —
 Lightly it presses on the warm
 Spring sod of its parent shore;
 Hunger and darkness, cold and storm
 Never shall harm it more.

No more of travel and toil,
 Of tropic or arctic wild:
 Gently, O Mother Soil,
 Take thy worn and wearied child.

Lay him — the tender and true —
 To rest with such who are gone,
 Each chief of the valiant crew
 That died as our own hath done —
 Let him rest with stout Sir Hugh,
 Sir Humphrey, and good Sir John.

And let grief be far remote,
 As we march from the place of
 death,
 To the blitheest note of the fife's clear
 throat,
 And the bugle's cheeriest breath.

Roll, stirring drum, still roll!
 Not a sigh — not a sound of woe,
 That a grand and glorious soul
 Hath gone where the brave must
 go.

ALL TOGETHER.

OLD friends and dear! it were ungen-
 tle rhyme,
 If I should question of your true
 hearts, whether [time,
 Ye have forgotten that far, pleasant
 The good old time when we were
 all together.

Our limbs were lusty and our souls
 sublime;
 We never heeded cold and winter
 weather, [time,
 Nor sun nor travel, in that cheery
 The brave old time when we were
 all together.

Pleasant it was to tread the mountain
 thyme,
 Sweet was the pure and piny moun-
 tain ether,
 And pleasant all; but this was in the
 time,
 The good old time when we were
 all together.

Since then I've strayed through many
 a fitful clime,
 (Tossed on the wind of fortune
 like a feather,)
 And chanced with rare good fellows
 in my time —
 But ne'er the time that we have
 known together.

But none like those brave hearts (for
 now I climb
 Gray hills alone, or thread the
 lonely heather,)
 That walked beside me in the ancient
 time,
 The good old time when we were
 all together.

Long since, we parted in our careless
prime,

Like summer birds no June shall
hasten hither;

No more to meet as in that merry
time,

The sweet spring-time that shone
on all together.

Some, to the fevered city's toil and
grime,

And some o'er distant seas, and
some — ah! whither?

Nay, we shall never meet as in the
time,

The dear old time when we were
all together.

And some — above their heads, in
wind and rime,

Year after year, the grasses wave
and wither;

Aye, we shall meet! — 'tis but a little
time,

And all shall lie with folded hands
together.

And if, beyond the sphere of doubt
and crime,

Lie purer lands — ah! let our steps
be thither;

That, done with earthly change and
earthly time,

In God's good time we may be all
together.

MIDNIGHT — A LAMENT.

Do the dead carry their cares

Like us, to the place of rest?

The long, long night — is it theirs,

Weary to brain and breast?

Ah, that I knew how it fares

With One that I loved the best.

I lie alone in the house.

How the wretched North-wind
raves!

I listen, and think of those

O'er whose heads the wet grass
waves —

Do they hear the wind that blows,
And the rain on their lonely graves?

Heads that I helped to lay

On the pillow that lasts for aye.

It is but a little way

To the dreary hill where they lie —

No bed but the cold, cold clay —

No roof but the stormy sky.

Cruel the thought and vain!

They've now nothing more to bear —

Done with sickness and pain,

Done with trouble and care —

But I hear the wind and the rain,

And still I think of them there.

Ah, couldst thou come to me,

Bird that I loved the best!

That I knew it was well with thee —

Wild and weary North-West!

Wail in chimney and tree —

Leave the dead to their rest.

THE ADIEU.

SWEET Falsehoods, fare ye well!

That may not longer dwell

In this fond heart, dear paramours of
Youth!

A cold, unloving bride

Is ever at my side —

Yet who so pure, so beautiful as
Truth?

Long hath she sought my side,

And would not be denied,

Till, all perforce, she won my spirit
o'er —

And though her glances be

But hard and stern to me,

At every step I love her more and
more.

ALONE.

A SAD old house by the sea.

Were we happy, I and thou,

In the days that used to be?

There is nothing left me now

But to lie, and think of thee

With folded hands on my breast,

And list to the weary sea

Sobbing itself to rest.

LONG AGO.

WHEN at eve I sit alone,
Thinking on the Past and Gone —
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how long the minutes linger, —

And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of Life to Dust returning —
Then my lonely chair around,
With a quiet, mournful sound,
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one, I count them o'er,
Voices, that are heard no more,
Tears, that loving cheeks have wet,
Words, whose music lingers yet, —
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair —
Happy sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year. —
Lips of dewy fragrance — eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies —
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long unfriendly day,
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

AT SEA.

MIDNIGHT in drear New England,
'Tis a driving storm of snow —
How the casement clicks and rattles,
And the wind keeps on to blow!

For a thousand leagues of coast-line,
In fitful flurries and starts,
The wild North-Easter is knocking
At lonely windows and hearts.

Of a night like this, how many
Must sit by the hearth, like me,
Hearing the stormy weather,
And thinking of those at sea!

Of the hearts chilled through with
watching,
The eyes that wearily blink,
Through the blinding gale and snow-
drift,
For the Lights of Navesink!

How fares it, my friend, with you? —
If I've kept your reckoning aright,
The brave old ship must be due
On our dreary coast, to-night.

The fireside fades before me,
The chamber quiet and warm —
And I see the gleam of her lanterns
In the wild Atlantic storm.

Like a dream, 'tis all around me —
The gale, with its steady boom,
And the crest of every roller
Torn into mist and spume —
The sights and the sounds of Ocean
On a night of peril and gloom.

The shroud of snow and of spoon-
drift
Driving like mad a-lee —
And the huge black hulk that wallows
Deep in the trough of the sea.

The creak of cabin and bulkhead,
The wail of rigging and mast —
The roar of the shrouds as she rises
From a deep lee-roll to the blast.

The sullen throb of the engine,
Whose iron heart never tires —
The swarthy faces that redden
By the glare of his cavered fires.

The binnacle slowly swaying,
And nursing the faithful steel —
And the grizzled old quarter-master,
His horny hands on the wheel.

I can see it — the little cabin —
Plainly as if I were there —
The chart on the old green table,
The book and the empty chair.

On the deck we have trod together,
A patient and manly form,
To and fro, by the foremast,
Is pacing in sleet and storm.

Since her keel first struck cold water,
By the Stormy Cape's clear Light,
'Tis little of sleep or slumber.

Hath closed o'er that watchful sight,
And a hundred lives are hanging
On eye and on heart to-night.

Would that to-night, beside him,
I walked the watch on her deck,
Recalling the Legends of Ocean,
Of ancient oattle and wreck.

But the stout old craft is rolling
A hundred leagues a-lee —

Fifty of snow-wreathed hill-side,
And fifty of foaming sea.

I cannot hail him, nor press him
By the hearty and true right
hand —

I can but murmur, — God bless
him!
And bring him safe to the land.

And send him the best of weather,
That ere many suns shall shine,
We may sit by the hearth together,
And talk about Auld Lang Syne.

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

[By C. D'W. B.]

We are ever waiting, waiting,
Waiting for the tide to turn —
"For the train at Coventry,"
For the sluggish fire to burn —
For a far-off friend's return.

We are ever hoping, hoping,
Hoping that the wind will shift —
That success may crown our venture —
That the morning fog may lift —
That the dying may have shrift.

We are ever fearing, fearing,
Fearing lest the ship have sailed —
That the sick may ne'er recover —

That the letter was not mailed —
That the trusted firm has failed.

We are ever wishing, wishing,
Wishing we were far at sea —
That the winter were but over —
That we could but find the key —
That the prisoner were free.

Wishing, fearing, hoping, waiting,
Through life's voyage — moored at
last,

Tedious doubts shall merge forever
(Be their sources strait or vast,) —
In the inevitable Past.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved sleep.
Psalms cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep.
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this —
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,

The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and
rouse,

The monarch's crown, to light the
brows? —
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes
say
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids
creep:
But never doleful dreams again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth *His* beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap,
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard* —
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the nummers
leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who "giveth *His* beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends — when it
shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall —
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

LITTLE MATTIE.

DEAD? Thirteen a month ago!
Short and narrow her life's walk.
Lover's love she could not know
Even by a dream or talk:

Too young to be glad of youth;
Missing honor, labor, rest,
And the warmth of a babe's mouth
At the blossom of her breast.
Must you pity her for this,
And for all the loss it is —
You, her mother, with wet face,
Having had all in your case?

Just so young but yesternight,
Now she is as old as death.
Meek, obedient in your sight,
Gentle to a beck or breath
Only on last Monday! yours,
Answering you like silver bells
Slightly touched: an hour matures:
You can teach her nothing else.
She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid:
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

Cross her quiet hands, and smooth
Down her patient locks of silk,
Cold and passive as in truth
You your fingers in spilt milk
Drew along a marble floor;
But her lips you cannot wring
Into saying a word more,
"Yes," or "No," or such a thing.
Though you call, and beg, and wreak
Half your soul out in a shriek,
She will lie there in default
And most innocent revolt.

Ay, and if she spoke, may be
She would answer like the Sox,
"What is now 'twixt thee and me?"
Dreadful answer! better none.
Yours on Monday, God's to-day!
Yours, your child, your blood, your
heart,
Called . . . you called her, did you
say,

"Little Mattie," for your part?
Now already it sounds strange,
And you wonder, in this change,
What He calls His angel-creature,
Higher up than you can reach her.

'Twas a green and easy world
As she took it! room to play,
(Though one's hair might get uncured
At the far end of the day.)

What she suffered she shook off
 In the sunshine; what she sinned
 She could pray on high enough
 To keep safe above the wind.
 If reproved by God or you,
 'Twas to better her she knew;
 And if crossed, she gathered still,
 'Twas to cross out something ill.

You, you had the right, you thought,
 To survey her with sweet scorn,
 Poor gay child, who had not caught
 Yet the octave-stretch forlorn
 Of your larger wisdom! Nay,
 Now your places are changed so,
 In that same superior way
 She regards you dull and low
 As you did herself exempt
 From life's sorrows. Grand contempt
 Of the spirits risen awhile,
 Who look back with such a smile!

There's the sting of 't. That, I think,
 Hurts the most, a thousand-fold!
 To feel sudden, at a wink,
 Some dear child we used to scold,
 Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease.
 Teach and tumble as our own,
 All its curls about our knees,
 Rise up suddenly full-grown.
 Who could wonder such a sight
 Made a woman mad outright?
 Show me Michael with the sword,
 Rather than such angels, Lord!

TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

LIKE a lady's ringlets brown,
 Flow thy silken ears adown
 Either side demurely
 Of thy silver-suited breast
 Shining out from all the rest
 Of thy body purely.

Darkly brown thy body is,
 Till the sunshine striking this
 Alchemize its dullness;
 When the sleek curls manifold
 Flash all over into gold.
 With a burnished fullness.

Underneath my stroking hand,
 Startled eyes of hazel bland
 Kindling, growing larger,
 Up thou leapest with a spring,
 Full of prank and curvetting,
 Leaping like a charger.

Leap! thy broad tail waves alight;
 Leap! thy slender feet are bright,
 Canopied in fringes.
 Leap — those tasselled ears of thine,
 Flicker strangely, fair and fine,
 Down their golden inches.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
 Little is 't to such an end
 That I praise thy rareness!
 Other dogs may be thy peers
 Haply in those drooping ears,
 And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
 This dog watched beside a bed
 Day and night unwearied, —
 Watched within a curtained room,
 Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
 Round the sick and dreary.

Roses gathered for a vase,
 In that chamber died apace,
 Beam and breeze resigning —
 This dog only waited on,
 Knowing that, when light is gone
 Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
 Tracked the hares and followed
 through
 Sunny moor or meadow —
 This dog only crept and crept
 Next to languid cheek that slept,
 Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
 Bounded at the whistle clear,
 Up the woodside hieing —
 This dog only, watched in reach,
 Of a faintly uttered speech,
 Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
 Dropped upon his glossy ears,
 Or a sigh came double, —
 Up he sprang in eager haste,

Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favor:
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said,
Therefore and forever.

And because he loves me so,
Better than his kind will do
Often, man, or woman,
Give I back more love again
Than dogs often take of men,
Leaning from my Human.

CONSOLATION.

ALL are not taken! there are left behind

Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind.

But if it were not so — if I could find
No love in all the world for comfort-
ing,

Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where "dust to dust" the love from
life disjoined —

And if before these sepulchres un-
moving

I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary
dearth)

Crying "Where are ye, O my loved
and loving?"

I know a voice would sound,
"Daughter, I AM.

Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not
for earth?"

A PORTRAIT.

"One name is Elizabeth." — BEN JONSON.

I WILL paint her as I see her;
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear —
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty,
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air:

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child, —
Though too calm, you think, and
tender,
For the childhood you would lend
her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient, — waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all young things —
As young birds, or early wheat
When the wind blows over it.

Only free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth meas-
ure —
Taking love for her chief pleasure:

Choosing pleasures (for the rest)
Which come softly — just as *she*,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks —
Watering flowers, or reading
books.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.

And a stranger, — when he sees
her
In the street even — smileth stilly,
Just as *you* would at a lily.

And all voices that address her,
Softens, sleecken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love
her!"

Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth.

[*Sonnets from the Portuguese.*]

ASSURANCE.

SAY over again and yet once over
again

That thou dost love me. Though the
word repeated

Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as
thou dost treat it,

Remember never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-
strain,

Comes the fresh Spring in all her
green completed!

Beloved, I amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that
doubt's pain

Cry . . speak once more . . thou lov-
est! Who can fear

Too many stars, though each in
heaven shall roll —

Too many flowers, though each shall
crown the year?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love
me — toll

The silver iterance! — only minding,
dear,

To love me also in silence, with thy
soul.

PERFECT LOVE.

How do I love thee? Let me count
the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth
and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out
of sight

For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every-
day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-
light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for
Right:

I love thee purely, as they turn from
Praise:

I love thee with the passion put to
use

In my old griefs, and with my child-
hood's faith;

I love thee with a love I seemed to
lose

With my lost saints, — I love thee
with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if
God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

THREE KISSES.

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only
kissed

The fingers of this hand wherewith I
write,

And ever since it grew more clean
and white,

Slow to world-greetings . . quick with
its "Oh, list!"

When the angels speak. A ring of
amethyst

I could not wear here plainer to my
sight,

Than that first kiss. The second
passed in height

The first, and sought the forehead,
and half missed,

Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond
need!

That was the chrism of love, which
love's own crown,

With sanctifying sweetness, did pre-
cede.

The third upon my lips was folded
down

In perfect, purple state! since when,
indeed,

I have been proud and said, "My
love, my own."

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

"THERE is no God," the foolish
saith,

But none, "There is no sorrow;"
And nature oft, the cry of faith,
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not
school,

By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
That ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes,
"And how long will you love us?"
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices low and breathless —
"Till death us part!" — O words to
be

Our best for love, the deathless!
Be pitiful, dear God!

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed —
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, "Be stronger hearted!"
O God, — to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely! —
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, behold-
ing;

The sun strikes through the farthest
mist,

The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strong-
est,

But now it is the churchyard grass
We look upon the longest.
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull —
Men whisper, "He is dying!"
We cry no more, "Be pitiful!" —
We have no strength for crying;
No strength, no need! Then, soul of
mine,

Look up and triumph rather —
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son abjures the Father —
BE PITIFUL, O God!

ONLY A CURL.

FRIENDS of faces unknown and a
land

Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand,
With a single gold curl in the hand
Held up to be looked at by me!

While you ask me to ponder and say
What a father and mother can do,
With the bright yellow locks put
away

Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay,
Where the violets press nearer than
you: —

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
Into weak woman's tears for re-
lief?

Oh, children! I never lost one.
But my arm's round my own little
son,
And Love knows the secret of
Grief.

And I feel what it must be and is
When God draws a new angel so
Through the house of a man up to
His,

With a murmur of music you miss,
And a rapture of light you forego.

How you think, staring on at the
door

Where the face of your angel
flashed in,
That its brightness, familiar before,
Burns off from you ever the more
For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

"God lent him and takes him," you
sigh . . .

— Nay, there let me break with
your pain,
God's generous in giving, say I.
And the thing which he gives, I deny
That he can ever take back again.

He gives what He gives. I appeal
To all who bear babes! In the hour
When the veil of the body we feel
Rent round us, while torments reveal
The motherhood's advent in power;

And the babe cries, — have all of us
known

By apocalypse (God being there,
Full in nature!) the child is *our own* —
Life of life, love of love, moan of
moan,

Through all changes, all times,
everywhere.

He's ours and forever. Believe,
O father! — O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance! To give
Means, with God, not to tempt or
deceive

With a cup thrust in Benjamin's
sack.

He gives what He gives: be content.
He resumes nothing given — be sure.
God lend? — where the usurers lent
In His temple, indignant he went
And scourged away all those im-
pure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That he draws back a gift, compre-
hend
'Tis to add to it rather . . . amend,
And finish it up to your dream, —

Or keep . . . as a mother may, toys
Too costly though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from
noise,
And the children more fit for such
joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends! You who indeed
Have possessed in your house a
sweet piece
Of the heaven which men strive for,
must need
Be more earnest than others are,
speed
Where they loiter, persist where
they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.
Then courage! 'Tis easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and
despair

To the safe place above us. Adieu!

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

KINDNESS FIRST KNOWN IN A HOSPITAL.

. . . . THE place seemed new and
strange as death.
The white strait bed, with others
strait and white,
Like graves dug side by side, at meas-
ured lengths,
And quiet people walking in and out
With wonderful low voices and soft
steps,
And apparitional equal care for each,
Astonished her with order, silence,
law: [cup,
And when a gentle hand held out a
She took it, as you do at sacrament,
Half awed, half melted, — not being
used, indeed,
To so much love as makes the form
of love
And courtesy of manners. Delicate
drinks
And rare white bread, to which some
dying eyes [God,
Were turned in observation. O my
How sick we must be, ere we make
men just!
I think it frets the saints in heaven
to see
How many desolate creatures on the
earth
Have learnt the simple dues of fellow-
ship
And social comfort, in a hospital.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

SELFISHNESS OF INTROSPEC- TION.

WE are wrong always, when we think
too much
Of what we think or are; albeit our
thoughts



MARIAN ERLE.

TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice,
We are no less selfish! If we sleep
on rocks
Or roses, sleeping past the hour of
noon,
We're lazy.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

A CHARACTER.

As light November snows to empty
nests,
As grass to graves, as moss to mil-
dewed stones,
As July suns to ruins, through the
rents,
As ministering spirits to mourners,
through a loss,
As Heaven itself to men, through
pangs of death
He came uncalled wherever grief had
come.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

PICTURE OF MARIAN ERLE.

SHE was not white nor brown
But could look either, like a mist that
changed
According to being shone on more or
less.
The hair, too, ran its opulence of
curls
In doubt 'twixt dark and bright, nor
left you clear
To name the color. Too much hair
perhaps
(I'll name a fault here) for so small a
head,
Which seemed to droop on that side
and on this,
As a full-blown rose, uneasy with its
weight,
Though not a breath should trouble
it. Again,
The dimple in the cheek had better
gone
With redder, fuller rounds: and some-
what large
The mouth was, though the milky
little teeth
Dissolved it to so infantine a smile!

For soon it smiled at me; the eyes
smiled too,
But 'twas as if remembering they had
wept,
And knowing they should, some day,
weep again.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

THE ONE UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

. . . . O WORLD,
O jurists, rhymers, dreamers, what
you please,
We play a weary game of hide and
seek!
We shape a figure of our fantasy,
Call nothing something, and run af-
ter it
And lose it, lose ourselves, too, in the
search,
Till clash against us, comes a some-
body
Who also has lost something and is
lost. . . .

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

IN STRUGGLE.

ALAS, long suffering and most patient
God,
Thou need'st be surelier God to bear
with us
Than even to have made us! thou as-
pire, aspire
From henceforth for me! thou who
hast, thyself,
Endured this fleshhood, knowing
how, as a soaked
And sucking vesture, it would drag
us down
And choke us in the melancholy
deep,
Sustain me, that, with thee, I walk
these waves,
Resisting! — breathe me upward, thou
for me
Aspiring, who art the Way, the
Truth, the Life, —
That no truth henceforth seem indif-
ferent,
No way to truth laborious, and no life,
Not even this life I live, intolerable!

ROBERT BROWNING.

PROSPICE.

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 Now the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so, — one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears,
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more
 While I live,
 Need I hope to see his face
 As before.

Once his love grown chill,
 Mine may strive, —
 Bitterly we re-embrace,
 Single still.

Was it something said,
 Something done,
 Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
 Turn of head?
 Strange! that very way
 Love begun.
 I as little understand
 Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
 I recall
 How he looked as if I sang
 — Sweetly too.
 If I spoke a word,
 First of all
 Up his cheek the color sprang,
 Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
 At my feet,
 So he breathed the air I breathed
 Satisfied!
 I too, at love's brim
 Touched the sweet:
 I would die if death bequeathed
 Sweet to him.

"Speak, — I love thee best!"
 He exclaimed.
 "Let thy love my own foretell," —
 I confessed:
 "Cast my heart on thine
 Now unblamed,
 Since upon thy soul as well
 Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
 Being truth?
 Why should all the giving prove
 His alone?
 I had wealth and ease,
 Beauty, youth, —
 Since my lover gave me love,
 I gave these.

That was all I meant,
 — To be just,
 And the passion I had raised
 To content.
 Since he chose to change
 Gold for dust,
 If I gave him what he praised,
 Was it strange?

Would he love me yet,
 On and on,
 While I found some way undreamed,
 — Paid my debt!
 Give more life and more,
 Till, all gone,
 He should smile, "She never seemed
 Mine before.

"What — she felt the while,
 Must I think?
 Love's so different with us men,"
 He should smile.
 "Dying for my sake —
 White and pink!
 Can't we touch those bubbles then
 But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
 Do thy part,
 Have thy pleasure. How perplex
 Grows belief!
 Well, this cold clay clod
 Was man's heart.
 Crumble it, — and what comes next?
 Is it God?

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass.
 Little has yet been changed, I
 think,
 The shutters are shut, — no light may
 pass
 Save two long rays through the
 hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my
 name, —
 It was not her time to love; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares;
 And now was quiet, now astir, —
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
 And the sweet white brow is all of
 her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
 What! your soul was pure and true;
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
 And just because I was thrice as old,
 And our paths in the world diverged
 so wide,
 Each was naught to each, must I be
 told?
 We were fellow-mortals, — naught
 beside?

No, indeed! for God above
 Is great to grant as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the
 love;
 I claim you still, for my own love's
 sake!
 Delayed, it may be, for more lives
 yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse,
 not a few;
 Much is to learn and much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking
 you.

But the time will come — at last it
 will —
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant,
 I shall say,
 In the lower earth, — in the years
 long still, —
 That body and soul so pure and
 gay?
 Why your hair was amber I shall
 divine,
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red, —
 And what you would do with me, in
 fine,
 In the new life come in the old one's
 stead.

I have lived, shall I say, so much since
 then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various
 men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the
 climes;
 Yet one thing — one — in my soul's
 full scope,
 Either I missed, or itself missed
 me, —
 And I want and find you, Evelyn
 Hope!
 What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
 My heart seemed full as it could
 hold, —
 There was space and to spare for the
 frank young smile,
 And the red young mouth, and the
 hair's young gold.
 So, hush! I will give you this leaf to
 keep:
 See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold
 hand.
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
 You will wake, and remember, and
 understand.

[From *In a Gondola*.]

THE TWO KISSES.

THE Moth's kiss, first!
 Kiss me as if you made believe
 You were not sure, this eve,
 How my face, your flower, had
 pursed
 Its petals up; so, here and there
 You brush it, till I grow aware
 Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The Bee's kiss, now!
 Kiss me as if you entered gay
 My heart at some noonday,
 A bud that dared not disallow
 The claim, so all is rendered up,
 And passively its shattered cup
 Over your head to sleep I bow.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHEENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris
 and he:
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we gal-
 loped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch as
 the gate-bolts undrew,
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us gal-
 loping through.
 Behind shut the postern, the lights
 sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped
 abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept
 the great pace —
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
 changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its
 girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup and set
 the pique right,
 Rebuckled the check-strap, chained
 slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a
 whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while
 we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight
 dawned clear;
 At Boom a great yellow star came
 out to see;
 At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as
 could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we
 heard the half-chime —
 So Joris broke silence with "Yet
 there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden
 the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood
 black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us gal-
 loping past;
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland
 at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting
 away
 The haze, as some bluff river head-
 land its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one
sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked
out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, —
ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own
master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes,
which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in gal-
loping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried
Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the
fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix" — for one
heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck,
and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of
the flank,
As down on her haunches she shud-
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud
in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a piti-
less laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle,
bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Delhem a dome-spire
sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for
Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in
a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead
as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear
the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save
Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of
blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-
sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go
belt and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, pat-
ted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my
horse without peer —
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung,
any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland gal-
loped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flock-
ing round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my
knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this
Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last
measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by com-
mon consent)
Was no more than his due who
brought good news from Ghent.

[From *The Ring and The Book*.]

DREAMS.

It is the good of dreams — so soon
they go!
Wake in a horror of heart-beats you
may —
Cry, "The dead thing will never
from my thoughts!"
Still, a few daylight doses of plain
life,
Cock-crow and sparrow-chirp, or
bleat and bell
Of goats that trot by, tinkling to be
milked;
And when you rub your eyes awake
and wide,
Where is the harm o' the horror?
Gone!

[From *The Ring and The Book*.]

THE LACK OF CHILDREN.

WHAT could they be but happy? —
balanced so,
Nor low 't the social scale nor yet too
high,
Nor poor nor richer than comports
with ease,

Nor bright and envied, nor obscure
and scorned,
Nor so young that their pleasures fell
too thick,
Nor old past catching pleasure when
it fell,
Nothing above, below the just degree,
All at the mean where joy's compo-
nents mix.
So again, in the couple's very souls
You saw the adequate half with half
to match,
Each having and each lacking some-
what, both
Making a whole that had all and
lacked naught;
The round and sound, in whose com-
posure just
The acquiescent and recipient side
Was Pietro's, and the stirring striv-
ing one
Violante's: both in union gave the
due
Quietude, enterprise, craving and
content,
Which go to bodily health and peace
of mind.
But, as 'tis said a body, rightly
mixed,
Each element in equipoise, would
last

Too long and live forever, — accord-
ingly
Holds a germ — sand-grain weight too
much i' the scale —
Ordained to get predominance one
day
And so bring all to ruin and release, —
Not otherwise a fatal germ lurked
here:
"With mortals much must go, but
something stays;
Nothing will stay of our so happy
selves."
Out of the very ripeness of life's
core
A worm was bred — "Our life shall
leave no fruit."
Enough of bliss, they thought, could
bliss bear seed, —
Yield its like, propagate a bliss in
turn
And keep the kind up; not supplant
themselves
But put in evidence, record they
were,
Show them, when done with, i' the
shape of a child.
"'Tis in a child, man and wife grow
complete,
One flesh: God says so: let him do
his work!"

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has
shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low
bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops of rain.
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.
Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and bleeding
heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.
For God hath marked each sorrowing
day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall
pay
For all his children suffer here.

JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought that when I came to lie

At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery
June,

When brooks send up a cheerful
tune,

And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to
make,
The rich, green mountain turf should
break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,

While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently
pressed

Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer
hours

The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of
flowers

Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be
heard

The housewife bee and humming-
bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,

Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?

And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight

Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight or sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,

Nor would its brightness shine for
me,

Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to
weep,

They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and
bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my
tomb.

These to their softened hearts should
bear

The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;

Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,

Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy
dark domain,

And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing
reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and
gloom,

And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy
womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws
us to the ground,

And last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are
bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the
good—the kind,

Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted
mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back — yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain — thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back — nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown — to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,—
Love that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, un-revered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they —
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;

Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished — no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave — the beautiful and young.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.
When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice : Yet a few days and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall
 exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished
 thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth
 again,
 And, lost each human trace, surren-
 dering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible
 rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the
 rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads up-
 on. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and
 pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-
 place
 Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst
 thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou
 shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world
 — with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the
 wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages
 past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The
 hills
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;
 the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness be-
 tween;
 The venerable woods; rivers that
 move
 In majesty, and the complaining
 brooks
 That make the meadows green; and,
 poured round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy
 waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The
 golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of
 heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of
 death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All
 that tread

The globe are but a handful to the
 tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take
 the wings
 Of morning, traverse Barca's desert
 sands,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous
 woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears
 no sound,
 Save his own dashings—yet the
 dead are there:
 And millions in those solitudes, since
 first
 The flight of years began, have laid
 them down
 In their last sleep; the dead reign
 there alone.
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou
 withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no
 friend
 Take note of thy departure? All
 that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay
 will laugh
 When thou art gone; the solemn
 brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will
 chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these
 shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments,
 and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee. As
 the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and
 he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron,
 and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-
 headed man,—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy
 side,
 By those who in their turn shall fol-
 low them.

So live, that when thy summons
 comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which
 moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each
 shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave
 at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
 and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach
 thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of
 his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams.

THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my
 lattice, thou
 That coolest the twilight of the
 sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round
 my brow:
 Thou hast been out upon the
 deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves
 till now,
 Roughening their crests, and
 scattering high their spray
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome
 thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer
 of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms
 round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
 And languid forms rise up, and
 pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind
 of night;
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful
 sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched
 beyond the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade;
 go forth,
 God's blessing breathed upon the
 fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his
 nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with
 stars, and rouse

The wide old wood from his majestic
 rest,
 Summoning, from the innumerable
 boughs,
 The strange, deep harmonies that
 haunt his breast:
 Pleasant shall be thy way where
 meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling
 waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches
 sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver
 head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the
 child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that
 overspread
 His temples, while his breathing
 grows more deep:
 And they who stand about the sick
 man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant
 sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning
 brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of nature, shall
 restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy
 mighty range,
 Thee to thy birthplace of the deep
 once more;
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and
 strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner
 of the shore;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he
 shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running
 stream.

LIFE.

OH, Life, I breathe thee in the breeze,
 I feel thee bounding in my veins,
 I see thee in these stretching trees,
 These flowers, this still rock's
 mossy stains.

This stream of odor flowing by,
From clover field and clumps of
pine,
This music, thrilling all the sky,
From all the morning birds, are
thine.

Thou fill'st with joy this little
one,
That leaps and shouts beside me
here,
Where Isar's clay white rivulets run
Through the dark woods like
frighted deer.

Ah! must thy mighty breath, that
wakes
Insect and bird, and flower and
tree,
From the low-trodden dust, and makes
Their daily gladness, pass from
me —

Pass, pulse by pulse, till o'er the
ground
These limbs, now strong, shall creep
with pain,
And this fair world of sight and
sound
Seem fading into night again?

The things, oh, Life! thou quickenest,
all
Strive upward towards the broad
bright sky,
Upward and outward, and they fall
Back to earth's bosom when they
die.

All that have borne the touch of
death,
All that shall live, lie mingled
there,
Beneath that veil of bloom and
breath,
That living zone 'twixt earth and
air.

There lies my chamber dark and
still,
The atoms trampled by my feet,
There wait, to take the place I fill
In the sweet air and sunshine
sweet.

Well, I have had my turn, have
been
Raised from the darkness of the
clod,
And for a glorious moment seen
The brightness of the skirts of
God;

And knew the light within my
breast,
Though wavering oftentimes and
dim,
The power, the will, that never
rest,
And cannot die, were all from Him.

Dear child! I know that thou wilt
grieve
To see me taken from thy love,
Wilt seek my grave at Sabbath eve,
And weep, and scatter flowers
above.

Thy little heart will soon be healed,
And being shall be bliss, till thou
To younger forms of life must yield
The place thou fill'st with beauty
now.

When we descend to dust again,
Where will the final dwelling be
Of Thought and all its memories
then,
My love for thee, and thine for
me?

THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn
dew,
And colored with the heaven's own
blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs
unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden
nest,

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are
 flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the
 street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn
 rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles,
 and some
Where secret tears have left their
 trace.

They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is
 spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to
 cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the
 door
Where one who made their dwelling
 dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no
 more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender
 frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine
 eye!
Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall
 tread
The dance till daylight gleam
 again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal
 pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think
 how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the
 light!
And some who flaunt amid the
 throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-
 night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures
 call,
They pass and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them
 all,
In His large love and boundless
 thought.

These struggling tides of life that
 seem
In wayward, aimless course to
 tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere
 which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could
 wither, sleeps
And perishes among the dust we
 tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless
pain

If there I meet thy gentle presence
not;

Nor hear the voice I love, nor read
again

In thy serenest eyes the tender
thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand
me there?

That heart whose fondest throbs
to me were given?

My name on earth was ever in thy
prayer,

And must thou never utter it in
heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-
breathing wind,

In the resplendence of that glo-
rious sphere,

And larger movements of the unfet-
tered mind,

Wilt thou forget the love that
joined us here?

The love that lived through all the
stormy past,

And meekly with my harsher na-
ture bore,

And deeper grew, and tenderer to
the last,

Shall it expire with life, and be no
more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger
light,

Await thee there; for thou hast
bowed thy will

In cheerful homage to the rule of
right,

And lovest all, and renderest good
for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I
dwell,

Shrink and consume my heart, as
heat the scroll;

And wrath has left its scar—that
fire of hell

Has left its frightful scar upon my
soul.

Yet though thou wearest the glory of
the sky,

Wilt thou not keep the same be-
loved name,

The same fair thoughtful brow, and
gentle eye,

Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate,
yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that
calmer home,

The wisdom that I learned so ill in
this—

The wisdom which is love—till I
become

Thy fit companion in that land of
bliss?

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror
lies,

And yet the monument proclaims
it not,

Nor round the sleeper's name hath
chisel wrought

The emblems of a fame that never
dies,

Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imper-
ial leaf.

A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,

Is graven here, and wild flowers, ris-
ing round,

Meek meadow-sweet and violets of
the ground,

Lean lovingly against the humble
stone.

Here in the quiet earth, they laid
apart

No man of iron mould and bloody
hands,

Who sought to wreck upon the cow-
ering lands

The passions that consumed his
restless heart;

But one of tender spirit and delicate
frame,

Gentlest in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,

Timidly shrinking from the breath
of blame;

One in whose eyes the smile of kind-
ness made

Its haunt, like flowers by sunny
brooks in May,

Yet, at the thought of others' pain,
a shade

Of sweeter sadness chased the
smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that
moulders here

Was raised in menace, realms were
chilled with fear,

And armies mustered at the sign,
as when

Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy
East, —

Gray captains leading bands of
veteran men

And fiery youths to be the vulture's
feast.

Not thus were waged the mighty wars
that gave

The victory to her who fills this
grave;

Alone her task was wrought,

Alone the battle fought;

Through that long strife her constant
hope was staid

On God alone, nor looked for other
aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a
look

That altered not beneath the frown
they wore,

And soon the lowering brood were
tamed, and took,

Meekly, her gentle rule, and
frowned no more.

Her soft hand put aside the assaults
of wrath,

And calmly broke in twain

The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from
her path.

By that victorious hand despair
was slain.

With love she vanquished hate and
overcame

Evil with good, in her great Master's
name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy
state

Glory that with the fleeting season
dies;

But when she entered at the sapphire
gate

What joy was radiant in celestial
eyes!

How heaven's bright depths with
sounding welcomes rung,

And flowers of heaven by shining
hands were flung;

And He who, long before,

Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,

The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect
sweet,

Smiled on the timid stranger from
his seat;

He who returning, glorious, from the
grave,

Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains,
a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows
low;

Cool airs are murmuring that the
night is near.

Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I
go

Consoled though sad, in hope and
yet in fear.

Brief is the time, I know,

The warfare scarce begun;

Yet all may win the triumphs thou
hast won.

Still flows the fount whose waters
strengthened thee;

The victors' names are yet too few
to fill

Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious
armory.

That ministered to thee is open
still.

(From an unfinished poem.)

AN EVENING REVERY.

THE summer day is closed — the
sun is set;

Well they have done their office,
those bright hours,

The latest of whose train goes softly
 out
 In the red West. The green blade
 of the ground
 Has risen, and herds have cropped
 it; the young twig
 Has spread its plaited tissues to the
 sun;
 Flowers of the garden and the waste
 have blown
 And withered; seeds have fallen upon
 the soil,
 From bursting cells, and in their
 graves await
 Their resurrection. Insects from
 the pools
 Have filled the air awhile with hum-
 ming wings,
 That now are still forever; painted
 moths
 Have wandered the blue sky, and
 died again;
 The mother-bird hath broken for
 her brood
 Their prison shell, or shoved them
 from the nest,
 Plumed for their earliest flight. In
 bright alcoves,
 In woodland cottages with barky
 walls, [town,
 In noisome cells of the tumultuous
 Mothers have clasped with joy the
 new-born babe,
 Graves by the lonely forest, by the
 shore
 Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
 Of the thronged city, have been hol-
 lowed out
 And filled, and closed. This day
 hath parted friends
 That ne'er before were parted; it
 hath knit
 New friendships; it hath seen the
 maiden plight
 Her faith, and trust her peace to him
 who long
 Had wooed: and it hath heard, from
 lips which late
 Were eloquent of love, the first harsh
 word,
 That told the wedded one, her peace
 was flown.
 Farewell to the sweet sunshine!
 One glad day

Is added now to childhood's merry
 days,
 And one calm day to those of quiet
 age.
 Still the fleet hours run on; and as I
 lean,
 Amid the thickening darkness, lamps
 are lit,
 By those who watch the dead, and
 those who twine
 Flowers for the bride. The mother
 from the eyes
 Of her sick infant shades the pain-
 ful light,
 And sadly listens to his quick-drawn
 breath.

O thou great Movement of the
 Universe,
 Or change, or flight of Time—for
 ye are one!
 That bearest, silently, this visible
 scene
 Into night's shadow and the stream-
 ing rays
 Of starlight, whither art thou bear-
 ing me?
 I feel the mighty current sweep me
 on.
 Yet know not whither. Man fore-
 tells afar
 The courses of the stars; the very
 hour
 He knows when they shall darken or
 grow bright;
 Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and
 of Death
 Come unforewarned. Who next, of
 those I love,
 Shall pass from life, or sadder yet,
 shall fall
 From virtue? Strife with foes, or
 bitterer strife
 With friends, or shame and general
 scorn of men—
 Which who can bear?—or the fierce
 rack of pain,
 Lie they within my path? Or shall
 the years
 Push me, with soft and inoffensive
 pace,
 Into the stilly twilight of my
 age?
 Or do the portals of another life

<p>Even now, while I am glorying in my strength, Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne, In the vast cycle of being which begins At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms Shall the great law of change and progress clothe</p>	<p>Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught— Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide Into the new; the eternal flow of things, Like a bright river of the fields of heaven, Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.</p>
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ROBERT BURNS.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,

That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usherest in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hearst thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?

Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past;

Thy image at our last embrace;

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last;

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,—

Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression deeper makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy blissful place of rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hearst thou the groans that rend his breast?

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?

The coward-slave, we pass him by,

We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,

Our toils obscure, and a' that;

The rank is but the guinea stamp;

The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,

Wear hoddie-gray, and a' that;

Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,

A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

Their tinsel show, and a' that:

The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,

Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o'
 worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the
 earth
 May bear the gree, and a' that
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

STANZAS IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly
 scene!

Have I so found it full of pleasing
 charms?

Some drops of joy with draughts of
 ill between:

Some gleams of sunshine 'mid re-
 newing storms;

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark
 abode?

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in
 arms:

I tremble to approach an angry
 God,

And justly smart beneath his sin-
 avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul
 offence!"

Fain promise never more to disobey;

But, should my Author health again
 dispense,

Again I might desert fair virtue's
 way;

Again in folly's path might go astray;
 Again exalt the brute, and sink
 the man;

Then how should I for heavenly mer-
 cy pray,

Who act so counter heavenly mer-
 cy's plan?

Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to
 temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,

Thy nod can make the tempest cease
 to blow,

And still the tumult of the raging
 sea;

With that controlling pow'r assist
 ev'n me,

Those headlong furious passions to
 confine,

For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in the allow'd
 line;

Oh, aid me with thy help, Omnip-
 otence Divine!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough, in
 April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour:

For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:

To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weel!
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,

When upward-springing, blythe, to
 greet

The purpling east,

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens
 yield
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun
 shield,
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod, or stane,
 Adorns the histic stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow
 hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has
 striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrenched of every stay but
 heaven,
 He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mournest the daisy's
 fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives,
 elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till, crushed beneath the furrow's
 weight
 Shall be thy doom!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

FAREWHEEL TO NANCY.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever!
 Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
 thee!
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage
 thee!
 Who shall say that fortune grieves
 him,
 While the star of hope she leaves
 him!
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met — or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken hearted!

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure.
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
 thee, [thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage

[From *To the Unco Guid.*]

GOD, THE ONLY JUST JUDGE.

THEN gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennle wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us, [tone,
He knows each chord — its various
Each spring — its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams
around

The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took my last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green
birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting ~~was~~ fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the
clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling
glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Ma y.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest
thou?

Began the reverend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step con-
strain,

Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right.
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn;
 Then age and want, oh! ill-matched
 pair!
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh! what crowds in every land
 Are wretched and forlorn.
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;

And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave--
 By nature's law designed, —
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast:
 This partial view of humankind
 Is surely not the last!
 The poor, oppressed, honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

O death! the poor man's dearest
 friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!

LOUISA BUSHNELL.

DELAY.

TASTE the sweetness of delaying,
 Till the hour shall come for saying
 That I love you with my soul;
 Have you never thought your heart
 Finds a something in the part,
 It would miss from out the whole?

In this rosebud you have given,
 Sleeps that perfect rose of heaven
 That in Fancy's garden blows;
 Wake it not by touch or sound,
 Lest, perchance, 'twere lost, not
 found.
 In the opening of the rose.

Dear to me is this reflection
 Of a fair and far perfection,
 Shining through a veil undrawn;
 Ask no question, then, of fate;
 Yet a little longer wait,
 In the beauty of the dawn.

Through our mornings, veiled and
 tender,
 Shines a day of golden splendor,
 Never yet fulfilled by day;
 Ah! if love be made complete,
 Will it, can it, be so sweet
 As this ever sweet delay?

SAMUEL BUTLER.

LOVE.

LOVE is too great a happiness
 For wretched mortals to possess;
 For could it hold inviolate
 Against those cruelties of fate
 Which all felicities below
 By rigid laws are subject to,
 It would become a bliss too high

For perishing mortality;
 Translate to earth the joys above;
 For nothing goes to Heaven but Love.
 All love at first, like generous wine,
 Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
 For when 'tis settled on the lee,
 And from the impurer matter free,
 Becomes the richer still, the older,
 And proves the pleasanter, the colder.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

WORK AND WORSHIP.

"Laborare est orare." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

CHARLEMAGNE, the mighty monarch,
 As through Metten Wood he strayed,
 Found the holy hermit, Hutto,
 Toiling in the forest glade.

In his hand the woodman's hatchet,
 By his side the knife and twine,
 There he cut and bound the faggots
 From the gnarled and stunted pine.

Well the monarch knew the hermit
 For his pious works and cares,
 And the wonders which had followed
 From his vigils, fasts, and prayers.

Much he marvelled now to see him
 Toiling thus, with axe and cord;
 And he cried in scorn, "O Father,
 Is it thus you serve the Lord?"

But the hermit resting neither
 Hand nor hatchet, meekly said:
 "He who does no daily labor
 May not ask for daily bread.

"Think not that my graces slumber
 While I toil throughout the day;
 For all honest work is worship,
 And to labor is to pray.

"Think not that the heavenly blessing
 From the workman's hand removes;
 Who does best his task appointed,
 Him the Master most approves."

While he spoke the hermit, pausing
 For a moment, raised his eyes
 Where the overhanging branches
 Swayed beneath the sunset skies.

Through the dense and vaulted forest
 Straight the level sunbeam came,
 Shining like a gilded rafter,
 Poised upon a sculptured frame.

Suddenly, with kindling features,
 While he breathes a silent prayer,
 See, the hermit throws his hatchet,
 Lightly, upward in the air.

Bright the well-worn steel is gleaming,
 As it flashes through the shade,
 And descending, lo! the sunbeam
 Holds it dangling by the blade!

"See, my son," exclaimed the hermit, —
 "See the token heaven has sent;
 Thus to humble, patient effort
 Faith's miraculous aid is lent.

Toiling, hoping, often fainting,
 As we labor, Love Divine
 Through the shadows pours its sun-
 light,
 Crowns the work, vouchsafes the
 sign!"

Homeward, slowly, went the mon-
 arch,
 Till he reached his palace hall,
 Where he strode among his warriors,
 He the bravest of them all.

Soon the Benedictine Abbey
 Rose beside the hermit's cell;
 He, by royal hands invested,
 Ruled, as abbot, long and well.

Now beside the rushing Danube
 Still its ruined walls remain,
 Telling of the hermit's patience,
 And the zeal of Charlemagne.

*THE BUSTS OF GOETHE AND
 SCHILLER.*

This is Goethe, with a forehead
 Like the fabled front of Jove;
 In its massive lines the tokens
 More of majesty than love.

This is Schiller, in whose features,
 With their passionate calm regard,
 We behold the true ideal
 Of the high, heroic bard,

Whom the inward world of feeling
 And the outward world of sense
 To the endless labor summon,
 And the endless recompense.

These are they, sublime and silent,
 From whose living lips have rung
 Words to be remembered ever
 In the noble German tongue;

Thoughts whose inspiration, kindling
 Into loftiest speech or song,
 Still through all the listening ages
 Pours its torrent swift and strong.

As to-day in sculptured marble
 Side by side the poets stand,
 So they stood in life's great strug-
 gle,
 Side by side and hand to hand,

In the ancient German city,
 Dowered with many a deathless
 name,
 Where they dwelt and toiled together,
 Sharing each the other's fame.

One till evening's lengthening shad-
 ows
 Gently stilled his faltering lips,
 But the other's sun at noonday
 Shrouded in a swift eclipse.

There their names are household
 treasures,
 And the simplest child you meet
 Guides you where the house of Goethe
 Fronts upon the quiet street;

And, hard by, the modest mansion
 Where full many a heart has felt
 Memories uncounted clustering
 Round the words, "Here Schiller
 dwelt."

In the churchyard both are buried,
 Straight beyond the narrow gate,
 In the mausoleum sleeping,
 With Duke Charles, in sculptured
 state.

For the monarch loved the poets,
 Called them to him from afar,
 Wooed them near his court to lin-
 ger,
 And the planets sought the star.

He, his larger gifts of fortune
 With their larger fame to blend,
 Living counted it an honor
 That they named him as their
 friend;

Dreading to be all forgotten,
 Still their greatness to divide,
 Dying prayed to have his poets
 Buried one on either side.

But this suited not the gold-laced
Ushers of the royal tomb,
Where the princely house of Weimar
Slumbered in majestic gloom.

So they ranged the coffins justly,
Each with fitting rank and stamp,
And with shows of court precedence
Mocked the grave's sepulchral
damp.

Fitly now the clownish sexton
Narrow courtier-rules rebukes;
First he shows the grave of Goethe,
Schiller's then, and last — the
Duke's.

Vainly 'midst these truthful shadows
Pride would flaunt her painted wing;
Here the monarch waits in silence,
And the poet is the king!

MARY F. BUTTS.

OTHER MOTHERS.

MOTHER, in the sunset glow,
Crooning child-songs sweet and low,
Eyes soft shining, heart at rest,
Rose-leaf cheek against thy breast.

Thinkest thou of those who weep
O'er their babies fast asleep
Where the evening dew lies wet
On their brodered coverlet,

Whose cold cradle is the grave,
Where wild roses nod and wave,
Taking for their blossoms fair
What a spirit once did wear?

Mother, crooning soft and low,
Let not all thy fancies go,
Like swift birds, to the blue skies
Of thy darling's happy eyes.

Count thy baby's curls for beads,
As a sweet saint intercedes,
But on some fair ringlet's gold
Let a tender prayer be told,

For the mother, all alone,
Who for singing maketh moan,
Who doth ever vainly seek
Dimpled arms and velvet cheek.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON.

A STORY of Ponce de Leon,
A voyager withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the emerald seas,
Where all the forests seem singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees;
The sea was clear as the azure,
And so deep and so pure was the sky
That the jasper-walled city seemed
shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.

By day his light canvas he shifted,
And round strange harbors and
bars:
By night, on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of
the stars. [sunset,
'Neath the glimmering gates of the
In the twilight empurpled and dim,
The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the
sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain;
"Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who
blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain!

The shadowy world is behind us,
The shining Cipango before;
Each morning the sun rises brighter
On ocean, and island, and shore.
And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
As prospects more glowing unfold;
Then on, merry men! to Cipango,
To the west, and the regions of
gold!"

There came to De Leon the sailor,
Some Indian sages, who told
Of a region so bright that the waters
Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
And they added: "The leafy Bimini,
A fair land of grottos and bowers
Is there; and a wonderful fountain
Upsprings from its gardens of
flowers.

That fountain gives life to the dying,
And youth to the aged restores:
They flourish in beauty eternal,
Who set but their feet on its
shores!"

Then answered De Leon, the sailor:
"I am withered, and wrinkled, and
old;
I would rather discover that fountain
Than a country of diamonds and
gold."

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor;
Away with a wonderful glee,
Till the birds were more rare in the
azure,
The dolphins more rare in the sea.
Away from the shady Bahamas,
Over waters no sailor had seen,
Till again on his wandering vision,
Rose clustering islands of green.
Still onward he sped till the breezes
Were laden with odors, and lo!
A country embedded with flowers,
A country with rivers aglow!
More bright than the sunny Antilles,
More fair than the shady Azores.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon,
the sailor,
As feasted his eye on the shores,
"We have come to a region, my
brothers,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
And here is the life-giving fountain,—
The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,
Unfurled his old banner, and sung;
But he felt very wrinkled and with-
ered,
All around was so fresh and so
young.

The palms, ever verdant, were bloom-
ing,
Their blossoms e'en margined the
seas;

O'er the streams of the forests bright
flowers
Hung deep from the branches of
trees.

"Praise the Lord!" sang De Leon,
the sailor;

His heart was with rapture aflame;
And he said: "Be the name of this
region

By Florida given to fame.
'T is a fair, a delectable country,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
I soon shall partake of the foun-
tain,—

The beautiful Fountain of Youth!"

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
In search of the fountain in vain;
No waters were there to restore him
To freshness and beauty again.

And his anchor he lifted, and mur-
mured,
As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
"I must leave this fair land of the
flowers,

Go back o'er the ocean, and die."
Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
And back by the shady Azores,
He was borne on the storm-smitten
waters

To the calm of his own native
shores.

And that he grew older and older,
His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,
Still he thirsted in dreams for the
fountain,—

The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

One day the old sailor lay dying
On the shores of a tropical isle,
And his heart was enkindled with
rapture; [smile.
And his face lighted up with a

He thought of the sunny Antilles,
 He thought of the shady Azores,
 He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
 He thought of fair Florida's shores.
 And, when in his mind he passed over
 His wonderful travels of old,
 He thought of the heavenly country,
 Of the city of jasper and gold.
 "Thank the Lord!" said De Leon,
 the sailor, the truth,
 "Thank the Lord for the light of
 I now am approaching the fountain,
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

The cabin was silent: at twilight
 They heard the birds singing a
 psalm,
 And the wind of the ocean low sigh-
 ing
 Through groves of the orange and
 palm.
 The sailor still lay on his pallet,
 'Neath the low-hanging vines of
 the roof;
 His soul had gone forth to dis-
 cover
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON NOEL).

PROMETHEUS.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise;
 What was thy pity's recompense?
 A silent suffering, and intense;
 The rock, the vulture, and the
 chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain.
 The agony they do not show
 The suffocating sense of woe,
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the
 will,
 Which torture where they cannot
 kill;
 And the inexorable heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of fate,
 The ruling principle of hate,
 Which for its pleasure doth create
 The things it may annihilate,
 Refused thee even the boon to die;
 The wretched gift eternity
 Was thine — and thou hast borne it
 well.

All that the Thunderer wrung from
 thee
 Was but the menace which flung
 back
 On him the torments of thy rack:
 The fate thou didst so well fore-
 see,
 But would not to appease him tell;
 And in thy silence was his sentence,
 And in his soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled
 That in his hand the lightnings trem-
 bled.

Thy godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precept less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen man with his own
 mind;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable spirit,
 Which earth and heaven could not
 convulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit:
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To mortals of their fate and force;
 Like thee, man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure
 source;
 And man in portions can foresee

His own funereal destiny;
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence:
 To which his spirit may oppose
 Itself — and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,
 Which even in torture can descry
 Its own concentrated recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy,
 And making death a victory!

*WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS
 SUFFERING CLAY.*

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering
 clay,
 Ah! whither strays the immortal
 mind?

It cannot die, it cannot stray,
 But leaves its darkened dust be-
 hind.

Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly
 way?

Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eyes shall roll through chaos
 back;

And where the furthest heaven had
 birth,

The spirit trace its rising track,
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quenched or system
 breaks,

Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.

Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts
 shall fly;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
 Whose tearful beam glows tremu-
 lously far,
 That show'st the darkness thou canst
 not dispel.

How like art thou to joy remembered
 well!

So gleams the past, the light of other
 days,

Which shines, but warms not with
 its powerless rays;

A night-beam sorrow watches to be-
 hold,

Distinct, but distant — clear — but
 oh, how cold!

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare *thee well*;
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before
 thee

Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er
 thee,

Which thou ne'er canst know
 again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced
 over,

Every inmost thought could show!
 Then thou wouldst at last discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Through the world for this commend
 thee —

Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embraced
 me,

To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not:
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth —
 Still must mine, though bleeding,
 beat;
 And the undying thought which
 paineth
 Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
 When our child's first accents
 flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
 Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is pressed,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless
 thee,
 Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more mayst see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou know-
 est,
 All my madness none can know;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
 Pride, which not a world could
 bow,
 Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done — all words are idle —
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! — thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Seared in heart, and lone and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless
 mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty!
 thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the
 heart —
 The heart which love of thee alone
 can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are
 consigned —
 To fetters, and the damp vault's
 dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their
 martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on
 every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar — for
 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement
 were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! — May none those
 marks efface;
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless
 grace,

Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet ex-
press,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-
place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that
brow,

So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that
glow,

But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE AUTHOR'S
DOG BOATSWAIN.

WHEN some proud son of man returns
to earth,

Unknown to glory, but upheld by
birth,

The sculptor's art exalts the pomp
of woe,

And storied urns record who rests
below;

When all is done, upon the tomb is
seen,

Not what he was, but what he should
have been.

But the poor dog, in life the firmest
friend,

The first to welcome, foremost to de-
fend,

Whose honest heart is still his mas-
ter's own,

Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for
him alone,

Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his
worth,

Denied in heaven the soul he held on
earth;

While man, vain insect! hopes to be
forgiven,

And claims himself a sole exclusive
heaven.

O man! thou feeble tenant of an
hour,

Debased by slavery, or corrupt by
power,

Who knows thee well must quit thee
with disgust,

Degraded mass of animated dust!

Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a
cheat,

Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words de-
ceit!

By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee
blush for shame.

Ye! who perchance behold this simple
urn,

Pass on — it honors none you wish
to mourn;

To mark a friend's remains these
stones arise;

I never knew but one — and here he
lies.

MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,

Give, oh, give me back my heart!

Or, since that has left my breast,

Keep it now, and take the rest!

Hear my vow before I go,

Σὺν μοῦ, σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,

Woody by each Ægean wind;

By those lids whose jetty fringe

Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;

By those wild eyes like the roe,

Σὺν μοῦ, σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;

By that zone-encircled waist;

By all the token-flowers that tell

What words can never speak so well;

By love's alternate joy and woe,

Σὺν μοῦ, σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:

Think of me, sweet! when alone.

Though I fly to Istambol,

Athens holds my heart and soul:

Can I cease to love thee? No!

Σὺν μοῦ, σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

* Σὺν μοῦ, σὺς ἀγαπῶ, *My life, I love you.*

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be
thine;

Mountains and seas divide us, but I
claim

No tears, but tenderness to answer
mine:

Go where I will, to me thou art the
same—

A loved regret which I would not re-
sign.

There yet are two things in my des-
tiny,—

A world to roam through, and a home
with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still
the last,

It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou
hast,

And mine is not the wish to make
them less.

A strange doom is thy father's son's,
and past

Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate
of yore,—

He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath
been

In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,
I have sustained my share of worldly
shocks,

The fault was mine; nor do I seek to
screen,

My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine over-
throw,

The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be
their reward.

My whole life was a contest, since
the day

That gave me being, gave me that
which marred

The gift,—a fate, or will, that walked
astray;

And I at times have found the strug-
gle hard,

And thought of shaking off my bonds
of clay:

But now I fain would for a time sur-
vive,

If but to see what next can well ar-
rive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little
day

I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty
spray

Of my own years of trouble, which
have rolled

Like a wild bay of breakers, melts
away;

Something—I know not what—does
still uphold

A spirit of slight patience;—not in
vain,

Even for its own sake, do we pur-
chase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me—or perhaps a cold de-
spair,

Brought on when ills habitually re-
cur,—

Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul
refer,

And with light armor we may learn
to bear,)

Have taught me a strange quiet;
which was not

The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flow-
ers, and brooks,

Which do remember me of where I
dwelt

Ere my young mind was sacrificed to
books,

Come as of yore upon me, and can
melt

My heart with recognition of their
looks;

And even at moments I think I could
see

Some living thing to love—but none
like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which
create

A fund for contemplation,—to ad-
mire

Is a brief feeling of a trivial date:
But something worthier do such
scenes inspire:

Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most
desire,

And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own
of old.

O that thou wert but with me!—but
I grow

The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one re-
gret;

There may be others which I less
may show;—

I am not of the plaintive mood, and
yet

I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear
lake,

By the old Hall which may be mine
no more.

Leman's is fair; but think not I for-
sake

The sweet remembrance of a dearer
shore:

Sad havoc Time must with my mem-
ory make

Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes
before;

Though like all things which I have
loved, they are

Resigned for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; but I ask
Of Nature that with which she will
comply—

It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a
mask,

And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now
shall be

My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not;—for at length

I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life
began

The earliest—even the only paths
for me.

Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to
shun,

I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me
would have slept;

I had not suffered, and *thou* hadst
not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
Little with Love, and least of all
with Fame;

And yet they came unsought, and
with me grew,

And made me all which they can
make—a name.

Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.

But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone
before.

And for the future, this world's fu-
ture may

From me demand but little of my
care;

I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that
were;

My years have been no slumber, but
the prey

Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have filled a cen-
tury,

Before its fourth in time had passed
me by.

And for the remnant which may be
to come

I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the
crowded sun

Of struggles, happiness at times
would steal,

And for the present, I would not be-
numb

My feelings farther. Nor shall I
conceal

That with all this I still can look
around,
And worship Nature with a thought
profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy
heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as
thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can re-
sign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its
slow decline
We are entwined—let death come
slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures
the last.

[From *The Giaour*.]

THE FIRST DAY OF DEATH.

HE who hath bent him o'er the
dead

Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty
lingers).

And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that
streak

The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,

That fires not, wins not, weeps not
now,

And but for that chill changeless
brow,

Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appeals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous
hour,

He still might doubt the tyrant's
power;

So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first last look by death revealed!

[From *The Giaour*.]

LOVE.

YES, Love indeed is light from
heaven;

A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid
thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

[From *The Dream*.]

SLEEP.

OUR life is twofold! Sleep hath its
own world,
A boundary between the things mis-
named

Death and existence: Sleep hath its
own world,

And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development
have breath,

And tears, and tortures, and the
touch of joy;

They leave a weight upon our wak-
ing thoughts,

They take a weight from off our
waking toils,

They do divide our being; they be-
come

A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;

They pass like spirits of the past—
they speak

Like sibyls of the future; they have
power—

The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—

what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's
gone by,

The dream of vanished shadows—
Are they so?

Is not the past all shadow? What
are they?

Creations of the mind?—The mind
can make
Substance, and people planets of its
own
With beings brighter than have been,
and give
A breath to form which can outlive
all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I
dreamed
Perchance in sleep — for in itself a
thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of
years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

[From *Don Juan*.]

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of
Greece! ^{[sung,}
Where burning Sappho loved and
Where grew the arts of war and
peace, —

Where Delos rose and Phœbus
sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores
refuse:

Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the
Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still
be free;

For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis:
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set, where were
they?

And where are they? and where art
thou,

My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered
race,

To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a
tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more
blest?

Must we but blush? — Our fathers
bled.

Earth! render back from out thy
breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head.
But one arise. — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other
chords;

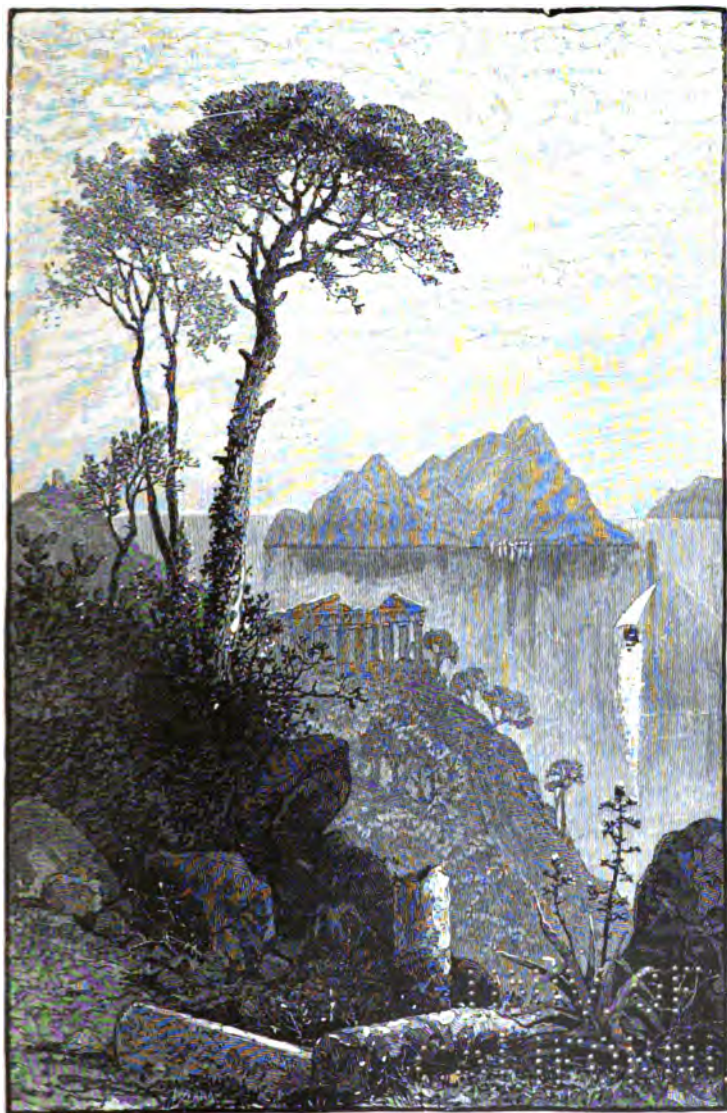
Fill high the cup with Samian
wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx
gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave, —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like
these!



THE ISLES OF GREECE

It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served—but served Poly-
crates—

A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest
friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would
lend

Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian
wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is
sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and
sells;

In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however
broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian
wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the
shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle
slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
Where nothing save the waves
and I

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and
die;

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian
wine!

[From the *Prophecy of Dante*.]

GENIUS.

MANY are poets who have never
penned

Their inspiration, and perchance,
the best;

They felt, and loved and died, but
would not lend

Their thoughts to meaner beings;
they compressed

The God within them, and rejoined
the stars

Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far
more blessed

Than those who are degraded by the
jars

Of passion, and their frailties
linked to fame,

Conquerors of high renown, but
full of scars.

Many poets, but without the
name;

For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and
aim

At an external life beyond our fate
And be the new Prometheus of
new men,

Bestowing fire from heaven, and
then, too late,

Finding the pleasure given repaid
with pain,

And vultures to the heart of the
bestower,

Who, having lavished his high
gift in vain

Lies chained to his lone rock by the
sea-shore!

So be it; we can bear.— But thus
all they

Whose intellect is an o'er-mastering
power,

Which still recoils from its encum-
bering clay,

Or lightens it to spirit, whatso'er
The forms which their creation

may essay,
Are barbs; the kindled marble's bust

may wear
More poesy upon its speaking

brow
Than aught less than the Homeric
page may bear;

One noble stroke with a whole life
 may glow,
 Or deify the canvas till it shine
 With beauty so surpassing all be-
 low,
 That they who kneel to idols so di-
 vine
 Break no commandment, for high
 heaven is there
 Transfused, transfigured : and
 the line
 Of poesy which peoples but the air
 With thought and beings of our
 thought reflected,
 Can do no more: then let the artist
 share
 The palm; he shares the peril, and
 dejected
 Faints o'er the labor unapproved
 —Alas!
 Despair and genius are too oft con-
 nected.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

THE MISERY OF EXCESS.

TO INEZ.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow,
 Alas! I cannot smile again:
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in
 vain.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
 I bear, corroding joy and youth?
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know
 A pang, even thou must fail to
 soothe?

It is not love, it is not hate,
 Nor low ambition's honors lost,
 That bids me loathe my present state.
 And fly from all I prize the most!

It is that weariness which springs
 From all I meet, or hear, or see;
 To me no pleasure Beauty brings:
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for
 me.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
 That will not look beyond the tomb,
 And cannot hope for rest before.

What exile from himself can flee?
 To zones, though more and more
 remote.
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
 The blight of life—the demon
 Thought.

Yet, others rapt in pleasure seem,
 And taste of all that I forsake;
 Oh! may they still of transport
 dream,
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

Through many a clime 'tis mine to
 go,
 With many a retrospection curst;
 And all my solace is to know,
 What e'er betides, I've known the
 worst.

What is that worst? Nay, do not
 ask—
 In pity from the search forbear:
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the Hell
 that's there.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless
 woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely
 shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its
 roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature
 more,
 From these our interviews, in which
 I steal
 From all I may be, or have been be-
 fore,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot
 all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue
Ocean — roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee
in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin — his
control

Stops with the shore; — upon the
watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his
own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of
rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bub-
bling groan,

Without a grave, unknelled, uncof-
fined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike
the walls

Of rock-built cities, bidding nations
quake,

And monarchs tremble in their cap-
itals,

The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs
make

Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves,
which mar

Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in
all save thee —

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,
what are they?

Thy waters washed them power while
they were free,

And many a tyrant since; their shores
obey

The stranger, slave, or savage; their
decay

Has dried up realms to deserts: —
not so thou; —

Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'
play —

'Time writes no wrinkle on thine
azure brow —

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou
rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the 'Al-
mighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze or

gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless,
and sublime —

The image of eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy

alime
The monsters of the deep are made:

each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread,

fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and
my joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward:

from a boy
I wanted with thy breakers — they

to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleas-

ing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,

And, trusted to thy billows far and
near,

And laid my hand upon thy mane —
as I do here.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

CALM AND TEMPEST AT NIGHT
ON LAKE LEMAN (GENEVA).

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy con-
trasted lake,

With the wide world I dwelt in is a
thing

Which warns me, with its stillness,
to forsake

Earth's troubled waters for a purer
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing

To waft me from distraction; once
I loved

Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft
murmuring

Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice
reproved,

That I with stern delights should e'er
have been so moved.

It is the rush of night; and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains,
 dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near
 There breathes a living fragrance
 from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood;
 on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still,
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are .
 A beauty, and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep: —
 All heaven and earth are still: — From the high host
 Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concentrated in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
 A truth, which through our being, then doth melt,
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,
 The soul and source of music, which makes known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's stone,
 Binding all things with beauty; — 't would disarm
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
 His altar the high places and the peak
 Of earth-o'-ergazing mountains, and thus take
 A fit and unvalled temple, there to seek
 The Spirit in whose honor shrines are weak,
 Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
 With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

The sky is changed? — and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight. —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black, — and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt, and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest. goal?
But where of ye, O tempests, is the
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest!

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me. — could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe — into one word,
And that one word were lighting, I would speak;
But as it is I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought sheathing it as a sword.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

BYRON'S REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

AND if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall I wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

That curse shall be Forgiveness. — Have I not —
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven! —
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain scared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things
could do?

From the loud roar of foaming cal-
umny

To the small whisper of the as paltry
few,

And subtler venom of the reptile
crew,

The Janus glance of whose signifi-
cant eye,

Learning to lie with silence, would
seem true,

And without utterance, save the
shrug or sigh,

Deal round to happy fools its speech-
less obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived
in vain:

My mind may lose its force, my blood
its fire,

And my frame perish even in con-
quering pain;

But there is that within me that shall
tire

Torture and Time, and breathe when
I expire.

Something unearthly, which they
deem not of

Like the remembered tone of a mute
lyre,

Shall on their softened spirits sink,
and move

In hearts all rocky now the late re-
morse of love.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

ONE PRESENCE WANTING.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding
Rhine,

Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the
vine,

And hills all rich with blossomed
trees,

And fields which promise corn and
wine,

And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them
shine,

Have strewed a scene, which I should
see

With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep-blue
eyes,

And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;

Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls
of gray

And many a rock which steeply low-
ers,

And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;

But one thing want these banks of
Rhine, —

Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;

Though long before thy hand they
touch,

I know that they must withered
be,

But yet reject them not as such:

For I have cherished them as dear
Because they yet may meet thine
eye,

And guide thy soul to mine even
here,

When thou behold'st them drooping
nigh,

And knowest them gathered by the
Rhine,

And offered from my heart to thine.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,

And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:

The haughtiest breast its wish might
bound

Through life to dwell delighted
here;

Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,

Could thy dear eyes in following
mine

Still sweeten more these banks of
Rhine!

[From *Childe Harold*.]

GREECE.

AND yet how lovely in thine age of
 woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men!
 art thou!
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of
 snow;
 Proclaim thee nature's varied fa-
 vorite now;
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy sur-
 face bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroic
 earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic
 plough:
 So perish monuments of mortal
 birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-re-
 corded worth;

Save where some solitary column
 mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the
 cave;
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine
 adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along
 the wave;
 Save o'er some warrior's half-for-
 gotten grave,
 Where the gray stones and unmo-
 lested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
 Where strangers only, not regard-
 less pass,
 Linger like me, perchance, to gaze,
 and sigh "Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags
 as wild:
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant
 are thy fields,
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva
 smiled,
 And still his honeyed wealth Hy-
 mettus yields;
 There the blithe bee his fragrant
 fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of the
 mountain air:

Apollo still thy long, long summer
 gilds.
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles
 glare
 Art, Glory, Freedom fall, but Nature
 still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted,
 holy ground;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar
 mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder
 spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly
 told, [behold
 Till the sense aches with gazing to
 The scenes our earliest dreams have
 dwelt upon:
 Each hill and dale, each deepening
 glen and wold
 Defies the power which crushed thy
 temples gone:
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares
 gray Marathon.

[From *Childe Harold*.]APOSTROPHE TO ADA, THE
POET'S DAUGHTER.

My daughter! with thy name this
 song begun —
 My daughter! with thy name thus
 much shall end —
 I see thee not, — I hear thee not, —
 but none
 Can be so wrapped in thee; thou
 art the friend
 To whom the shadows of far years
 extend;
 Albeit my brow thou never shouldst
 behold,
 My voice shall with thy future vis-
 ions blend,
 And reach into thy heart, — when
 mine is cold,
 A token and a tone, even from thy
 father's mould.

To aid thy mind's development, —
 to watch
 Thy dawn of little joys, — to sit
 and see

Almost thy very growth, — to view
 thee catch
 Knowledge of objects, — wonders
 yet to thee!
 To hold thee lightly on a gentle
 knee.
 And print on thy soft cheek a par-
 ent's kiss, —
 This, it should seem, was not re-
 served for me;
 Yet this was in my nature, — as it
 is,
 I know not what is there, yet some-
 thing like to this.

Yet, though dull hate, as duty
 should be taught,
 I know that thou wilt love me;
 though my name
 Should be shut from thee, as a spell
 still fraught
 With desolation, — and a broken
 claim:
 Though the grave closed between
 us, 'twere the same.
 I know that thou wilt love me;
 though to drain
My blood from out thy being were
 an aim,
 And an attainment, — all would be
 in vain, —
 Still thou wouldst love me, still that
 more than life retain.

The child of love, — though born
 in bitterness,
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of
 thy sire
 These were the elements, — and
 thine no less.
 As yet such are around thee, — but
 thy fire
 Shall be more tempered, and thy
 hope far higher.
 Sweet be thy cradled slumbers!
 O'er the sea,
 And from the mountains where I
 now respire,
 Fain would I waft such blessing
 upon thee,
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou mightst
 have been to me!

[*From Child Harold.*]

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by
 night,
 And Belgium's capital had gath-
 ered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and
 bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women
 and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily;
 and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous
 swell,
 Soft eyes looked love, to eyes which
 spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-
 bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes
 like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No: 'twas
 but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony
 street;
 On with the dance! let joy be un-
 confined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and
 Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with
 flying feet —
 But, hark! — that heavy sound
 breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would re-
 peat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than
 before!
 Arm! arm! it is — it is — the can-
 non's opening roar!

And there was mounting in hot
 haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the
 clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impet-
 uous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks
 of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal
 afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming
 drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morn-
ing star;
While thronged the citizens with
terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips "The
foe! They come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them
her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as
they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er
grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the
grass
Which now beneath them, but
above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery
mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty
life.
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly
gay,
The midnight brought the signal
sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,
— the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it,
which when rent
The earth is covered thick with
other clay.
Which her own clay shall cover,
heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in
one red burial blent!

ON COMPLETING MY THIRTY-
SIXTH YEAR.

[His last verses.]

'Tis time this heart should be un-
moved.
Since others it has ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love:

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are
gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —
Such thoughts should shake my
soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner and the
field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through
whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why*
live?
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than
found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy
ground,
And take thy rest.

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where tracing the rapt spirit's
feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their
pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds ob-
scure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us
sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from
crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what
gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of
worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go
forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make
earth
All hallowed ground.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in
gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to
sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in flight, — the
brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the
wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, "We are twins in death,
proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put
forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and
earth,
The vassals of the will? —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day;
For all these trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee
sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.

"My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall, —
 The majesty of darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
 Who gave its heavenly spark:
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of Victory, —
 And took the sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste —
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!"

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

YE Mariners of England!
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand
 years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow:
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave;

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow:
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-
 waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below —
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOW DELICIOUS IS THE WIN- NING.

How delicious is the winning
 Of a kiss at love's beginning,
 When two mutual hearts are sighing
 For the knot there's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
 Love has bliss, but love has ruing;
 Other smiles may make you fickle,
 Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
 Just as fate or fancy carries;
 Longest stays, when sorest chidden;
 Laughs and flies, when pressed and
 bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
 Bind its odor to the lily,
 Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
 Then bind Love to last for ever!

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moulted when caged and
captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from chang-
ing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands
bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Loch-
gyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter,

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready,—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh! too strong for human
hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm
and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried
in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed
the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse
you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon
you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me
with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups
gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into
dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and
echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing
their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in
sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the
wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the
calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter
tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little
wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell.
Where I thought it delightful your
beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first
breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her
spell.

Even now what affections the violet
awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen
in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the prim-
rose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and
minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their
shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart
ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or agony of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's
passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit
my age, [tomb.
And I wish you to grow on my

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder
riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle
driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On! ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-
sheet!
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor
exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy
and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at
twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten
hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's
sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of
the ocean,

Where once in the fire of his youthful
emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin
go bragh!

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-
broken stranger;

"The wild deer and wolf to a covert
can flee,

But I have no refuge from famine
and danger,

A home and a country remain not
to me.

Never again, in the green sunny bow-
ers,

Where my forefathers lived, shall I
spend the sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-
woven flowers,

And strike to the numbers of Erin
go bragh!

"Erin, my country! though sad and
forsaken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten
shore;

But, alas! in a far foreign land I
awaken,

And sigh for the friends who can
meet me no more!

O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace
In a mansion of peace—where no

perils can chase me?

Never again shall my brothers em-
brace me?

They died to defend me, or lived to
deplete!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by
the wild wood?

Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its
fall?

Where is the mother that looked on
my childhood?

And where is the bosom-friend,
dearer than all?

Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned
by pleasure,

Why did it dote on a fast-fading
treasure?

Tears, like the rain drop, may fall
without measure,

But rapture and beauty they can
not recall.

"Yet all its sad recollections sup-
pressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can
draw:

Erin! an exile bequeathes thee this
blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go
bragh!

Buried and cold when my heart stills
her motion,

Green be thy fields, — sweetest isle of
the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing
aloud with devotion, —

Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh!" *

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part!

I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art —

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given

For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold

Thy form to please me so,

As when I dreamed of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face

Enchantment's veil withdraws,

What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,

But words of the Most High,

Have told why first thy robe of
beams

Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged earth

Heaven's covenant thou didst
shine,

How came the world's gray fathers
forth

To watch thy sacred sign!

* Ireland my darling — Ireland forever.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened
fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and
breath,

And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange — yet who would
change

Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have
gone

And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading
strength

Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming
length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried,
when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back:
 Their shots along the deep slowly
 boom;
 Then ceased — and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave;
 "Ye are brothers! ye are men!
 And we conquer but to save: —
 So peace instead of death let us
 bring;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crew, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As Death withdrew his shades from
 the day;
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light!
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died
 With the gallant, good Rion:
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er
 their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

SONG.

EARL MARCH looked on his dying
 child,
 And smit with grief to view her —
 "The youth," he cried, "whom I ex-
 iled,
 Shall be restored to woo her."

She's at the window many an hour
 His coming to discover:
 And *he* looks up to Ellen's bower,
 And *she* looks on her lover —

But ah! so pale he knew her not,
 Though her smile on him was
 dwelling,
 "And am I then forgot — forgot?"
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
 Her cheek is cold as ashes;
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those
 eyes
 To lift their silken lashes.

TRIBUTE TO VICTORIA.

VICTORIA's sceptre o'er the deep
 Has touched, and broken slavery's
 chain;
 Yet, strange magician! she enslaves
 Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns
 With thoughts averse to bigotry;
 Yet she, herself the idol, turns
 Our thoughts into idolatry,

[From the Pleasures of Hope.]

THE DISTANT IN NATURE AND
EXPERIENCE.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethe-
 real bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering
 hills below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the mus-
 ing eye,
 Whose sunbright summit mingles
 with the sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint
 appear
 More sweet than all the landscape
 smiling near? —
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to
 the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure
 hue.
 Thus, with delight, we linger to sur-
 vey
 The promised joys of life's unmeas-
 ured way;
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered
 scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past
 hath been,
 And every form, that Fancy can re-
 pair
 From dark oblivion, grows divinely
 there
 Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet gar-
 den grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for
 every woe;
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's
 languid hour,
 The wayworn pilgrim seeks thy sum-
 mer bower;
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on
 the wing,
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid
 spirits bring!
 What viewless forms th' Æolian
 organ play,
 And sweep the furrowed lines of
 anxious thought away.

[From *The Pleasures of Hope*.]

HOPE IN ADVERSITY.

BRIGHT as the pillar rose at Heaven's
 command,
 When Israel marched along the des-
 ert land,
 Blazed through the night on lonely
 wilds afar,
 And told the path, — a never-setting
 star:
 So, heavenly Genius, in thy course
 divine,
 Hope is thy star, her light is ever
 thine.

[From *The Pleasures of Hope*.]

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

LET winter come! let polar spirits
 sweep
 The darkening world, and tempest-
 troubled deep!
 Though boundless snows the with-
 ered heath deform,
 And the dim sun scarce wanders
 through the storm,
 Yet shall the smile of social love re-
 pay,
 With mental light, the melancholy
 day!
 And, when its short and sullen noon
 is o'er,
 The ice-chained waters slumbering
 on the shore,
 How bright the fagots in his little hall
 Blaze on the hearth, and warm his
 pictured wall!
 How blest he names, in Love's famil-
 iar tone,
 The kind, fair friend, by nature
 marked his own;
 And, in the waveless mirror of his
 mind,
 Views the fleet years of pleasure left
 behind,
 Since when her empire o'er his heart
 began!
 Since first he called her his before the
 holy man!
 Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
 And light the wintry paradise of
 home;
 And let the half-uncurtained window
 hail
 Some way-worn man benighted in the
 vale!
 Now, while the moaning night-wind
 rages high,
 As sweep the shot-stars down the
 troubled sky,
 While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide
 circle play,
 And bathe in lurid light the milky-
 way,
 Safe from the storm, the meteor, and
 the shower,
 Some pleasing page shall charm the
 solemn hour —

With pathos shall command, with wit
beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a
smile.

[From *The Pleasures of Hope*.]

APOSTROPHE TO HOPE.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last
embers burn.
When soul to soul, and dust to dust
return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the
awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes, im-
mortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-
born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and
closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands
convey
The morning dream of life's eternal
day —
Then, then the triumph and the
trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns
within!

[From *The Pleasures of Hope*.]

AGAINST SKEPTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

ARE these the pompous tidings ye
proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demigods of
Fame?
Is this your triumph — this your
proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champion of
her cause?
For this hath Science searched on
weary wing,
By shore and sea — each mute and
living thing!
Launched with Iberia's pilot from
the steep,
To worlds unknown and isles beyond
the deep?

Or round the cope her living chariot
driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the
signs of Heaven.
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wan-
dered there,
To waft us home the message of des-
pair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow
to sult,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling
fruit!
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that
Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the
widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so
dread,
As waves the night-shade round the
skeptical head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's
chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward
Hope remain:
But, if the warring winds of Nature's
strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awakened, inexorable power
This frail and feverish being of an
hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious
scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the
deep,
To know Delight but by her parting
smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little
while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed
in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary
brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of
my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to
the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely, — since the world
began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of
man, —
How can thy words from balmy slum-
ber start
Reposing Virtue pillowed on the
heart!

Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder
 rolled,
 And that were true which Nature
 never told,
 Let Wisdom smile not on her con-
 quered field
 No rapture dawns, no treasure is re-
 vealed!

Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor
 elate,
 The doom that bars us from a better
 fate;
 But, sad as angels for the good man's
 sin,
 Weep to record, and blush to give
 it in!

THOMAS CAREW.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from starlike eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires:—
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win,
 My resolved heart to return;
 I have searched the soul within
 And find nought but pride and
 scorn;
 I have learned thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou!

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose,
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep,

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day,
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale when May is past,
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downwards fall in dead of night,
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest,
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning another
 blue day!
 Think, wilt thou let it slip useless
 away?

Out of eternity this new day was born;
 Into eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforesaid, no eye ever did;
 So soon it forever from all eyes is
 hid.

Here hath been dawning another
 blue day;
 Think, wilt thou let it slip useless
 away.

CUI BONO?

WHAT is hope? A smiling rainbow
 Children follow through the net:
 'Tis not here — still yonder, yonder;
 Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
 On a sea with sunny shore:

Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
 We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
 Vainly strives, and fights, and
 frets:

Demanding all, deserving nothing,
 One small grave is all he gets.

ALICE CARY.

LIFE.

SOLITUDE! Life is inviolate soli-
 tude;
 Never was truth so apart from the
 dreaming
 As lieth the selfhood inside of the
 seeming,
 Guarded with triple shield out of all
 quest,
 So that the sisterhood nearest and
 sweetest,
 So that the brotherhood kindest,
 completest,
 Is but an exchanging of signals at
 best.

Desolate! Life is so dreary and
 desolate.
 Women and men in the crowd
 meet and mingle,
 Yet with itself every soul standeth
 single,
 Deep out of sympathy moaning its
 moan;
 Holding and having its brief ex-
 ultation;
 Making its lonesome and low la-
 mentation;
 Fighting its terrible conflicts alone.

Separate! Life is so sad and so sep-
 arate.
 Under love's ceiling with roses for
 lining,
 Heart mates with heart in a tender
 entwining,
 Yet never the sweet cup of love fill-
 eth full.

Eye looks in eye with a question-
 ing wonder,
 Why are we thus in our meeting
 asunder?

Why are our pulses so slow and so
 dull?

Fruitless, fruitionless! Life is fru-
 itionless;
 Never the heaped-up and generous
 measure;
 Never the substance of satisfied
 pleasure;

Never the moment with rapture
 elate;

But draining the chalice, we long
 for the chalice,

And live as an alien inside of our
 palace,

Bereft of our title and deeds of estate.

Pitiful! Life is so poor and so pit-
 iful.

Cometh the cloud on the goldenest
 weather;

Briefly the man and his youth stay
 together.

Falleth the frost ere the harvest is in,
 And conscience descends from the
 open aggression

To timid and troubled and tearful
 concession,

And downward and down into parley
 with sin.

Purposeless! Life is so wayward and
 purposeless.

Always before us the object is
 shifting,

Always the means and the method
are drifting,
We rue what is done — what is un-
done deplore;

More striving for high things than
things that are holy.

And so we go down to the valley
so lowly,
Wherein there is work, and device
never more.

Vanity, vanity! All would be vanity,
Whether in seeking or getting our
pleasures,

Whether in spending or hoarding
our treasures,
Whether in indolence, whether in
strife —

Whether in feasting and whether
in fasting,
But for our faith in the Love ever-
lasting —

But for the Life that is better than
life.

THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY.

In the stormy waters of Gallaway
My boat had been idle the livelong
day,

Tossing and tumbling to and fro,
For the wind was high and the tide
was low.

The tide was low and the wind was
high,

And we were heavy, my heart and I,
For not a traveller all the day
Had crossed the ferry of Gallaway.

At set o' th' sun, the clouds out-
spread

Like wings of darkness overhead,
When, out o' th' west, my eyes took
heed

Of a lady, riding at full speed.

The hoof-strokes struck on the flinty
hill

Like silver ringing on silver, till
I saw the veil in her fair hand float,
And flutter a signal for my boat.

The waves ran backward as if aware
Of a presence more than mortal fair,
And my little craft leaned down and
lay

With her side to th' sands o' th' Gal-
laway.

"Haste, good boatman! haste!" she
cried,

"And row me over the other side!"
And she stripped from her finger the
shining ring,
And gave it me for the ferrying.

"Woe 's me! my Lady, I may not go,
For the wind is high and th' tide is
low,

And rocks, like dragons, lie in the
wave, —
Slip back on your finger the ring you
gave!"

"Nay, nay! for the rocks will be
melted down,

And the waters, they never will let
me drown,

And the wind a pilot will prove to
thee,

For my dying lover, he waits for
me!"

Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered
her:

"The wind is high and the tide is
low, —

I must not, dare not, and will not go!"

Her face grew deadly white with pain,
And she took her champing steed by
th' mane,

And bent his neck to th' ribbon and
spur

That lay in my hand, — but I an-
swered her:

"Though you should proffer me
twice and thrice

Of ring and ribbon and steel the
price, —

The leave of kissing your lily-like
hand!

I never could row you safe to th'
land."

"Then God have mercy!" she faintly cried,
 "For my lover is dying the other side!
 O cruel, O cruellest Gallaway,
 Be parted, and make me a path, I pray!"

Of a sudden, the sun shone large and bright
 As if he were staying away the night;
 And the rain on the river fell as sweet
 As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to edge
 A rainbow stretched like a golden bridge,
 And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
 And she sat in her saddle th' queen o' th' air.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
 She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
 And landing safe on the farther side,—
 "Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she cried.

COUNSEL.

SEEK not to walk by borrowed light,
 But keep unto thine own:
 Do what thou doest with thy might,
 And trust thyself alone!

Work for some good, nor idly lie
 Within the human hive;
 And though the outward man should die,
 Keep thou the heart alive!

Strive not to banish pain and doubt,
 In pleasure's noisy din;
 The peace thou seekest for without
 Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim,
 By worth, her slight attest;
 Nor blush and hang the head for shame
 When thou hast done thy best.
 Disdain neglect, ignore despair,
 On loves and friendships gone
 Plant thou thy feet, as on a stair,
 And mount right up and on!

A DREAM.

I DREAMED I had a plot of ground,
 Once when I chanced asleep to drop,
 And that a green hedge fenced it round,
 Cloudy with roses at the top.

I saw a hundred mornings rise,—
 So far a little dream may reach,—
 And Spring with Summer in her eyes
 Making the chiefest charm of each.

A thousand vines were climbing o'er
 The hedge, I thought, but as I tried
 To pull them down, for evermore
 The flowers dropt off the other side!

Waking, I said, "These things are signs
 Sent to instruct us that 'tis ours
 Duly to keep and dress our vines,—
 Waiting in patience for the flowers.

"And when the angel feared of all
 Across my hearth its shadow spread,
 The rose that climbed my garden wall
 Has bloomed the other side," I said.

SPENT AND MISSPENT.

STAY yet a little longer in the sky,
 O golden color of the evening sun!
 Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
 While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn
about

Thick as the leaves, and saying
which was best,
The rosy lights of morning all went
out,

And it was burning noon, and
time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of
shade,

Fringed round with violets and
pansies sweet,
"My heart and I," I said, "will be
delayed,

And plan our work while cools the
sultry heat."

Deep in the hills, and out of silence
vast,

A waterfall played up his silver
tune;

My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams
at last,

And held me late into the after-
noon.

But when the idle pleasures ceased
to please,

And I awoke, and not a plan was
planned,

Just as a drowning man at what he
sees

Catches for life, I caught the thing
at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has
all

Been spent and misspent doing
what I could,

And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being, what
I would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose
but cry,

Seeing my late-sown flowers are
harshly set;

O darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer
yet.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

LIFE's sadly solemn mystery,
Hangs o'er me like a weight;
The glorious longing to be free,
The gloomy bars of fate.

Alternately the good and ill,
The light and dark, are strung;
Fountains of love within my heart,
And hate upon my tongue.

Beneath my feet the unstable ground,
Above my head the skies;
Immortal longings in my soul,
And death before my eyes.

No purely pure, and perfect good,
No high, unhindered power;
A beauteous promise in the bud,
And mildew on the flower.

The glad, green brightness of the
spring;

The summer, soft and warm;
The faded autumn's fluttering gold,
The whirlwind and the storm.

To find some sure interpreter
My spirit vainly tries;
I only know that God is love,
And know that love is wise.

NO RING.

WHAT is it that doth spoil the fair
adorning

With which her body she would
dignify,

When from her bed she rises in the
morning

To comb, and plait, and tie
Her hair with ribbons, colored like
the sky?

What is it that her pleasure discom-
poses

When she would sit and sing the
sun away — | roses,

Making her see dead roses in red
And in the downfall gray

A blight that seems the world to
overlay?

What is it makes the trembling look
of trouble

About her tender mouth and eye-
lids fair?

Ah me, ah me! she feels her heart
beat double,

Without the mother's prayer,
And her wild fears are more than
she can bear.

To the poor sightless lark new pow-
ers are given,

Not only with a golden tongue to
sing,

But still to make her wavering way
toward heaven

With undiscerning wing;
But what to her doth her sick sorrow
bring?

Her days she turns, and yet keeps
overturning,

And her flesh shrinks as if she felt
the rod;

For 'gainst her will she thinks hard
things concerning

The everlasting God,
And longs to be insensate like the
clod.

Sweet Heaven, be pitiful! rain down
upon her

The saintly charities ordained for
She was so poor in everything but
honor,

And she loved much—loved
Would, Lord, she had thy garment's
hem to touch.

Haply, it was the hungry heart with-
in her,

The woman's heart, denied its nat-
ural right,

That made of her the thing which
men call sinner,

Even in her own despite;
Lord, that her judges might receive
their sight!

PHŒBE CARY.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:

Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

DEAD LOVE.

WE are face to face, and between us
here

Is the love we thought could never
die;

Why has it only lived a year?
Who has murdered it—you or I?

No matter who — the deed was done
By one or both, and there it lies;
The smile from the lip forever gone,
And darkness over the beautiful
eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is
wrecked;

So what does it profit to talk and
rave,

Whether it perished by my neglect,
Or whether your cruelty dug its
grave!

Why should you say that I am to
blame,

Or why should I charge the sin on
you?

Our work is before us all the same,
And the guilt of it lies between us
two.

We have praised our love for its
beauty and grace;

Now we stand here, and hardly
dare

To turn the face-cloth back from the
face,

And see the thing that is hidden
there.

Yet look! ah, that heart has beat its
last,

And the beautiful life of our life is
o'er,

And when we have buried and left
the past,

We two, together, can walk no
more.

You might stretch yourself on the
dead, and weep,

And pray as the prophet prayed,
in pain;

But not like him could you break the
sleep,

And bring the soul to the clay again.

Its head in my bosom I can lay,
And shower my woe there, kiss on
kiss,

But there never was resurrection-day
In the world for a love so dead as
this.

And, since we cannot lessen the sin
By mourning over the deed we did,
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to
the chin,

Ay, up till the death-blind eyes
are hid!

THE LADY JAQUELINE.

"FALSE and fickle, or fair and sweet,
I care not for the rest,
The lover that knelt last night at my
feet

Was the bravest and the best.

Let them perish all, for their power
has waned,

And their glory waxed dim;

They were well enough while they
lived and reigned.

But never was one like him!

And never one from the past would
I bring

Again, and call him mine; —

*The King is dead, long live the
King!*"

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"In the old, old days, when life was
new,

And the world upon me smiled,

A pretty, dainty lover I had,

Whom I loved with the heart of a
child.

When the buried sun of yesterday

Comes back from the shadows dim.

Then may his love return to me,

And the love I had for him!

But since to-day hath a better thing

To give, I'll ne'er repine; —

*The King is dead, long live the
King!*"

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"And yet it almost makes me weep,
Aye! weep, and cry, alas!

When I think of one who lies asleep

Down under the quiet grass.

For he loved me well, and I loved
again,

And low in homage bent,

And prayed for his long and prosper-
ous reign.

In our realm of sweet content.

But not to the dead may the living
cling,

Nor kneel at an empty shrine;—
The King is dead, long live the King!”
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“Once, caught by the sheen of stars
and lace,

I bowed for a single day,
To a poor pretender, mean and base,
Unfit for place or sway.
That must have been the work of a
spell,

For the foolish glamour fled,
As the sceptre from his weak hand
fell,

And the crown from his feeble
head;
But homage true at last I bring

To this rightful lord of mine,—
*The King is dead, long live the
King!*”

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“By the hand of one I held most
dear,

And called my liege, my own!
I was set aside in a single year,
And a new queen shares his throne.
To him who is false, and him who is
wed,

Shall I give my fealty?
Nay, the dead one is not half so dead
As the false one is to me!

My faith to the faithful now I bring,
The faithless I resign;—
*The King is dead, long live the
King!*”

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“Yea, all my lovers and kings that
were

Are dead, and hid away,
In the past, as in a sepulchre,
Shut up till the judgment-day.
False or fickle, or weak or wed,
They are all alike to me;

And mine eyes no more can be mis-
led,—

They have looked on loyalty!
Then bring me wine, and garlands
bring

For my king of the right divine;—
The King is dead, long live the King!”
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

ARCHIE.

Oh, to be back in the cool summer
shadow

Of that old maple-tree down in the
meadow;

Watching the smiles that grew dearer
and dearer,

Listening to lips that grew nearer
and nearer;

Oh, to be back in the crimson-topped
clover,

Sitting again with my Archie, my
lover!

Oh, for the time when I felt his ca-
resses

Smoothing away from my forehead
the tresses;

When up from my heart to my cheek
went the blushes,

As he said that my voice was as sweet
as the thrush's;

As he told me, my eyes were be-
witchingly jetty,

And I answered 't was only my love
made them pretty!

Talk not of maiden reserve or of
duty,

Or hide from my vision such visions
of beauty;

Pulses above may beat calmly and
even,—

We have been fashioned for earth,
and not heaven;

Angels are perfect, I am but a
woman;

Saints may be passionless, Archie is
human.

Say not that heaven hath tenderer
blisses

To her on whose brow drops the soft
rain of kisses;

Preach not the promise of priests or
evangels,

Love-crowned, who asks for the
crown of the angels?

Yea, all that the wall of pure jasper
encloses,

Takes not the sweetness from sweet
bridal roses!

Tell me, that when all this life shall
 be over,
 I shall still love him, and he be my
 lover;
 That 'mid flowers more fragrant than
 clover or heather
 My Archie and I shall be always to-
 gether,
 Loving eternally, met ne'er to sever,
 Then you may tell me of heaven for-
 ever.

CONCLUSIONS.

I SAID, if I might go back again
 To the very hour and place of my
 birth;
 Might have my life whatever I chose,
 And live it in any part of the
 earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
 Banish the shadow of sorrow and
 doubt;
 Have all my happiness multiplied,
 And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years
 now gone,
 The best that a woman comes to
 know;
 Could have had whatever will make
 her blest,
 Or whatever she thinks will make
 her so;

Have found the highest and purest
 bliss
 That the bridal-wreath and ring
 enclose;
 And gained the one out of all the
 world,
 That my heart as well as my reason
 chose;

And if this had been, and I stood to-
 night
 By my children, lying asleep in
 their beds
 And could count in my prayers, for a
 rosary,
 The shining row of their golden
 heads;

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
 Could be wrought for me, at my
 bidding, still [is,
 I would choose to have my past as it
 And to let my future come as it
 will!

I would not make the path I have
 trod
 More pleasant or even, more
 straight or wide;
 Nor change my course the breadth of
 a hair,
 This way or that way, to either
 side.

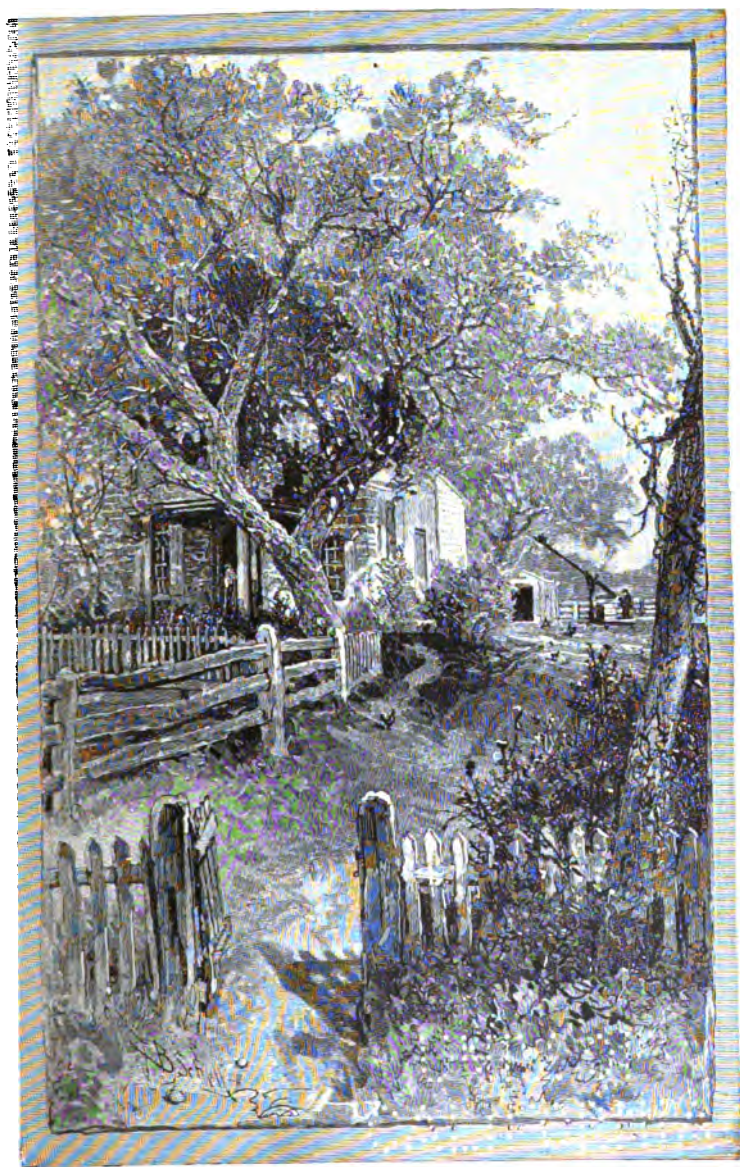
My past is mine, and I take it all;
 Its weakness, — its folly, if you
 please;
 Nay, even my sins, if you come to
 that,
 May have been my helps, not hin-
 drances!

If I saved my body from the flames
 Because that once I had burned
 my hand;
 Or kept myself from a greater sin
 By doing a less, — you will under-
 stand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
 Better I sinned for a little time,
 If the smarting warned me back from
 death,
 And the sting of sin withheld from
 crime.

Who knows his strength, by trial,
 will know
 What strength must be set against
 a sin;
 And how temptation is overcome
 He has learned, who has felt its
 power within!

And who knows how a life at the
 last may show?
 Why, look at the moon from
 where we stand!
 Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it
 shines,
 A luminous sphere, complete and
 grand!



OUR HOMESTEAD.

[illegible]

So let my past stand, just as it
stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow
old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best,— or it had not been, I
hold.

ANSWERED.

I THOUGHT to find some healing
clime [shore,
For her I loved; she found that
That city, whose inhabitants
Are sick and sorrowful no more.

I asked for human love for her;
The Loving knew how best to still
The infinite yearning of a heart,
Which but infinity could fill.

Such sweet communion had been
ours
I prayed that it might never end;
My prayer is more than answered;
now
I have an angel for my friend.

I wished for perfect peace, to soothe
The troubled anguish of her
breast; [called,
And, numbered with the loved and
She entered on untroubled rest.

Life was so fair a thing to her,
I wept and pleaded for its stay;
My wish was granted me, for lo!
She hath eternal life to-day.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

OUR old brown homestead reared its
walls
From the way-side dust aloof,
Where the apple-boughs could almost
cast
Their fruit upon its roof;
And the cherry-tree so near it grew
That when awake I've lain
In the lonesome nights, I've heard
the limbs

As they creaked against the pane:
And those orchard trees, oh those
orchard trees!

I've seen my little brothers rocked
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-briar, under the window-
sill,

Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose, by the garden-
fence,

Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since
then,

Exotics rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovelier
But not to me so fair;

For those roses bright, oh, those
roses bright! [locks,

I have twined them in my sister's
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the
mossy stones

Were falling constantly;
And there never was water half so
sweet

As the draught which filled my cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude
old sweep

That my father's hand set up.
And that deep old well, oh that deep
old well!

I remember now the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always
kind,

And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my father's
knee,

And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven
hair,—

That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light, oh,
that broad hearth's light!

And my father's look, and my moth-
er's smile,
They are in my heart to-night!

LUELLA CLARK.

IF YOU LOVE ME.

If you love me, tell me not;
 Let me read it in your thought;
 Let me feel it in the way
 That you say me yea and nay;

Let me see it in your eye
 When you greet or pass me by;
 Let me hear it in the tone
 Meant for me and me alone.

If you love me, there will be
 Something only I shall see;
 Meet or miss me, stay or go,
 If you love me, I shall know.

Something in your tone will tell,
 "Dear, I love you, love you well."

Something in your eyes will shine
 Fairer than they look in mine.

In your mien some touch of grace,
 Some swift smile upon your face
 While you speak not, will betray
 What your lips could scarcely say.

In your speech some silver word,
 Tuning into sweet accord
 All your bluntness will reveal,
 Unaware, the love you feel.

If you love me, then, I pray,
 Tell me not, but, day by day,
 Let love silent on me rise,
 Like the sun in summer skies.

SARAH D. CLARK.

THE SOLDANELLA.

In the warm valley, rich in summer's
 wealth,
 Where tangled weed and shrub thin
 leaves uncloze,
 Profuse and hardy in luxuriant
 health,
 The Soldanella grows.

Common—if aught be common in
 God's care,—
 Its buds no beauty show to charm
 the eye,
 Nor graceful pencillings in colors rare,
 Enchant the passer-by.

Yet, on yon distant heights of ice-
 pearled snow,
 Where mortals barely can a pathway
 trace,
 The Alpine blossom of the vale be-
 low
 Blooms in ethereal grace.

Unlike, and yet the same, its petals
 blow
 Most like a crystal lily in the
 air;
 A dream of beauty 'mid the cheer-
 less snow,—
 A comfort in despair.

How came it trembling in the icy
 gloom
 Where awful steppes and frowning
 glaciers rise
 So marvellous in presence and in
 bloom
 Even to angelic eyes?

While thus I mused, the fragile blos-
 som seemed
 Instinct with life, a spirit-form to
 take;
 Its fringed corolla with new radiance
 beamed
 A voice within its spake:—

"Men marvel on these airy fields of
space
My tender form emergent to behold,
A blossom of the skies — my name they
trace
With stars and suns enrolled.

"Though born and nurtured in the
lowly vale,
Ignoble ease I was not doomed to
bear;
I pined to scale the heights where
eagles sail,
And paled for Freedom's air!

"Not without toil my painful steps
were bent
Through paths imperilled, and the
icy sea,
From Alp to Alp I gained my steep
ascent,
And hard-won victory!

"If these pale lips, so soon to close
in death,
One touch of hope or solace can im-
part,

Take, with the fragrance of my late-
est breath,
This lesson to thy heart:

"Go thou, to triumph in some glori-
ous strife,
Through daring paths some noble
cause retrieve;
Seek, to the highest measure of thy
life,
Thy purpose to achieve.

"Go tell the world, in Freedom's bat-
tle drawn,
For one brief hour, its horoscope I
see;
Tell one by one who fall, 'Swift
comes the dawn
To herald victory.' "

It ceased — the murmur died upon
mine ear.
Straightway a threatening blast the
trumpet gave;
The next wind bore the seedling of
the year
On to its snowy grave!

MARY CLEMMER.

WORDS FOR PARTING.

OH, what shall I do, dear,
In the coming years, I wonder,
When our paths, which lie so sweetly
near,
Shall lie so far asunder?
Oh, what shall I do, dear,
Through all the sad to-morrows,
When the sunny smile has ceased to
cheer
That smiles away my sorrows?

What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its eager need will send
Through the years to find you
never.
And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder,

Will you love me with a love as true,
When our paths lie far asunder?

A sweeter, sadder thing
My life, for having known you;
Forever with my sacred kin,
My soul's soul I must own you.
Forever mine, my friend,
From June to life's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
But to pray for and remember.

The way is short, O friend,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
His love is smiling o'er us;
A little while is ours
For sorrow or for laughter;
I'll lay the hand you love in yours
On the shore of the Hereafter.

NANTASKET.

FAIR is thy face, Nantasket,
 And fair thy curving shores,—
 The peering spires of villages,
 The boatman's dipping oars,
 The lonely ledge of Minot,
 Where the watchman tends his
 light,
 And sets his perilous beacon,
 A star in the stormiest night.

Over thy vast sea highway,
 The great ships slide from sight,
 And flocks of winged phantoms
 Flit by, like birds in flight.
 Over the toppling sea-wall
 The home-bound dories float,
 And I watch the patient fisherman
 Bend in his anchored boat.

I am alone with Nature;
 With the glad September day.
 The leaning hills above me
 With golden-rod are gay,
 Across the fields of ether
 Flit butterflies at play,
 And cones of garnet sumach
 Glow down the country way.

The autumn dandelion
 Along the roadside burns;
 Down from the lichened boulders
 Quiver the plumed ferns;
 The cream-white silk of the milkweed
 Floats from its sea-green pod;
 Out from the mossy rock-seams
 Flashes the golden-rod.

The woodbine's scarlet banners
 Flaunt from their towers of stone;
 The wan, wild morning-glory
 Dies by the road alone;
 By the hill-path to the seaside
 Wave myriad azure bells;
 And over the grassy ramparts lean
 The milky immortelles.

Hosts of gold-hearted daisies
 Nod by the wayside bars;
 The tangled thicket of green is set
 With the aster's purple stars;

Beside the brook the gentian
 Closes its fringed eyes,
 And waits the later glory
 Of October's yellow skies.

Within the sea-washed meadow
 The wild grape climbs the wall,
 And from the o'er-ripe chestnuts
 The brown burs softly fall.
 I see the tall reeds shiver
 Beside the salt sea marge;
 I see the sea-bird glimmer,
 Far out on airy barge.

I hear in the groves of Hingham
 The friendly caw of the crow,
 Till I sit again in Wachusett's woods,
 In August's sumptuous glow.
 The tiny boom of the beetle
 Strikes the shining rocks below;
 The gauzy oar of the dragon-fly
 Is beating to and fro.

As the lovely ghost of the thistle
 Goes sailing softly by;
 Glad in its second summer
 Hums the awakened fly;
 The cumulate cry of the cricket
 Pierces the amber noon;
 In from the vast sea-spaces comes
 The clear call of the loon;
 Over and through it all I hear
 Ocean's pervasive rune.

Against the warm sea-beaches
 Rush the wavelets' eager lips;
 Away o'er the sapphire reaches
 Move on the stately ships.
 Peace floats on all their pennons,
 Sailing silently the main,
 As if never human anguish,
 As if never human pain,
 Sought the healing draught of Lethe,
 Beyond the gleaming plain.

Fair is the earth behind me,
 Vast is the sea before,
 Away through the misty dimness
 Glimmers a further shore.
 It is no realm enchanted,
 It cannot be more fair
 Than this nook of Nature's Kingdom,
 With its spell of space and air.

WAITING.

I wait.—

Till from my veiled brows shall fall
This baffling cloud, this wearying
thrall,
Which holds me now from knowing
all;
Until my spirit-sight shall see
Into all being's mystery,
See what it really is to be!

I wait,—

While rolling days in mockery fling
Such cruel loss athwart my spring,
And life flags on with broken wing;
Believing that a kindlier fate

The patient soul will compensate
For all it loses, ere too late.

I wait!

For surely every scanty seed
I plant in weakness and in need
Will blossom in perfected deed!
Mine eyes shall see its affluent crown,
Its fragrant fruitage, dropping down
Care's lowly levels, bare and brown!

I wait!

The summer of the soul is long,
Its harvests yet shall round me throng
In perfect pomp of sun and song.
In stormless mornings yet to be
I'll pluck from life's full-fruited tree
The joy to-day denied to me.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

NO MORE.

My wind has turned to bitter north,
That was so soft a south before;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;
My gay green leaves are yellow-black
Upon the dark autumnal floor;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to
pour;

One frosty night befell — and lo!
I find my summer days are o'er.
The heart bereaved, of why and how
Unknowing, knows that yet before
It had what e'en to memory now
Returns no more, no more.

BECALMED AT EVE.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side.
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart des-
cried;

When fell the night, upsprung the
breeze,
And all the darkling hours they
plied;
Nor dreamt but each the self-same
seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year un-
changed,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul es-
tranged.

At dead of night their sails were
filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah! neither blamed, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn ap-
peared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward
strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness
too!
Through winds and tides one com-
pass guides —
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
 'Though ne'er that earliest parting
 past,

On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they
 sought —

One purpose hold where'er they
 fare;

O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
 At last, at last unite them there!

NATURA NATURANS.

BESIDE me,—in the car,—she sat;
 She spake not, no, nor looked to
 me.

From her to me, from me to her,
 What passed so subtly, stealthily?
 As rose to rose, that by it blows,
 Its interchanged aroma flings;
 Or wake to sound of one sweet note
 The virtues of parted strings.

Beside me, nought but this?—but
 this,

That influent; as within me dwelt
 Her life; mine too within her breast,
 Her brain, her every limb, she felt.
 We sat; while o'er and in us, more
 And more, a power unknown pre-
 vailed,

Inhaling and inhaled,—and still
 'Twas one, inhaling or inhaled.

Beside me, nought but this; and
 passed —

I passed; and know not to this day
 If gold or jet her girlish hair —

If black, or brown, or lucid-gray
 Her eye's young glance. The fickle
 chance

That joined us yet may join again;
 But I no face again could greet
 As hers, whose life was in me then.

As unsuspecting mere a maid —
 As fresh in maidenhood's bloomiest
 bloom —

In casual second-class did e'er
 By casual youth her seat assume;

Or vestal, say, of saintliest clay,
 For once by balmy airs betrayed
 Unto emotions too, too sweet
 To be unlingeringly gainsaid.

Unowning then, confusing soon
 With dreamier dreams that o'er
 the glass

Of shyly ripening woman-sense
 Reflected, scarce reflected, pass —
 A wife may be, a mother, she
 In Hymen's shrine recalls not now
 She first — in hour, ah, not profane! —
 With me to Hymen learnt to bow.

Ah no! — yet owned we, fused in one.
 The power which, e'en in stones
 and earths

By blind elections felt, in forms
 Organic breeds to myriad births;
 By lichen small on granite wall
 Approved, its faintest, feeblest stir
 Slow-spreading, strengthening long,
 at last
 Vibrated full in me and her.

In me and her — sensation strange!
 The lily grew to pendent head;
 To vernal airs the mossy bank
 Its sheeny primrose spangles spread;
 In roof o'er roof of shade sun-proof
 Did cedar strong itself outclimb;
 And altitude of aloë proud
 Aspire in floral crown sublime;

Flashed flickering forth fantastic
 flies;

Big bees their burly bodies swung;
 Rooks roused with civic din the elms;
 And lark its wild reveillé rung;
 In Libyan dell the light gazelle,
 The leopard lithe in Indian glade,
 And dolphin, brightening tropic seas,
 In us were living, leapt and played.

Their shells did slow crustacea build;
 Their gilded skins did snakes re-
 new;

While mightier spines for loftier kind
 Their types in amplest limbs out-
 grew;

Yea, close comprest in human breast,
 What moss, and tree, and livelier
 thing —

What Earth, Sun, Star, of force pos-
 sest,
 Lay budding, burgeoning forth for
 spring!

Such sweet preluding sense, of old
 Led on in Eden's sinless place
 The hour when bodies human
 first

Combined the primal, prime em-
 brace;

Such genial heat the blissful seat
 In man and woman owned un-
 blamed,

When, naked both, its garden paths
 They walked unconscious, un-
 ashamed;

Ere, clouded yet in mightiest dawn,
 Above the horizon dusk and dun,
 One mountain crest with light had
 tipped

That orb that is the spirit's sun;
 Ere dreamed young flowers in vernal
 showers

Of fruit to rise the flower above,
 Or ever yet to young Desire
 Was told the mystic name of love.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

ADDRESS TO CERTAIN GOLD- FISHES.

RESTLESS forms of living light
 Quivering on your lucid wings,
 Cheating still the curious sight
 With a thousand shadowings;
 Various as the tints of even,
 Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
 Reflected on your native streams
 In fitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
 Harmless warriors, clad in mail
 Of silver breastplate, golden scale; —
 Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
 With peaceful radiance mildly glow-
 ing —

Fleet are ye as fleetest galley
 Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
 Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
 Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?
 Were ye born of vital fire?
 Or of the shade of golden flowers,
 Such as we fetch from Eastern bow-
 ers,

To mock this murky clime of ours?
 Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
 Weaving many a mazy dance;
 Seeming still to grow in size
 When ye would elude our eyes —
 Pretty creatures! we might deem
 Ye were happy as ye seem —

As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
 As light, as loving, and as lithe,
 As gladly earnest in your play,
 As when ye gleamed in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth
 There's small sincerity in mirth,
 And laughter oft is but an art
 To drown the outcry of the heart;
 It may be that your ceaseless gambols,
 Your wheelings, dartings, divings,
 rambles,
 Your restless roving round and round,
 The circuit of your crystal bound —
 Is but the task of weary pain,
 An endless labor, dull and vain;
 And while your forms are gaily shin-
 ing,

Your little lives are inly pining!
 Nay — but still I fain would dream
 That ye are happy as ye seem.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

YOUTH, thou art fled, — but where
 are all the charms
 Which, though with thee they came,
 and passed with thee,
 Should leave a perfume and sweet
 memory

Of what they have been? All thy
 boons and harms
 Have perished quite. Thy oft-re-
 vered alarms
 Forsake the fluttering echo. Smiles
 and tears
 Die on my cheek, or, petrified with
 years,
 Show the dull woe which no compas-
 sion warms,
 The mirth none shares. Yet could
 a wish, a thought,
 Unravel all the complex web of
 age, —
 Could all the characters that Time
 hath wrought
 Be clean effaced from my memorial
 page
 By one short word, the word I would
 not say; —
 I thank my God because my hairs are
 gray.

NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its
 close;
 The little birds have almost sung
 their last,
 Their small notes twitter in the
 dreary blast —
 That shrill-piped harbinger of early
 snows; —
 The patient beauty of the scentless
 rose,
 Oft with the morn's hoar crystal
 quaintly glassed,
 Hangs a pale mourner for the sum-
 mer past,
 And makes a little summer where it
 grows; —
 In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief
 day
 The dusky waters shudder as they
 shine;
 The russet leaves obstruct the strag-
 gling way
 Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks
 define,

And the gaunt woods, in ragged,
 scant array,
 Wrap their old limbs with sombre
 ivy-twine.

NO LIFE VAIN.

LET me not deem that I was made
 in vain,
 Or that my being was an accident,
 Which fate, in working its sublime
 intent,
 Not wished to be, to hinder would
 not deign.
 Each drop uncounted in a storm of
 rain
 Hath its own mission, and is duly
 sent
 To its own leaf or blade, not idly
 spent
 'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless
 main.
 The very shadow of an insect's wing,
 For which the violet cared not while
 it stayed,
 Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
 Proved that the sun was shining by
 its shade:
 Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
 Shadow of living lights, in vain be
 made?

SONG.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
 As many maidens be,
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me;
 Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light,
 But now her looks are coy and cold,
 To mine they ne'er reply;
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The lovelight in her eye,
 Her very frowns are fairer far
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[*Passages from The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*]

THE SHIP BECALMED.

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam
flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea,

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

THE ANCIENT MARINER REFRESHED
BY SLEEP AND RAIN.

O SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with
dew;
And when I awoke it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was
cold,
My garments all were dank.

Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my
limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

THE VOICES OF THE ANGELS.

AROUND, around, flew each sweet
sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and
air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

PENANCE OF THE ANCIENT MARINER,
AND HIS REVERENT TEACHING.

FORTHWITH this frame of mine was
wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale:
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that
door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to pray!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath
been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seem'd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving
friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been
stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

[From *Christabel*.]

BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS.

ALAS! they had been friends in
youth;
But whispering tongues can poison
truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is
vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from pain-
ing —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asun-
der
A dreary sea now flows between; —
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thun-
der,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath
been.

[From *The Three Graves*.]

BELL AND BROOK.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell.

[From *Dejection*.]

A GRIEF without a pang, void, dark,
and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned
grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no
relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear —
O lady! in this wan and heartless
mood,

To other thoughts by yonder throstle
wooded,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,

Have I been gazing on the western
sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow
green:

And still I gaze—and with how
blank an eye!

And those thin clouds above, in
flakes and bars,

That give away their motion to the
stars;

Those stars, that glide behind them
or between,

Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but
always seen:

Yon crescent moon as fixed as if it
grew

In its own cloudless, starless lake of
blue;

I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail;

And what can these avail

To lift the smothering weight from
off my breast?

It were a vain endeavor,

Though I should gaze forever

On that green light that lingers in
the west:

I may not hope from outward forms
to win

The passion and the life, whose
fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:

Ours is her wedding-garment, ours
her shroud!

And would we aught behold, of
higher worth,

Than that inanimate cold world allowed

To the poor loveless, ever-anxious
crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue
forth,

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth—

And from the soul itself must there
be sent

A sweet and potent voice, of its
own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not
ask of me

What this strong music in the soul
may be!

What, and wherein it doth exist,

This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making
power.

Joy, virtuous lady, — joy that
ne'er was given,

Save to the pure, and in their purest
hour,

Life, and life's effluence, cloud at
once and shower

Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives

in dower,
A new earth and new heaven,

Undreamt of by the sensual and the
proud—

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous
cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms our
ear or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that
voice,

All colors a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my
path was rough,

This joy within me dallied with
distress,

And all misfortunes were but as the
stuff

Whence Fancy made me dreams of
happiness:

For hope grew round me, like the
twining vine.

And fruits, and foliage, not my own,
seemed mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to
earth:

Nor care I that they rob me of my
mirth,

But oh! each visitation

Suspends what nature gave me at my
birth,

My shaping spirit of imagination.
For not to think of what I needs
must feel.

But to be still and patient, all I
can;
And haply by abstruse research to
steal

From my own nature all the nat-
ural man—

This was my sole resource, my only
plan:
Till that which suits a part infects
the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit
of my soul.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil
around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the
wind,

Thou actor, 'perfect in all tragic
sounds!
Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy
bold!

What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of a host in
rout,

With groans of trampled men, with
smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and
shudder with the cold!

But hush! there is a pause of deepest
silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing
crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudder-
ings—all is over—

It tells another tale, with sounds
less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the ten-
der lay,

'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath
lost her way:

And now moans low in bitter grief
and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to
make her mother hear.

*HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE
VALLEY OF CHAMOUNT.*

HAST thou a charm to stay the
morning-star
In his steep course? So long he
seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran
Blanc!

The Arvé and Arveiron at thy
base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most aw-
ful form!

Risest from forth thy silent sea of
pines,

How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial,
black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou pierc-
est it,
As with a wedge! But when I look
again,

It is thine own calm home, thy crys-
tal shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed
upon thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily
sense,

Didst vanish from my thought: en-
tranced in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling
melody,

So sweet, we know not we are listen-
ing to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending
with my thought,

Yea, with my life, and life's own se-
cret joy:

Till the dilating soul, enwrapt,
transfused,

Into the mighty vision passing—
there

As in her natural form, swelled vast
to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive
praise

Thou owest! not alone these swelling
tears,

Mute thanks and secret ecstasy!
Awake,

Voice of sweet song. Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, oh, wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast —
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!

Thou kingly spirit throned among
the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth
to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent
sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising
sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices,
praises God.

— — —
*LOVE, HOPE AND PATIENCE IN
EDUCATION.*

O'ER wayward childhood would'st
thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy
faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these
must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first
keep school,

O part them never! If hope pro-
strate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof
derive
From her own life that Hope is yet
alive;
And bending o'er with soul-transfus-
ing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother
dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit and
half-supplies;—
Thus Love repays to Hope what
Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary
day
When overtaken at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the
load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's
strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience,
nothing loth,
And both supporting, does the work
of both.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze, mid blossoms stray-
ing,
Where hope clung fading, like a
bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful
when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and
Then!
This breathing house not built with
hands,
This body that does me grievous
wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of
yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or
weather
When youth and I lived in't together.
Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-
like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-
like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old.
Ere I was old? Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer
here!
O Youth! for years so many and
sweet,
'Tis known, that thou and I were
one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put
on,
To make believe, that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine
eyes!

Life is but thought: so think I
will
That Youth and I are house-mates
still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismiss.
Yet hath outstayed his welcome
while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

COMPLAINT AND REPROOF.

How seldom, friend! a good great
man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth
and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land
of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he
merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear friend! renounce
this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good
great man obtain?
Place, titles, salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corpses which his sword
hath slain?—
Greatness and goodness are not
means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always
friends,
The good great man?—three treas-
ures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as in-
fant's breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure
than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel
Death.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all de-
lights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the
scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest
grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely
knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-
woods,

Nor rested day nor night:

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome
shade,

And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than
death

The lady of the land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his
knees;

And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate

The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle
hope,

An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin
shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped
aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked
up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was
calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

THOMAS STEPHENS COLLIER.

OFF LABRADOR.

THE storm-wind moans through
branches bare;

The snow flies wildly through the air;
The mad waves roar, as fierce and
high

They toss their crests against the

All dark and desolate lies the sand
Along the wastes of a barren
land;

And rushing on, with sheets flung
free,

A ship sails down from the north-
ern sea.

With lips pressed hard the helms-
man stands,
Grasping the spokes with freezing
hands,
While white the reef lies in his path,
Swept by an ocean full of wrath.

The surf-roar in the blast is lost,
The foam-flakes by the wild wind tost
High up in air, no warning show,
Hid by the driving mass of snow.

With sudden bound and sullen grate,
The brave ship rushes to her fate,
And splintered deck and broken
mast
Make homage to the roaring blast.

Amid the waves, float riven plank,
And rope and sail with moisture dank;
And faces gleaming stern and
white
Shine dimly in the storm-filled
night.

By some bright river far away,
Fond hearts are wondering where
they stay
Who sleep along the wave-washed
shore
And stormy reefs of Labrador.

AN OCTOBER PICTURE.

THE purple grapes hang ready for the
kiss

Of red lips sweeter than their wine;
And 'mid the turning leaves they
soon will miss,

The crimson apples shine.
Lazily through the soft and sunlit air
The great hawks fly, and give no
heed

To the sweet songsters, that toward
the fair,
Far lands of summer speed.

Along the hills wild asters bend to
greet

The roadside's wealth of golden-rod;
And by the fences the bright su-
machs meet

The morning light of God.

Slowly the shadows of the clouds
drift o'er

The hillsides, clad in opal haze,
Where gorgeous butterflies seek the
rich store
Of flower-scented summer days.

All clad in dusted gold, the tall elms
stand

Just in the edges of the wood;
And near, the chestnut sentinels the
land,
And shows its russet hood.

The maple flaunts its scarlet banners
where

The marsh lies clad in shining mist;
The mountain oak shows, in the
clear, bright air,
Its crown of amethyst.

Where, like a silver line, the spark-
ling stream

Flows murmuring through the
meadows brown,

Amid the radiance, seeming a sad
dream,
A sailless boat floats down.

COMPLETE.

LIKE morning blooms that meet the
sun

With all the fragrant freshness won
From night's repose, and kiss of dew
Which the bright radiance glistens
through,

Such is the sweetness of thy lips,
Where love its sacred tribute sips:
Such is the glory of thine eyes,
Rich with the soul's unsaid replies.

The snow that crowns the mountain
height, [white;

Through countless years of gleaming
The creamy blooms of orchard trees,
Full of the melody of bees;

The cool, fresh sweetness of the sea;
All have a charm possessed by thee:
But each of these has one alone,
Whilst thou canst call them all thine
own.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

IN VIEW OF DEATH.

No; I shall pass into the Morning
Land
As now from sleep into the life of
morn;
Live the new life of the new world,
unshorn
Of the swift brain, the executing
hand;
See the dense darkness suddenly
withdrawn,
As when Orion's sightless eyes dis-
cerned the dawn.

I shall behold it; I shall see the
utter
Glory of sunrise heretofore un-
seen,
Freshening the woodland ways with
brighter green,
And calling into life all wings that
flutter,
All throats of music and all eyes of
light,
And driving o'er the verge the in-
tolerable night.

O virgin world! O marvellous far
days!
No more with dreams of grief doth
love grow bitter, | glitter
Nor trouble dim the lustre wont to
In happy eyes. Decay alone decays:
A moment — death's dull sleep is
o'er; and we
Drink the immortal morning air
Earine.

LAST VERSES.

I HAVE been sitting alone
All day while the clouds went by,
While moved the strength of the
seas,
While a wind with a will of his own,
A poet out of the sky,
Smote the green harp of the trees.
Alone, yet not alone,
For I felt, as the gay wind whirled,
As the cloudy sky grew clear,
The touch of our Father half-known,
Who dwells at the heart of the world,
Yet who is always here.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweet-
ly strong;
Who first, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the
powers of song!

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art.
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and
trailing pall;

But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe arrayed,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee
I call!

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms in-
fuse!

The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty culled the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their or-
dered hues.

Though taste, though genius, bless,
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire
the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm, our eye;
Thou, only thou, canst raise the
meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn
my tale.

ODE TO THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to
rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould.
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their
clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

ON TRUE AND FALSE TASTE IN
MUSIC.

DISCARD soft nonsense in a slavish
tongue,
The strain insipid, and the thought
unknown;
From truth and nature form the un-
erring test;
Be what is manly, chaste, and good
the best!
'Tis not to ape the songsters of the
groves,
Through all the quivers of their wan-
ton loves;

'Tis not the enfeebled thrill, or war-
bled shake,
The heart can strengthen, or the soul
awake!
But where the force of energy is
found,
When the sense rises on the wings of
sound;
When reason, with the charms of
music twined,
Through the enraptured ear informs
the mind;
Bids generous love or soft compassion
glow,
And forms a tuneful Paradise below!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was
young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were
fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of
sound:
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive
power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had
made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret
stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the
strings.

With woful measures wan Despair
 Low, sullen sounds his grief be-
 guiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas
 wild!

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at dis-
 tance hail!

Still would her touch the strain pro-
 long;

And from the rocks, the woods, the
 vale,

She called on Echo still, through all
 the song;

And where her sweetest theme she
 chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard
 at every close.

And Hope enchanted smiled, and
 waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung; — but with
 a frown.

Revenge impatient rose;

He threw his blood-stained sword, in
 thunder, down;

And with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full
 of woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum, with furious
 heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary
 pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unaltered
 mien,

While each strained ball of sight
 seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers. Jealousy, to nought
 were fixe!

Sad proof of thy distressful state;
 Of differing themes the veering song
 was mixed;

And now it courted Love, now rav-
 ing called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sate retired;
 And, from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more
 sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn her
 pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks
 around,

Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the ming-
 led measures stole,

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with
 fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of Peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its spright-
 lier tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of
 healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung
 Her buskins gemmed with morning
 dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and
 thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to Faun and
 Dryad known!

The oak-crowned Sisters, and their
 chaste-eyed Queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys
 green:

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;

And Sport leapt up, and seized his
 beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:

He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand
 address;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening
 viol,

Whose sweet entrancing voice he
 loved the best;

They would have thought who heard
 the strain

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her
 native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While, as his flying fingers kissed the
 strings,

Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
 Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learned an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard;
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page —
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age;
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound —
 O bid our vain endeavors cease;
 Revive the just designs of Greece:
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own brawling springs,
 Thy springs and dying gales;
 O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove
 O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he 'rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star, arising shows
 His paly circlet,—at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes
 her brows with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and,
 lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
 Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That, from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers
as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses,
meekest Eve!

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap
with leaves;

Or Winter, yelling through the trou-
bulous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science,
smiling Peace,

Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

[The scene is supposed to lie on the
Thames, near Richmond.]

In yonder grave a Druid lies.

Where slowly winds the stealing
wave;

The year's best sweets shall duteous
rise

To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds

His airy harp shall now be laid,

That he, whose heart in sorrow
bleeds,

May love through life the soothing
shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger
here.

And while its sounds at distance
swell,

Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear

To hear the woodland pilgrim's
knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the
shore

When Thames in summer wreaths
is drest,

And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening
spire

And 'mid the varied landscape
weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly
bed,

Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding
sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless
eye

Shall scorn thy pale shrine glim-
mering near?

With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen
tide

No sedge-crowned sisters now at-
tend,

Now waft me from the green hill's
side,

Whose cold turf hides the buried
friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;

Dun night has veiled the solemn
view!

Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless

Thy life, shall mourn thy early
doom;

Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall
dress,

With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed
clay

Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:

"O vales and wild woods!" shall he
say,

"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

ELIZA COOK.

SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

AY, scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring
day;

Wide and far be the hempseed sown:
And bravely I'll stand on the autumn
land,

When the rains have dropped and
the winds have blown

Man shall carefully gather me up;
His hand shall rule and my form
shall change;

Not as a mate for the purple of state,
Nor into aught that is "rich and
strange."

But I will come forth all woven and
spun,

With my fine threads curled in ser-
pent length;

And the fire-wrought chain and the
lion's thick mane

Shall be rivalled by me in mighty
strength.

I have many a place in the busy world,
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and
joy;

I carry the freeman's flag unfurled;
I am linked to childhood's darling
toy.

Then scatter me wide, and hackle me
well;

For a varied tale can the hempseed
tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor-ring,
Where the foot of the proud man
cometh not;

Where the dolphin leaps and the sea-
weed creeps

O'er the rifted sand and the coral
grot.

Down, down below I merrily go
When the huge ship takes her rock-
ing rest:

The waters may chafe, but she dwell-
eth as safe

As the young bird in its woodland
nest.

I wreathe the spars of that same fair
ship,

Where the gallant sea-hearts cling

Springing aloft with a song on the lip,
Putting their faith in the cordage
stout,

I am true when the blast sways the
giant mast,

Straining and stretched in a nor'-
west gale,

I abide with the bark, in the day and
the dark,

Lashing the hammock and reefing
the sail.

Oh! the billows and I right fairly
cope,

And the wild tide is stemmed by the
cable rope.

The sunshine falls on a new-made
grave,—

The funeral train is long and sad;
The poor man has come to the hap-
piest home

And easiest pillow he ever had.
I shall be there to lower him down

Gently into his narrow bed;
I shall be there, the work to share,

To guard his feet, and cradle his
head.

Oh! the hempseed cometh in doleful
shape,

With the mourner's cloak and sable
crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glitter-
ing wheat,

The barn shall be opened, the stack
shall be piled;

Ye shall see the ripe grain shining
out from the wain,

And the berry-stained arms of the
gleaner-child.

Heap on, heap on, till the wagon-
ribs creak,

Let the sheaves go towering to the
sky;

Up with the shock till the broad
wheels rock,

Fear not to carry the rich freight
high;

For I will unfold the tottering gold,
I will fetter the rolling load;

Not an ear shall escape my binding
 hold,
 On the furrowed field or jolting
 road.
 Oh! the hempseed hath a fair place
 to fill,
 With the harvest band on the corn-
 crowned hill.

AFTER A MOTHER'S DEATH.

THEY told me in my earlier years,
 Life was a dark and tangled web;
 A gloomy sea of bitter tears,
 Where Sorrow's influx had no ebb.

But such was vainly taught and said,
 My laugh rang out with joyous tone;
 The woof possessed one brilliant
 thread
 Of rainbow colors, all my own.

I boasted—till a mother's grave
 Was heaped and sodded—then I
 found
 The sunshine stricken from the wave,
 And all the golden thread unwound.

Preach on who will—say "Life is
 sad,"
 I'll not refute as once I did;
 You'll find the eye that beamed so
 glad,
 Will hide a tear beneath its lid.

Preach on of woe; the time *hath* been
 I'd praise the world with shadeless
 brow:

The dream is broken—I have seen
 A mother die:—I'm silent now.

GANGING TO AND GANGING FRAE.

NAE star was glintin out aboon,
 The cluds were dark and hid the
 moon;
 The whistling gale was in my teeth,
 And round me was the deep snaw
 wreath;

But on I went the dreary mile,
 And sung right cantie a' the while
 I gae my plaid a closer fauld;
 My hand was warm, my heart was
 bauld,
 I didna heed the storm and cauld,
 While ganging *to* my Katie.

But when I trod the same way back,
 It seemed a sad and waefu' track;
 The brae and glen were lone and lang;
 I didna sing my cantie sang;
 I felt how sharp the sleet did fa',
 And couldna face the wind at a'.
 Oh, sic a change! how could it be?
 I ken fu' well, and sae may ye—
 The sunshine had been gloom to me
 While ganging *frae* my Katie.

MY OLD STRAW HAT.

FAREWELL, old friend,—we part at
 last;
 Fruits, flowers, and summer, all are
 past,
 And when the beech-leaves bid adieu,
 My old straw hat must vanish too.
 We've been together many an hour,
 In grassy dell and garden bower;
 And plait and riband, scorched and
 torn,
 Proclaim how well thou hast been
 worn.
 We've had a time, gay, bright, and
 long;
 So let me sing a grateful song,—
 And if one bay-leaf falls to me,
 I'll stick it firm and fast in thee,
 My old straw hat.

Thy flapping shade and flying strings
 Are worth a thousand close-tied
 things.
 I love thy easy-fitting crown,
 Thrust lightly back, or slouching
 down.
 I cannot brook a muffled ear,
 When lark and blackbird whistle
 near;
 And dearly like to meet and seek
 The fresh wind with unguarded
 cheek.

Tossed in a tree, thou'lt bear no
harm;
Flung on the moss, thou'lt lose no
charm;
Like many a real friend on earth,
Rough usage only proves thy worth,
My old straw hat.

Farewell, old friend, thy work is done;
The misty clouds shut out the sun;
The grapes are plucked, the hops are
off.

The woods are stark, and I must doff
My old straw hat—but "bide a
wee,"

Fair skies we've seen, yet we may see
Skies full as fair as those of yore,
And then we'll wander forth once
more.

Farewell, till drooping bluebells blow,
And violets stud the warm hedgerow;
Farewell, till daisies deck the plain—
Farewell, till spring days come again—
My old straw hat.

SONG OF THE UGLY MAIDEN.

Oh! the world gives little of love or
light,

Though my spirit pants for much;
For I have no beauty for the sight,
No riches for the touch.

I hear men sing o'er the flowing cup
Of woman's magic spell;

And vows of zeal they offer up,
And eloquent tales they tell.

They bravely swear to guard the fair
With strong protecting arms;

But will they worship woman's worth
Unblent with woman's charms?
No! ah, no! 'tis little they prize
Crook-backed forms and rayless eyes.

Oh! 'tis a saddening thing to be
A poor and ugly one;
In the sand Time puts in his glass
for me,

Few golden atoms run.
For my drawn lids bear no shadowing
fringe;

My locks are thin and dry;
My teeth wear not the rich pearl tinge,
Nor my lips the henna dye.

I know full well I have nought of
grace

That maketh woman "divine;"
The wooer's praise and doting gaze

Have never yet been mine.
Where'er I go all eyes will shun
The loveless mien of the ugly one.

Would that I had passed away
Ere I knew that I was born;
For I stand in the blessed light of day
Like a weed among the corn,—

The black rock in the wide blue sea,—
The snake in the jungle green:

Oh! who will stay in the fearful way
Where such ugly things are seen?

Yet mine is the fate of lonelier state
Than that of the snake or rock;

For those who behold me in their
path

Not only shun, but mock.

O Ugliness! thy desolate pain
Had served to set the stamp on Cain!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;

My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;

I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain—

My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old

Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told—

That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—

I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main.
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane.

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
 Lieth the green sod under —
 Alas, the day!

And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain,
 To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep;
 The daisies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep.
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE ICONOCLAST.

A THOUSAND years shall come and
 go,

A thousand years of night and day;
 And man, through all their changing
 show,

His tragic drama still shall play.

Ruled by some fond ideal's power,
 Cheated by passion or despair,
 Still shall he waste life's trembling
 hour,

In worship vain, and useless
 prayer.

Ah! where are they who rose in
 might,

Who fired the temple and the
 shrine,

And hurled, through earth's chaotic
 night,

The helpless gods it deemed di-
 vine?

Cease, longing soul, thy vain desire!

What idol, in its stainless prime,
 But falls, untouched of axe or fire,
 Before the steady eyes of Time?

He looks, and lo! our altars fall,

The shrine reveals its gilded clay,
 With decent hands we spread the
 pall,

And cold, with wisdom, glide away.

O, where were courage, faith, and
 truth,

If man went wandering all his day
 In golden clouds of love and youth,
 Nor knew that both his steps be-
 tray?

Come, Time, while here we sit and
 wait,

Be faithful, spoiler, to thy trust!
 No death can further desolate
 The soul that knows its god was
 dust.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

DARLINGS of the forest!

Blossoming, alone,

When Earth's grief is sorest

For her jewels gone —

Ere the last snow-drift melts, your
 tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,

Like the morning sky,

Or, more pale and saintly,

Wrapped in leaves ye lie —

Even as children sleep in faith's sim-
 plicity.

There the wild wood-robin,
 Hymns your solitude;

And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but
dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew —
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue,
And scented by the woods that gath-
ered sweets for you ?

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart;
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from Nature's heart
With such unconscious grace as
makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my
lost childhood played.

—
THEN.

I GIVE thee treasures hour by hour,
That old-time princes asked in vain,
And pined for, in their useless power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit, or from prayer,
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers, like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear;
And tenderer thoughts than ever
hung
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea
Her thousand streams of wealth un-
told,
So flows my silent life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness ?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn
My triumph shines, more sweet than
late;
When from these mortal mists with-
drawn,
Thy heart shall know me — I can
wait.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

IN BLOSSOM TIME.

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, backen the clover
bed —

There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind.
Laugh low, with the wind at play;

And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair —
And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossom-
ing mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim.
That the lips of the blossoms, more
pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
 O skylark, sing in the blue:
 Sing loud, sing clear, that the King
 may hear,
 And my soul shall sing with you!

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

So fair the sun rose yestermorn,
 The mountain cliffs adorning;
 The golden tassels of the corn
 Danced in the breath of morning;
 The cool, clear stream that runs be-
 fore,
 Such happy words was saying,

And in the open cottage door
 My pretty babe was playing.
 Aslant the sill a sunbeam lay:
 I laughed in careless pleasure,
 To see his little hand essay
 To grasp the shining treasure.

To-day no shafts of golden flame
 Across the sill are lying;
 To-day I call my baby's name,
 And hear no lisped replying;
 To-day — ah, baby mine, to-day --
 God holds thee in his keeping!
 And yet I weep, as one pale ray
 Breaks in upon thy sleeping —
 I weep to see its shining bands
 Reach, with a fond endeavor,
 To where the little restless hands
 Are crossed in rest forever!

CHARLES COTTON.

[From *Retirement.*]

IN THE QUIET OF NATURE.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may

We never meet again;
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
 And do more good in one short
 Than he who his whole age out-
 wears

Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
 Where nought but vanity and vice
 appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things
 here!

How beautiful the fields appear!
 How cleanly do we feed and lie!
 Lord! what good hours do we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!

What peace, what unanimity!
 How innocent from the lewd fashion,
 Is all our business, all our recreation!

Dear solitude, the soul's best
 friend,
 That man acquainted with himself
 dost make,

And all his Maker's wonders to in-
 tend,
 With thee I here converse at
 will,
 And would be glad to do so still,
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the
 soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
 Is it, alone
 To read, and meditate, and write,
 By none offended, and offending
 none!
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's
 own ease;
 And, pleasing a man's self, none
 other to displease.

CONTENTATION.

I CAN go nowhere but I meet
 With malcontents and mutineers,
 As if in life was nothing sweet,
 And we must blessings reap in
 tears.

<p>Titles and wealth are fortune's toils, Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare: The great are proud of borrowed spoils, The miser's plenty breeds his care. The drudge who would all get, all save, Like a brute beast, both feeds and lies; Prone to the earth, he digs his grave, And in the very labor dies. Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf Does only death and danger breed; Whilst one rich worldling starves himself With what would thousand others feed. Nor is he happier than these, Who, in a moderate estate, Where he might safely live at ease, Has lusts that are immoderate. Nor is he happy who is trim, Tricked up in favors of the fair, Mirrors, with every breath made dim, [snare. Birds, caught in every wanton Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss, Does oftener far than serve, en- slave; And with the magic of a kiss [save. Destroys whom she was made to</p>	<p>There are no ills but what we make By giving shapes and names to things,— Which is the dangerous mistake That causes all our sufferings. We call that sickness which is health, That persecution which is grace, That poverty which is true wealth, And that dishonor which is praise. Alas! our time is here so short That in what state soe'er t is spent, Of joy or woe, does not import, Provided it be innocent. But we may make it pleasant too, If we will take our measures right, And not what heaven has done undo By an unruly appetite. The world is full of beaten roads, But yet so slippery withal, That where one walks secure, 't is odds A hundred and a hundred fall. Untrodden paths are then the best, Where the frequented are unsure; And he comes soonest to his rest Whose journey has been most se- cure. It is content alone that makes Our pilgrimage a pleasure here; And who buys sorrow cheapest takes An ill commodity too dear.</p>
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ABRAHAM COWLEY.

OF MYSELF.

<p>THIS only grant me, that my means may lie [high. Too low for envy, for contempt too Some honor I would have, Not from great deeds, but good alone: The unknown are better than ill known: Rumor can ope the grave.</p>	<p>Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends Not on the number, but the choice, of friends. Books should, not business, entertain the light, And sleep as undisturbed as death, the night. My house a cottage more</p>
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Than palace; and should fitting be
 For all my use, no luxury.
 My garden painted o'er
 With Nature's hand, not Art's; and
 pleasures yield,
 Horace might envy in his Sabine
 field.

Thus would I double my life's fading
 space;
 For he that runs it well twice runs
 his race.
 And in this true delight,
 These unbought sports, this happy
 state,
 I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
 But boldly say each night,
 To-morrow let my sun his beams dis-
 play,
 Or in clouds hide them; I have lived
 to-day.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts
 the air,
 How it outruns thy following eye!
 Use all persuasions now, and try
 If thou canst call it back or stay it
 there,
 That way it went; but thou shalt
 find
 No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond arch-
 er, thou!
 Of all the time thou'st shot
 away,
 I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
 And it shall be too hard a task to do.
 Beside repentance, what canst
 find
 That it hath left behind?

But his past life, who without grief
 can see,
 Who never thinks his end too
 near,

But says to Fame, Thou art
 mine heir,—
 That man extends life's natural
 brevity:
 This is, this is the only way
 To outlive Nestor in a day.

[From Reason.]

REASON AN AID TO REVELATION.

THOUGH Reason cannot through
 Faith's mysteries see,
 It sees that there and such there be,
 Leads to heaven's door, and then
 does humbly keep,
 And then through chinks and key-
 holes peep.
 Though it, like Moses, by a sad com-
 mand
 Must not come into the Holy Land,
 Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
 And from afar 'tis all descried.

[From Friendship in Absence.]

*DISTANCE NO BARRIER TO THE
 SOUL.*

WHEN chance or cruel business parts
 us two,
 What do our souls, I wonder, do?
 Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,
 Methinks at home they should not
 stay
 Content with dreams,—but boldly fly
 Abroad, and meet each other half
 the way.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for
 every friend,
 If distance could their union end:
 But love itself does far advance
 Above the power of time and space,
 It scorns such outward circumstance,
 His time's forever, everywhere, his
 place.

WILLIAM COWPER.

*LIGHT SHINING OUT OF
DARKNESS.*

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled; farewell to
the shade,
And the whispering sound of the
cool colonnade!
The winds play no longer and sing in
the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image
receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I
first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank
where they grew;

And now in the grass behold they
are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once
lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another re-
treat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen
from the heat,
And the scene where his melody
charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing
ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting
away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as
they,
With a turf on my breast, and a
stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in
its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any-
thing can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures
of man;
Though his life be a dream, his en-
joyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than
he.

[From *The Task*.]

*APOSTROPHE TO POPULAR
APPLAUSE.*

O POPULAR applause! what heart
of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing
charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent
need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest
gales;
But swelled into a gust—who then,
alas!

With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?

Praise from the rivelled lips of toothless, bald

Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean

And craving poverty, and in the bow
Respectful of the smutched artificer,
Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb

The bias of the purpose. How much more

Poured forth by beauty splendid and polite,

In language soft as adoration breathes?

Ah, spare your idol! think him human still;

Charms he may have, but he has frailties too;

Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

[From *The Task*.]

THE FREEDOM OF THE GOOD.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,

And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain

That hellish foes confederate for his harm

Can wind around him, but he casts it off

With as much ease as Samson his green withes.

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared

With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,

Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,

And the resplendent rivers.

Yes—ye may fill your garner, ye that reap

The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good

In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,

A liberty like his, who unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,

Appropriates nature as his Father's work,

And has a richer use of yours, than you.

He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
Of no mean city, planned or e'er the hills

Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea

With all his roaring multitude of waves.

His freedom is the same in every state;

And no condition of this changeful life,

So manifold in cares, whose every day

Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:

For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,

Nor penury can cripple or confine.

No nook so narrow but he spreads them there

With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds

His body bound, but knows not what a range

His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain,

And that to bind him is a vain attempt

Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

[From *The Task*.]

THE WINTER'S EVENING.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,

And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn

Throves up a steamy column, and the cups,

That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not such his evening, who with shining face
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work!
 Which not even critics criticize; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
 'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war

Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And avarice, that make man a wolf to man;
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
 The manners, customs, policy, of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return,—a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
 O winter, ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips,
 thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,

Shortening his journey between morn
and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his
stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly
still
Compensating his loss with added
hours
Of social converse and instructive
ease,
And gathering at short notice, in one
group
The family dispersed, and fixing
thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and
its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate de-
lights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn hap-
piness,
And all the comforts that the lowly
roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the
hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before
these gates;
No powdered pert proficient in the
art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these
doors
Till the street rings; no stationary
steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heed-
less of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and
quake:
But here the needle plies its busy
task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted
flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy
lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves,
and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dis-
posed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow-
ers, that blow
With most success when all besides
decay.
The poet's or historian's page by
one

Made vocal for the amusement of the
rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of
sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling
chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet
distinct,
And in the charming strife trium-
phant still,
Begulle the night, and set a keener
edge
On female industry: the threaded
steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task pro-
ceeds.

[From *The Task*.]

MERCY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of
friends,
(Though graced with polished man-
ners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a
worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the
snail
That crawls at evening in the public
path;
But he that has humanity, fore-
warned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile
live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to
the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom,
that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the
alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper
bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range
the air
Or take their pastime in the spacious
field.
There they are privileged; and he
that hunts

Or harms them there is guilty of a
wrong.
Disturbs the economy of Nature's
realm,
Who, when she formed, designed
them an abode.
The sum is this: If man's conven-
ience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and
claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish
theirs.
Else they are all — the meanest things
that are —
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the
first.
Who in his sovereign wisdom made
them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach
your sons
To love it too.

[From *The Task*.]

THE POST-BOY.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er
yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needless
length
Bestrides the wintry flood; in which
the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected
bright: —
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist,
and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumbering at
his back.
True to his task, the close-packed
load behind.
Yet careless what he brings, his one
concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn:
And having dropped the expected
bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted
wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of
grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to
some; [joy.
To him indifferent whether grief or

[From *Retirement*.]

*THE SOUL'S PROGRESS CHECKED
BY TOO ABSORBING LOVE.*

As woodbine weds the plant within
her reach,
Rough elm, or smooth-grained ash,
or glossy beech,
In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and
lays
Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,
But does a mischief while she lends
a grace,
Straightening its growth by such a strict
embrace,
So love that clings around the noblest
minds,
Forbids the advancement of the soul
he binds.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man.
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth.
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of
youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!

More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going
bell,

These valleys and rocks never
heard,
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath ap-
peared.

Ye winds that have made me your
sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then
send

A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its
flight,

The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of
light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast ; —
Ah, would that this might be the last !
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow ; —
'Twas my distress that brought thee
low,

My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's
part,
And all thy threads with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this
heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream :
Yet me they charm, whate'er the
theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I
see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign :
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limb thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest,
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary !

And still to love, though pressed with
ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe !
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary !

GEORGE CRABBE.

[From *Edward Shore*.]

THE PERILS OF GENIUS.

GENIUS! thou gift of Heaven! thou
light divine!

Amid what dangers art thou doomed
to shine!

Oft will the body's weakness check
thy force,

Oft damp thy vigor, and impede thy
course;

And trembling nerves compel thee to
restrain

Thy nobler efforts, to contend with
pain:

Or Want (sad guest!) will in thy pres-
ence come,

And breathe around her melancholy
gloom:

To life's low cares will thy proud
thought confine,

And make her sufferings, her impa-
tience thine.

Evil and strong, seducing passions
prey

On soaring minds, and win them from
their way,

Who then to Vice the subject spirits
give, [live:]

And in the service of the conqueror
Like captive Samson making sport

for all,
Who feared their strength, and glo-
ry in their fall.

Genius, with virtue, still may lack
the aid

Implored by humble minds, and
hearts afraid:

May leave to timid souls the shield
and sword

Of the tried Faith and the resistless
Word;

Amid a world of dangers venturing
forth,

Frail, but yet fearless, proud in con-
scious worth,

Till strong temptation, in some fatal
time,

Assails the heart, and wins the soul
to crime;

When left by honor, and by sorrow
spent,

Unused to pray, unable to repent,
The nobler powers that once exalted
high

Th' aspiring man shall then degraded
lie:

Reason, through anguish, shall her
throne forsake,

And strength of mind but stronger
madness make.

[From *Edward Shore*.]SLEEP THE DETRACTOR OF
BEAUTY.

WE indeed have heard
Of sleeping beauty, and it has ap-
peared:

'Tis seen in infants — there indeed
we find,

The features softened by the slum-
bering mind;

But other beauties, when disposed to
sleep,

Should from the eye of keen inspec-
tor keep:

The lovely nymph who would her
swain surprise,

May close her mouth, but not conceal
her eyes;

Sleep from the fairest face some
beauty takes,

And all the homely features homelier
makes.

[From *Edward Shore*.]

THE VACILLATING PURPOSE.

Who often reads will sometimes wish
to write,

And Shore would yield instruction
and delight;

A serious drama he designed, but
found

'Twas tedious travelling in that
gloomy ground;

A deep and solemn story he would try,
 But grew ashamed of ghosts, and laid it by;
 Sermons he wrote, but they who knew his creed,
 Or knew it not, were ill disposed to read;
 And he would lastly be the nation's guide,
 But, studying, failed to fix upon a side;
 Fame he desired, and talents he possessed,
 But loved not labor, though he could not rest,
 Nor firmly fix the vacillating mind,
 That, ever working, could no centre find.

[From Schools.]

THE TEACHER.

HE, while his troop light-hearted leap and play,
 Is all intent on duties of the day;
 No more the tyrant stern or judge severe,
 He feels the father's and the husband's fear.
 Ah! little think the timid, trembling crowd,
 That one so wise, so powerful, and so proud,
 Should feel himself, and dread the humble ills
 Of rent-day charges and of coalmen's bills;
 That while they mercy from their judge implore,
 He fears himself — a knocking at the door:
 And feels the burden as his neighbor states
 His humble portion to the parish-rates.
 They sit the allotted hours, then eager run,
 Rushing to pleasure when the duty's done;
 His hour of pleasure is of different kind,

Then cares domestic rush upon his mind,
 And half the ease and comfort he enjoys,
 Is when surrounded by slates, books, and boys.

[From Schools.]

LEARNING IS LABOR

To learning's second seats we now proceed,
 Where humming students gilded primers read;
 Or books with letters large and pictures gay,
 To make their reading but a kind of play —
 "Reading made Easy," so the titles tell:
 But they who read must first begin to spell;
 There may be profit in these arts, but still,
 Learning is labor, call it what you will;
 Upon the youthful mind a heavy load,
 Nor must we hope to find the royal road.
 Some will their easy steps to science show,
 And some to heaven itself their by-way know;
 Ah! trust them not, — who fame or bliss would share,
 Must learn by labor, and must live by care.

[From the Gentleman Farmer.]

FOLLY OF LITIGATION.

Who would by law regain his plundered store,
 Would pick up fallen mercury from the floor;
 If he pursue it, here and there it slides,
 He would collect it, but it more divides;

This part and this he stops, but still
 in vain,
 It slips aside, and breaks in parts
 again;
 Till, after time and pains, and care
 and cost,
 He finds his labor and his object lost.

[From *The Gentleman Farmer*.]

AGAINST RASH OPINIONS.

WHEN men in health against physicians rail,
 They should consider that their nerves may fail,
 Who calls a lawyer rogue, may find, too late,
 On one of these depends his whole estate:
 Nay, when the world can nothing more produce,
 The priest, the insulted priest, may have his use;
 Ease, health, and comfort lift a man so high,
 These powers are dwarfs that he can scarcely spy:
 Pain, sickness, languor, keep a man so low,
 That these neglected dwarfs to giants grow:
 Happy is he who through the medium sees
 Of clear good sense.

[From *The Parish Register*.]

THE AWFUL VACANCY.

ARRIVED at home, how then they gazed around,
 In every place, — where she — no more was found; —
 The seat at table she was wont to fill:
 The fireside chair, still set, but vacant still:
 The garden-walks, a labor all her own:
 The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;

The Sunday pew she filled with all her race, —
 Each place of hers was now a sacred place,
 That, while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
 Pierced the full heart and forced them still to rise.

O sacred Sorrow! by whom souls are tried,
 Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
 If thou art mine, (and who shall proudly dare
 To tell his Maker he has had his share?)
 Still let me feel for what thy pangs were sent,
 And be my guide and not my punishment!

[From *The Dumb Orators*.]

MAN'S DISLIKE TO BE LED.

MAN will not follow where a rule is shown,
 But loves to take a method of his own;
 Explain the way with all your care and skill,
 This will he quit, if but to prove he will.

[From *The Village*.]

APOSTROPHE TO THE WHIMSICAL.

SAY, ye oppress by some fantastic woes,
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
 Who press the downy couch while slaves advance
 With timid eye to read the distant glance;
 Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
 To name the nameless ever-new disease;

Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

[From Prisons.]

*THE CONDEMNED: HIS DREAM
AND ITS AWAKENING.*

STILL I behold him, every thought employed
On one dire view!—all others are destroyed;
This makes his features ghastly, gives the tone
Of his few words resemblance to a groan;
He takes his tasteless food, and when 't is done,
Counts up his meals, now lessened by that one;
For expectation is on time intent,
Whether he brings us joy or punishment.
Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury, when he shakes,
And loudly cries, "Not guilty," and awakes;
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.
Now comes the dream again: it shows each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,

While he in fancied envy looks at them:
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be:
A priest attends—it seems, the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.
At this his terrors take a sudden flight,
He sees his native village with delight:
The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed
His youthful person; where he knelt and prayed;
Then too the comforts he enjoyed at home,
The days of joy: the joys themselves are come;—
The hours of innocence;—the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took,
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
All now is present;—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm; of blessings let them talk.
Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile:
Then come his sister, and his village-friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield;—No! never will he find
Again on earth such pleasures in his mind:
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honor on their tongue;

Nay, there's a charm beyond what
 nature shows.
 The bloom is softer and more sweetly
 glows;—
 Pierced by no crime, and urged by
 no desire
 For more than true and honest hearts
 require,
 They feel the calm delight, and thus
 proceed,
 Through the green lane, — then linger
 in the mead, —
 Stray o'er the heath in all its purple
 bloom, —
 And pluck the blossoms where the
 wild bees hum;
 Then through the broomy bound with
 ease they pass,
 And press the sandy sheepwalk's
 slender grass
 Where dwarfish flowers among the
 gorse are spread,
 And the lamb browses by the linnet's
 bed;
 Then 'cross the bounding brook they
 make their way
 O'er its rough bridge and there be-
 hold the bay! —
 The ocean smiling to the fervid
 sun —
 The waves that faintly fall and slowly
 run —
 The ships at distance and the boats
 at hand;
 And now they walk upon the sea-
 side sand,
 Counting the number and what kind
 they be,
 Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea:
 Now arm in arm, now parted, they
 behold
 The glittering waters on the shingles
 rolled:
 The timid girls, half dreading their
 design,
 Dip the small foot in the retarded
 brine,
 And search for crimson weeds, which
 spreading flow,
 Or lie like pictures on the sand below:
 With all those bright red pebbles,
 that the sun
 Through the small waves so softly
 shines upon;

And those live lucid jellies which the
 eye
 Delights to trace as they swim glit-
 tering by:
 Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they
 admire,
 And will arrange above the parlor
 fire, —
 Tokens of bliss! — "Oh! horrible! a
 wave
 Roars as it rises — save me, Edward!
 save!"
 She cries: — Alas! the watchman on
 his way
 Calls, and lets in — truth, terror, and
 the day!

[From *The Lover's Journey*.]

EXTERNAL IMPRESSIONS DEPEND-
 ON THE SOUL'S MOODS.

It is the Soul that sees: the out-
 ward eyes
 Present the object, but the Mind de-
 scribes;
 And thence delight, disgust, or cool
 Indifference rise:
 When minds are joyful, then we look
 around,
 And what is seen is all on fairy
 ground;
 Again they sicken, and on every view
 Cast their own dull and melancholy
 hue;
 Or, if absorbed by their peculiar cares,
 The vacant eye on viewless matter
 glares,
 Our feelings still upon our views at-
 tend,
 And their own natures to the objects
 lend;
 Sorrow and joy are in their influence
 Long as the passion reigns th' effects
 endure:
 But Love in minds his various changes
 makes,
 And clothes each object with the
 change he takes;
 His light and shade on every view
 he throws,
 And on each object, what he feels,
 bestows.

[From *The Parting Hour.*]

LIFE.

MINUTELY trace man's life: year
after year,
Through all his days let all his deeds
appear,
And then, though some may in that
life be strange,
Yet there appears no vast nor sudden
change:
The links that bind those various
deeds are seen,
And no mysterious void is left be-
tween.

But let these binding links be all
destroyed,
All that through years he suffered or
enjoyed:

Let that vast gap be made, and then
behold —

This was the youth, and he is thus
when old;

Then we at once the work of time
survey,

And in an instant see a life's decay;
Pain mixed with pity in our bosoms
rise,

And sorrow takes new sadness from
surprise.

[From *The Parting Hour.*]

FRIENDSHIP IN AGE AND SORROW.

BENEATH yon tree, observe an an-
cient pair —

A sleeping man; a woman in her
chair,

Watching his looks with kind and
pensive air;

Nor wife, nor sister she, nor is the
name

Nor kindred of this friendly pair the
same;

Yet so allied are they, that few can
feel

Her constant, warm, unwearied, anx-
ious zeal;

Their years and woes, although they
long have loved,

Keep their good name and conduct
unreproved;

Thus life's small comforts they to-
gether share,

And while life lingers, for the grave
prepare,

No other subjects on their spirits
press,

Nor gain such interest as the past dis-
tress;

Grievous events, that from the mem-
ory drive

Life's common cares, and those alone
survive,

Mix with each thought, in every ac-
tion share,

Darken each dream, and blend with
every prayer.

[From *The Library.*]

CONTROVERSIALISTS.

AGAINST her foes Religion well de-
fends

Her sacred truths, but often fears her
friends;

If learned, their pride, if weak, their
zeal she dreads,

And their hearts' weakness who have
soundest heads:

But most she fears the controversial
pen,

The holy strife of disputatious men;
Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page

explore,
Only to fight against its precepts
more.

[From *The Library.*]

TO CRITICS.

FOES to our race! if ever ye have
known

A father's fears for offspring of your
own;

If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,
Ye thought the sudden sentiment di-
vine,

Then paused and doubted, and then
tired of doubt,

With rage as sudden dashed the stanza
out; —

If, after fearing much and pausing
 long,
 Ye ventured on the world your la-
 bored song,
 And from the crusty critics of those
 days
 Implored the feeble tribute of their
 praise,
 Remember now the fears that moved
 you then,
 And, spite of truth, let mercy guide
 your pen.

[From *The Library*.]

PHILOSOPHY.

How vice and virtue in the soul
 contend;
 How widely differ, yet how nearly
 blend;
 What various passions war on either
 part,
 And now confirm, now melt the
 yielding heart:
 How Fancy loves around the world
 to stray,
 While Judgment slowly picks his
 sober way;
 The stores of memory, and the
 flights sublime
 Of genius bound by neither space nor
 time;—
 All these divine Philosophy explores,
 Till, lost in awe, she wonders and
 adores.

[From *The Library*.]

THE UNIVERSAL LOT.

CARE lives with all; no rules, no
 precepts save
 The wise from woe, no fortitude the
 brave;
 Grief is to man as certain as the
 grave:
 Tempests and storms in life's whole
 progress rise,

And hope shines dimly through o'er-
 clouded skies;
 Some drops of comfort on the favored
 fall,
 But showers of sorrow are the lot of
 all:
 Partial to talents, then, shall Heaven
 withdraw
 Th' afflicting rod, or break the general
 law?
 Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier
 views,
 Life's little cares and little pains re-
 fuse?
 Shall he not rather feel a double share
 Of mortal woe, when doubly armed
 to bear?

[From *The Library*.]

UNION OF FAITH AND REASON NECESSARY.

WHEN first Religion came to bless
 the land,
 Her friends were then a firm believ-
 ing band,
 To doubt was then to plunge in guilt
 extreme,
 And all was gospel that a monk could
 dream;
 Insulted Reason fled the grovelling
 soul,
 For Fear to guide, and visions to con-
 trol;
 But now, when Reason has assumed
 her throne,
 She, in her turn, demands to reign
 alone;
 Rejecting all that lies beyond her
 view,
 And, being judge, will be a witness
 too:
 Insulted Faith then leaves the doubt-
 ful mind,
 To seek the truth, without a power to
 find:
 Ah! when will both in friendly beams
 unite,
 And pour on erring man resistless
 light?

[From *The Library.*]

BOOKS.

BUT what strange art, what magic
can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone
than we?
This books can do;—nor this alone;
they give
New views to life, and teach us how
to live;

They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise;
Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone;
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

OH, the green things growing, the
green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green
things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile
or grieve.
Just to watch the happy life of my
green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering
of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when
none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the weird
moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the
cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green
things growing!
And I think that they love me, without
false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they
comfort me so much,
With the soft mute comfort of green
things growing.

And in the rich store of their blossoms
glowing
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing:
Oh, I should like to see, if God's will
it may be,
Many, many a summer of my green
things growing!

But if I must be gathered for the angels'
sowing,
Sleep out of sight awhile, like the
green things growing,
Though dust to dust return, I think
I'll scarcely mourn,
If I may change into green things
growing.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;



PLIGHTED.

Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace;"
So pray we oftentimes, mourning
our lot
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address
Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears;"
So pray we afterwards, low on our
knees;
Pardon those erring prayers! Father,
hear these!

PLIGHTED.

MINE to the core of the heart, my
beauty!
Mine, all mine, and for love, not
duty:
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake,—as mine to
thee.

Duty's a slave that keeps the keys.
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song
and shout,
Just as he please, — just as he
please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown,
brown-golden,
To the silken foot that's scarce be-
holden;
Give to a few friends hand or smile.
Like a generous lady, now and
awhile,
But the sanctuary heart, that none
dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore;
The crowd in the aisles may watch
the door,
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or
terrors,
With all thy goodnesses, all thy
errors,

Unto me and to me alone revealed,
"A spring shut up, a fountain
sealed."

Many may praise thee, — praise
mine as thine,
Many may love thee,—I'll love them
too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faith-
ful, and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, and
only mine.

Mine! — God, I thank Thee that
Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side
heaven:

Something as much myself to be
As this my soul which I lift to Thee:
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone;
Life of my life, whom Thou dost
make

Two to the world for the world's
work's sake, —
But each unto each, as in Thy
sight, one.

PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown
eyes,

Philip, my king,
Round whom the enshadowing pur-
ple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities;
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-hand-
maiden,
Philip, my king.

Oh, the day when thou goest a-woo-
ing,

Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and
there
Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so
blindly,
Philip, my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth,—up to
thy brow,

Phillip, my king!

The spirit that there lies sleeping
now

May rise like a giant and make men
bow

As to one heaven-chosen amongst
his peers:

My Saul, than thy brethren taller
and fairer

Let me behold thee in future years;
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,

Phillip, my king.

— A wreath not of gold, but palm.
One day,

Phillip, my king,

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a
way

Thorny and cruel and cold and gray:
Rebels within thee and foes without,

Will snatch at thy crown. But march
on, glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch; till angels
shout [victorious,

As thou sit'st at the feet of God
"Phillip, the king!"

TOO LATE.

COULD you come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas,

In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving,

Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve
you,

I'd smile on you sweet as the angels
do;—

Sweet as your smile on me shone
ever.

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words

were few,
Do you know the truth now up in
heaven,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:

Now all men beside seem to me like
shadows,—

I love *you*, Douglas, tender and
true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-
las, Douglas,

Drop forgiveness from heaven like
dew;

As I lay my heart on your dead
heart, Douglas,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

RESIGNING.

CHILDREN, that lay their pretty gar-
lands by

So piteously, yet with a humble
mind;

Sailors, who, when their ship rocks
in the wind,

Cast out her freight with half-averted
eye,

Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never gain the

wished-for shore;—
Thus we, O Father, standing Thee

before,
Do lay down at Thy feet without a

sigh
Each after each our precious things

and rare,
Our dear heart-jewels and our gar-

lands fair.
Perhaps Thou knewest that the flow-

ers would die,
And the long-voyaged hoards be

found but dust:
So took'st them, while unchanged.

To Thee we trust
For incorruptible treasure: Thou art

just.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

LOOK at his pretty face for just one
minute!

His braided frock and dainty but-
toned shoes;

His firm-shut hand, the favorite
plaything in it,—

Then tell me, mothers, was't not
hard to lose

And miss him from my side,—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and
charming, [delight,

His father's hope, his mother's one
Slips through strange sicknesses, all
fear disarming,

And lives a long, long life in par-
ents' sight!

Mine was so short a pride!

And then,—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden
charger;

I hear him pattering through the
house all day;

I watch his great blue eyes grow
large and larger, [or gay,

Listening to stories, whether grave

Told at the bright fireside,
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is liv-
ing,

As living as my other children are.
When good-night kisses I all round

am giving,

I keep one for him, though he is
so far.

Can a mere grave divide

Me from him,—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er
with daisies

(Nothing but childish daisies all
year round),

Continually God's hand the curtain
raises,

And I can hear his merry voice's
sound,

And feel him at my side,—

My little boy that died.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

A THRUSH IN A GILDED CAGE.

Was this the singer I had heard so
long,

But never till this evening, face to
face?

And were they his, those tones so
unlike song,

Those words conventional and
commonplace?

Those echoes of the usual social chat
That filled with noise confused the
crowded hall;

That smiling face, black coat, and
white cravat;

Those fashionable manners,—was
this all?

He glanced at freedmen, operas, pol-
itics,

And other common topics of the
day;

But not one brilliant image did he
mix

With all the prosy things he had to
say.

At least I hoped that one I long had
known,

In the inspired books that built his
fame,

Would breathe some word, some
sympathetic tone,

Fresh from the ideal region whence
he came.

And so I leave the well-dressed, buzz-
ing crowd,

And vent my spleen alone here by
my fire;

Mourning the fading of my golden
cloud,

The disappointment of my life's
desire.

Simple enthusiast! why do you re-
quire

A budding rose for every thorny
stalk?

Why must we poets always bear the
lyre

And sing, when fashion forces us
to talk?

Only at moments comes the muse's
light.

Alone, like shy wood-thrushes, war-
ble we.

Catch us in traps like this dull crowd
to-night,

We are but plain, brown feathered
birds, you see!

COMPENSATION.

TEARS wash away the atoms in the
eye

That smarted for a day;

Rain-clouds that spoiled the splen-
dors of the sky

The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some
hidden door

That promises release; [store

No solitude so drear but yields its
Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the con-
stant sun

With love and power untold;

No time so dark but through its woof
there run

Some blessed threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tost
centuries burn

In changing calm and strife

The Pharos-lights of truth, where'er
we turn,—

The unquenched lamps of life.

O Love supreme! O Providence di-
vine!

What self-adjusting springs

Of law and life, what even scales,
are thine,

What sure-returning things

Of hopes and joys that flit like birds
away,

When chilling autumn blows,
But come again, long ere the buds of

May

Their rosy lips unclose!

What wondrous play of mood and
accident

Through shifting days and years:

What fresh returns of vigor overspent
In feverish dreams and fears!

What wholesome air of conscience
and of thought

When doubts and forms oppress;

What vistas opening to the gates we
sought

Beyond the wilderness;

Beyond the narrow cells where self-
involved,

Like chrysalids, we wait

The unknown births, the mysteries
unsolved

Of death and change and fate!

O Light divine! we need no fuller
test

That all is ordered well;

We know enough to trust that all is
best

Where Love and Wisdom dwell.

MEMORIAL HALL.

AMID the elms that interlace
Round Harvard's grounds their
branches tall,

We greet no walls of statelier grace
Than thine, our proud Memorial
Hall!

Through arching boughs and roofs of
green

Whose dappled lights and shadows
lie

Along the turf and road, is seen

Thy noble form against the sky.

And miles away, on fields and
streams,
Or where the woods the hilltop
crown,
The monumental temple gleams,
A landmark to each neighboring
town.

Nor this alone; New England knows
A deeper meaning in the pride
Whose stately architecture shows
How Harvard's children fought
and died.

Therefore this hallowed pile recalls
The heroes, young and true and
brave,
Who gave their memories to these
walls,
Their lives to fill the soldier's
grave.

The farmer, as he drives his team
To market in the morn, afar
Beholds the golden sunrise gleam
Upon thee, like a glistening star.

And gazing, he remembers well
Why stands yon tower so fair and
tall.

His sons perhaps in battle fell;
For him, too, shines Memorial
Hall.

And sometimes as the student glides
Along the winding Charles, and sees
Across the flats thy glowing sides
Above the elms and willow-trees,

Upon his oar he'll turn and pause,
Remembering the heroic aims
Of those who linked their country's
cause
In deathless glory with their names.

And as against the moonlit sky
The shadowy mass looms overhead,
Well may we linger with a sigh
Beneath the tablets of the dead.

The snow-drifts on thy roof shall
wreath
Their crowns of virgin white for
them;

The whispering winds of summer
breathe
At morn and eve their requiem.

For them the Cambridge bells shall
chime
Across the noises of the town;
The cannon's peal recall their time
Of stern resolve and brief renown.

Concord and Lexington shall still,
Like deep to deep, to Harvard call;
The tall gray shaft on Bunker Hill
Speak greetings to Memorial Hall.

Oh, never may the land forget
Her loyal sons who died that we
Might live, remembering still our
debt,
The costly price of Liberty!

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath
taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

I IN THEE, AND THOU IN ME.

I AM but clay in thy hands, but Thou
art the all-loving artist.

Passive I lie in thy sight, yet in my
selfhood I strive
So to embody the life and the love
thou ever impartest,
That in my sphere of the finite, I
may be truly alive.

Knowing thou needest this form, as
I thy divine inspiration,
Knowing thou shapest the clay with
a vision and purpose divine,
So would I answer each touch of thy
hand in its loving creation,
That in my conscious life thy pow-
er and beauty may shine,

Reflecting the noble intent thou hast
in forming thy creatures;
Waking from sense into life of the
soul, and the image of thee;
Working with thee in thy work to
model humanity's features
Into the likeness of God, myself
from myself I would free.

One with all human existence, no
one above or below me;
Lit by thy wisdom and love, as
roses are steeped in the morn;
Growing from clay to a statue, from
statue to flesh, till thou know
me

Wrought into manhood celestial,
and in thine image re-born.

So in thy love will I trust, bringing
me sooner or later

Past the dark screen that divides
these shows of the finite from
thee.

Thine, thine only, this warm, dear
life, O loving Creator!
Thine the invisible future, born of
the present, must be.

SOFT, BROWN, SMILING EYES.

SOFT, brown, smiling eyes,
Looking back through years,
Smiling through the mist of time,
Filling mine with tears;
On this sunny morn,
While the grape-blooms swing
In the scented air of June,—
Why these memories bring?

Silky rippling curls,
Tresses long ago
Laid beneath the shaded sod
Where the violets blow;
Why across the blue
Of the peerless day
Do ye droop to meet my own,
Now all turned to gray?

Voice whose tender tones
Break in sudden mirth,
Heard far back in boyhood's spring,
Silent now on earth;
Why so sweet and clear,
While the bird and bee
Fill the balmy summer air,
Come your tones to me?

Sweet, ah, sweeter far
Than yon thrush's trill,
Sadder, sweeter than the wind,
Woods, or murmuring rill,
Spirit words and songs
O'er my senses creep.
Do I breathe the air of dreams?
Do I wake or sleep?

WHY?

WHY was I born, and where was I
Before this living mystery
That weeds the body to the soul?
What are the laws by whose control

I live and feel and think and know ?
 What the allegiance that I owe
 To tides beyond all time and space ?
 What form of faith must I embrace ?
 Why thwarted, starved, and over-
 borne

By fate,—an exile, driven forlorn
 By fitful winds, where each event
 Seems but the whirl of accident ?
 Why feel our wings so incomplete,
 Or, flying, but a plumed deceit,
 Renewing all our lives to us
 The fable old of Icarus ?

Tell me the meaning of the breath
 That whispers from the house of
 death.

That chills thought's metaphysic
 strife,

That dims the dream of After-life.
 Why, if we lived not ere our birth,
 Hope for a state beyond this earth ?
 Tell me the secret of the hope
 That gathers, as we upwards ope
 The skylights of the prisoned soul
 Unto the perfect and the whole;
 Yet why the loveliest things of earth
 Mock in their death their glorious
 birth.

Why, when the scarlet sunset floods
 The west beyond the hills and woods,
 Or June with roses crowds my porch,
 Or northern lights with crimson
 torch

Illume the snow and veil the stars
 With streaming bands and wavering
 bars,

Or music's sensuous, soul-like wine
 Intoxicates with trance divine,—
 Why then must sadness like a thief
 Steal my aromas of belief,
 And like a cloud that shuts the day
 At sunrise, turn my gold to gray ?

Tell me why instincts meant for good
 Turn to a madness of the blood;
 And, baffling all our morals nice,
 Nature seems nearly one with vice;
 What sin and misery mean, if blent
 With good in one divine intent.
 Why from such source must evil
 spring,
 And finite still mean suffering ?

Look on the millions born to blight;
 The souls that pine for warmth and
 light:

The crushed and stifled swarms that
 pack

The foul streets and the alleys black,
 The miserable lives that crawl
 Outside the grim partition wall

'Twixt rich and poor, 'twixt foul and
 fair,

'Twixt vaulting hope and lame de-
 spair.

On that wall's sunny side, within,
 Hang ripening fruits and tendrils
 green,

O'er garden-beds of bloom and spice,
 And perfume as of paradise.

There happy children run and talk
 Along the shade-flecked gravel-walk,
 And lovers sit in rosy bowers,
 And music overflows the hours,
 And wealth and health and mirth
 and books

Make pictures in Arcadian nooks.
 But on that wall's grim outer stones
 The fierce north-wind of winter
 groans;

Through blinding dust, o'er bleak
 highway,

The slant sun's melancholy ray
 Sees stagnant pool and poisonous
 weed,

The hearts that faint, the feet that
 bleed,

The grovelling aim, the flagging
 faith,

The starving curse, the drowning
 death!

O wise philosopher! you soothe
 Our troubles with a touch too
 smooth.

Too plausibly your reasonings come.
 They will not guide me to my home;
 They lead me on a little way
 Through meadows, groves, and gar-
 dens gay,

Until a wall shuts out my day.—
 A screen whose top is hid in clouds,
 Whose base is deep on dead men's
 shrouds.

Could I dive under pain and death,
 Or mount and breathe the whole
 heaven's breath,

I might begin to comprehend
How the Beginning joins the End.

We agonize in doubt, perplexed
O'er fate, free-will, and Bible-text.
In vain. The spirit finds no vent
From out the imprisoning tempera-
ment.

Therefore I bow my spirit to the
Power
That underflows and fills my little
hour.

I feel the eternal symphony afloat,
In which I am a breath, a passing
note.

I may be but a dull and jarring nerve
In the great body, yet some end I
serve.

Yea, though I dream and question
still the dream

Thus floating by me upon Being's
stream,

Some end I serve. Love reigns. I
cannot lose

The Primal Light, though thousand-
fold its hues.

I can believe that somewhere Truth
abides;

Not in the ebb and flow of those
small tides

That float the dogmas of our saints
and sects;

Not in a thousand tainted dialects,
But in the one pure language, could
we hear,

That fills with love and light the ser-
aphs' sphere.

I can believe there is a Central Good,
That burns and shines o'er tempera-
ment and mood;

That somewhere God will melt the
clouds away,

And his great purpose shine as
shines the day.

Then may we know why now we
could not know;

Why the great Isis-curtain drooped
so low;

Why we were blindfold on a path of
light;

Why came wild gleams and voices
through the night;

Why we seemed drifting, storm-tost,
without rest,

And were but rocking on a mother's
breast.

GEORGE CROLY.

EVENING.

WHEN eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye
flow!

Not softer on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset glow.

Then all, by chance or fate removed,
Like spirits crowd upon the eye;

The few we liked — the one we loved!
And the whole heart is memory.

And life is like a fading flower,
Its beauty dying as we gaze;

Yet as the shadows round us lour,
Heaven pours above a brighter
blaze.

When morning sheds its gorgeous
dye,

Our hope, our heart, to earth is
given;

But dark and lonely is the eye?
That turns not, at its eve, to heaven.

CUPID GROWN CAREFUL.

THERE was once a gentle time
When the world was in its prime;
And every day was holiday,
And every month was lovely May.
Cupid then had but to go
With his purple wings and bow:

And in blossomed vale and grove
 Every shepherd knelt to love.
 Then a rosy, dimpled cheek,
 And a blue eye, fond and meek;
 And a ringlet-wreathen brow,
 Like hyacinths on a bed of snow:
 And a low voice, silver sweet,
 From a lip without deceit;
 Only these the hearts could move
 Of the simple swains to love.

But that time is gone and past,
 Can the summer always last?
 And the swains are wiser grown,
 And the heart is turned to stone,

And the maiden's rose may wither;
 Cupid's fled, no man knows whither.
 But another Cupid's come,
 With a brow of care and gloom:
 Fixed upon the earthly mould,
 Thinking of the sullen gold;
 In his hand the bow no more,
 At his back the household store,
 That the bridal gold must buy:
 Useless now the smile and sigh;
 But he wears the pinion still,
 Flying at the sight of ill.

Oh, for the old true-love time,
 When the world was in its prime!

JOHN CROWNE.

WISHES FOR OBSCURITY.

How miserable a thing is a great
 man!
 Take noisy vexing greatness they
 that please;
 Give me obscure and safe and silent
 Acquaintance and commerce let me
 have none
 With any powerful thing but time
 alone:
 My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
 And creep by me as by a slumbering
 friend;

Oh, wretched he who, called abroad
 by power,
 To know himself can never find an
 hour!
 Strange to himself, but to all others
 known,
 Lends every one his life, but uses
 none;
 So, ere he tasted life, to death he
 goes,
 And himself loses ere himself he
 knows.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my
 Jeanie,
 By that pretty white hand o' thine,
 And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
 That thou wad aye be mine;
 And I hae sworn by my God, my
 Jeanie,
 And by that kind heart o' thine,
 By a' the stars sown thick owre
 heaven,
 That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad
 loose sic bands,
 An' the heart that wad part sic
 luv;
 But there's nae hand can loose my
 band,
 But the finger o' God abuve.
 Though the wee, wee cot maun be
 my bield,
 And my claiting e'er so mean,
 I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o'
 luv,
 Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me
Far safter than the down;
And luvie wad winnow owre us his
kind, kind wings,

An' sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my
luve,

Come here, and kneel wi' me!
The morn is fu' o' the presence o'
God,

An' I canna pray without thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the
beds o' new flowers,

The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-
yard dyke,

And a blithe auld bodie is he.
The beuk maun be taen when the
carle comes hame,

Wi' the holie psalmodie;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy
God,

And I will speak o' thee.

*SHE'S GANE TO DWELL IN
HEAVEN.*

SHE'S gane to dwell in heaven, my
lassie,

She's gane to dwell in heaven:
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwelling out o' heaven!

O, what'll she do in heaven, my las-
sie?

O, what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' an-
gels' sangs,

An' make them mair meet for
heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';

But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies.

A bonnier form ne'er went to the
yird,
Nor fra it will arisel

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie.
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me naught to covet ahin'
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my
lassie,

I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my
lassie,

I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow o'
heaven

Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my
lassie,

Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But game was the holy breath o' heav-
en,

To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine,
lassie,

There's naught but dust now mine;
My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'?

*A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING
SEA.*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,

And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,

Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on our lee.

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"

I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high,—

The white waves heaving high, my
lads,

The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A BIRD sang sweet and strong
 In the top of the highest tree;
 He sang, — "I pour out my soul in
 song
 For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
 Another bird sang, — "I pour
 My soul on the solemn solitude
 For the springs that return no
 more."

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

SING again the song you sung,
 When we were together young —
 When there were but you and I
 Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er
 Though I know that nevermore
 Will it seem the song you sung
 When we were together young.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

OH, listen to the howling sea,
 That beats on the remorseless shore;
 Oh, listen, for that sound shall be,
 When our wild hearts shall beat no
 more.

Oh, listen well, and listen long!
 For, sitting folded close to me,
 You could not hear a sweeter song
 Than that hoarse murmur of the
 sea.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

*THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S
GRAVE.*

HUSBAND and wife! no converse now
 ye hold,
 As once ye did in your young days of
 love,
 On its alarms, its anxious hours, de-
 lays,
 Its silent meditations and glad hopes,
 Its fears, impatience, quiet sympa-
 thies;
 Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and
 bliss
 Full, certain, and possessed. Domes-
 tic cares
 Call you not now together. Earnest
 talk
 On what your children may be, moves
 you not.
 Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence;
 Not like to that in which ye rested
 once
 Most happy, — a sentence eloquent, when
 heart

With heart held speech, and your
 mysterious frames,
 Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat,
 Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep,
 Insensible, unheeding, folds you
 round,
 And darkness, as a stone, has sealed
 you in;
 Away from all the living, here ye rest,
 In all the nearness of the narrow
 tomb,
 Yet feel ye not each other's presence
 now; —
 Dread fellowship! — together, yet
 alone.

Why is it that I linger round this
 tomb?
 What holds it? Dust that cumbered
 those I mourn.
 They shook it off, and laid aside
 earth's robes,

And put on those of light. They're
gone to dwell
In love, — their God's and angels'!
Mutual love,
That bound them here, no longer
needs a speech
For full communion; nor sensations,
strong,
Within the breast, their prison, strive
in vain
To be set free, and meet their kind
in joy.
Changed to celestials, thoughts that
rise in each
By natures' crew, impart themselves,
though silent.
Each quickening sense, each throb
of holy love,
Affections sanctified, and the full
glow
Of being, which expand and gladden
By union all mysterious, thrill and
live
In both immortal frames; — sensa-
tion all,
And thought, pervading, mingling
sense and thought!
Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a con-
sciousness
Twofold, yet single, — this is love,
this life!

THE SOUL.

COME, brother, turn with me from
pining thought
And all the inward ills that sin has
wrought;
Come, send abroad a love for all who
live,
And feel the deep content in turn
they give.
Kind wishes and good deeds, — they
make not poor;
They'll home again, full laden, to thy
door;
The streams of love flow back where
they begin,
For springs of outward joys lie deep
within.
Even let them flow, and make the
places glad

Where dwell thy fellow-men. —
Shouldst thou be sad,
And earth seem bare, and hours, once
happy, press
Upon thy thoughts, and make thy
loneliness
More lonely for the past, thou then
shalt hear
The music of those waters running
near;
And thy faint spirit drink the cooling
stream,
And thine eye gladden with the play-
ing beam
That now upon the water dances, now
Leaps up and dances in the hanging
bough.
Is it not lovely? Tell me, where
doth dwell
The power that wrought so beautiful
a spell?
In thine own bosom, brother? Then
as thine
Guard with a reverent fear this power
divine.
And if, indeed, 'tis not the out-
ward state,
But temper of the soul by which we
rate
Sadness or joy, even let thy bosom
move
With noble thoughts and wake thee
into love;
And let each feeling in thy breast be
given
An honest aim, which, sanctified by
Heaven,
And springing into act, new life im-
parts,
Till beats thy frame as with a thou-
sand hearts.
Sin clouds the mind's clear vision
from its birth.
Around the self-starved soul has
spread a dearth.
The earth is full of life; the living
Hand
Touched it with life; and all its forms
expand
With principles of being made to suit
Man's varied powers and raise him
from the brute.
And shall the earth of higher ends be
full, —

Earth which thou tread'st, — and thy poor mind be dull ?	Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance;
Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep ?	Give thy soul air, thy faculties ex- pand;
Thou "living dead man," let thy spirit leap	Love, joy, even sorrow, — yield thy- self to all !
Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow	They make thy freedom, groveller, not thy thrall.
Through thy soul's shut-up mansion. Wouldst thou know	Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
Something of what is life, shake off this death;	To dust and sense, and set at large the mind !
Have thy soul feel the universal With which all nature's quick, and learn to be	Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or	And be like man at first, a <i>living soul.</i>

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

I'm far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles, For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles; I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see The shining gates o' heaven, an' mine ain countree.	His bluid has made me white, his hand shall dry mine e'e, When he brings me hame at last, to my ain countree.
The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony- tinted, fresh, an' gay, The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae; But these sights and these soun's will as naething be to me, When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.	Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest, I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast: For he gathers in his bosom, witless, worthless lambs like me, An' carries them himsel' to his ain countree.
I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day, the King To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring: Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' owre, we shall see The King in his beauty in our ain countree.	He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again, He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken; But he bids me still to wait, and ready aye to be To gang at any moment to my ain countree.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sor- rows hae been sair, But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;	So I'm watching aye an' singin' o' my hame as I wait, For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the shining gate; God gie his grace to ilk ane wha lis- tens noo to me, That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

MISSPENT TIME.

THERE is no remedy for time mis-
 spent;
 No healing for the waste of idleness,
 Whose very languor is a punish-
 ment
 Heavier than active souls can feel or
 guess.
 O hours of indolence and discontent,
 Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not
 less
 Because I know this span of life was
 lent
 For lofty duties, not for selfishness, —
 Not to be whiled away in aimless
 dreams,
 But to improve ourselves, and serve
 mankind,
 Life and its choicest faculties were
 given.
 Man should be ever better than he
 seems,
 And shape his acts, and discipline
 his mind,
 To walk adorning earth, with hope
 of heaven.

COLUMBUS.

HE was a man whom danger could
 not daunt,
 Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain sub-
 A stoic, reckless of the world's vain
 taunt,
 And steeled the path of honor to pur-
 sue;
 So, when by all deserted, still he
 knew
 How best, to soothe the heart-sick,
 or confront
 Sedition, schooled with equal eye to
 view
 The frowns of grief, and the base
 pangs of want.
 But when he saw that promised land
 arise
 In all its rare and bright varieties,
 Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;
 Then softening nature melted in his
 eyes;
 He knew his fame was full, and
 blessed his God;
 And fell upon his face, and kissed
 the virgin sod!

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

[From The Poetic Faculty.]

POWER OF POESY.

My grief or mirth
 Attunes the earth,
 I harmonize the world!
 Remotest times
 And unfriendly climes
 In my song lie clasped and curled!
 When an arm too strong
 Does the poor man wrong
 I shout, and he bursts his chain:
 But at my command
 He drops the brand;
 And I sing as he flings the grain.
 The loved draw near,
 The lost appear;

I sweeten the mourner's sigh:
 At my vesper lay
 The gates of day
 Close back with harmony.
 No plains I reap,
 I fold no sheep
 Yet my home is on every shore:
 My fancies I wing
 With the plumes of spring,
 And voyage the round earth o'er.
 In the fight I wield
 Nor sword nor shield,
 But my voice like a lance makes way:
 No crown I bear,
 But the heads that wear
 Earth's crowns, my word obey.
 Through an age's night
 I fling the light

Of my brow — An Argo soon
From her pine-wood leaps
On the untracked deeps;
And the dark becomes as noon.

THE ANGELS KISS HER.

THE angels kiss her while she sleeps,
And leave their freshness on her
breath:
Star after star, descending, peeps
Along her loose hair, dark as death,
From his low nest the night-wind
creeps,
And o'er her bosom wandereth.

'Tis morning: in their pure embrace
The airs of dawn their playmate
greet:
Dusk fields expect their wonted grace,
Those silken touches of swift feet:
With songs the birds salute her face;
And Silence doth her voice entreat!

*BENDING BETWEEN ME AND THE
TAPER.*

BENDING between me and the taper
While o'er the harp her white hands
strayed,
The shadows of her waving tresses
Above my hand were gently swayed.

With every graceful movement wav-
ing,

I marked their undulating swell:
I watched them while they met and
parted,

Curled close or widened, rose or fell.

I laughed in triumph and in pleasure.
So strange the sport, so undesigned!
Her mother turned, and asked me
gravely,

"What thought was passing through
my mind?"

'Tis Love that blinds the eyes of
mothers!

'Tis Love that makes the young
maids fair!

She touched my hand; my rings she
counted —
Yet never felt the shadows there!

Keep, gamesome Love, beloved in-
fant!

Keep ever thus all mothers blind:
And make thy dedicated virgins
In substance as in shadow kind!

HAPPY ARE THEY.

HAPPY are they who kiss thee, morn
and even,
Parting the hair upon thy forehead
white:

For them the sky is bluer and more
bright,

And purer their thanksgivings rise to
Heaven.

Happy are they to whom thy songs
are given;

Happy are they on whom thy hands
alight:

And happiest they for whom thy
prayers at night

In tender piety so oft have striven.
Away with vain regrets and selfish
sighs —

Even I, dear friend, am lonely, not
unblest;

Permitted sometimes on that form to
gaze,

Or feel the light of those consoling
eyes —

If but a moment on my cheek it
stays

I know that gentle beam from all the
rest!

AFFLICTION.

COUNT each affliction, whether light
or grave,

God's messenger sent down to thee.
Do thou

With courtesy receive him: rise and
bow:

And, ere his shadow pass thy thresh-
old, crave

Permission first his heavenly feet to
lave.
Then lay before him all thou hast.
Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy
brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief
should be
• Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, mak-
ing free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to
commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts,
thoughts lasting to the end.

BEATITUDE.

BLESSED is he who hath not trod the
ways
Of secular delights; nor learned the
lore
Which loftier minds are studious to
abhor.
Blessed is he who hath not sought the
praise
That perishes, the rapture that be-
trays:
Who hath not spent in Time's vain-
glorious war
His youth: and found, a school-boy
at fourscore,
How fatal are those victories which
raise
Their iron trophies to a temple's
height
On trampled Justice: who desires not
bliss,
But peace; and yet when summoned
to the fight,
Combats as one who combats in the
sight
Of God and of His angels, seeking
this
Alone, how best to glorify the Right.

THE MOOD OF EXALTATION.

WHAT man can hear sweet sounds
and dread to die?
O for a music that might last forever!

Abounding from its sources like a
river
Which through the dim lawns streams
eternally!
Virtue might then uplift her crest on
high,
Spurning those myriad bonds that
fret and grieve her:
Then all the powers of hell would
quake and quiver
Before the ardors of her awful eye.
Alas for man with all his high de-
sires,
And inward promptings fading day
by day!
High-titled honor pants while it ex-
pires,
And clay-born glory turns again to
clay.
Low instincts last: our great resolves
pass by
Like winds whose loftiest pæan ends
but in a sigh.

ALL THINGS SWEET WHEN PRIZED.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very
feet:
Sad is our life, for onward it is flow-
ing
In current unperceived, because so
fleet:
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet
in sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped
the wheat:
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet
in blowing—
And still, oh still, their dying breath
is sweet.
And sweet is youth, although it hath
bereft us
Of that which made our childhood
sweeter still:
And sweet is middle life, for it hath
left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill:
And sweet are all things, when we
learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants
them or denies them!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I
ween.

In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the
stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years
have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealths on, though he wears
no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he
clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!

And slyly he tralleth along the
ground,

And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs
around

The rich mould of dead men's
graves.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works
decayed,

And nations scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;

For the stateliest building man can
raise

Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping where no life is seen,

A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all
ended,

And the school for the day is dis-
missed,

The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encir-
cle

My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heav-
en,

Shedding sunshine of love on my
face!

And when they are gone I sit dream-
ing

Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the
past,

Ere the world and its wickedness
made me

A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a
woman's,

And the fountains of feeling will
flow,

When I think of the paths steep and
stony,

Where the feet of the dear ones
must go;

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er
them,

Of the tempest of Fate blowing
wild;

Oh! there's nothing on earth half so
holy

As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of house-
holds,

They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tres-
ses,

His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from
heaven —

They have made me more manly
and mild;

And I know now how Jesus could
liken

The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough
shadow

To temper the glare of the sun

I would pray God to guard them
from evil,

But my prayer would bound back
to myself;

Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,

I have banished the rule and the
rod;

I have taught them the goodness of
knowledge,

They have taught me the goodness
of God;

My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a
rule:

My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the au-
tumn,

To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear
ones,

That meet me each morn at the
door!

I shall miss the "good-nights" and
kisses, [glee,

And the gush of their innocent
The group on the green, and the
flowers

That are brought every morning
for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the
street;

I shall miss the low hum of their
voices,

And the tread of their delicate feet.

When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says "The school is dis-
missed!"

May the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night" and be
kissed!

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the
sweetest things,

If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest
springs

In our upward way;

We should love with a lifetime's love
in an hour,

If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but
for fresher power

To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or
wearied wills

By the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the
heavenly hills,

If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the
discontent

Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever a good
God sent,

With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in
 weak regret,
 If the day were but one;
 If what we remember and what we
 forget
 Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous
 selves set free,
 To work or to pray,
 And to be what the Father would
 have us be,
 If we had but a day.

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL.

AMERICA.

Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us!
 O ye
 Who north or south, on east or west-
 ern lands,
 Native to noble sounds, say truth for
 truth,
 Freedom for freedom, love for love,
 and God
 For God. O ye, who in eternal
 youth
 Speak with a living and creative flood
 This universal English, and do stand
 Its breathing book; live worthy of
 that grand
 Heroic utterance, — parted, yet a
 whole,
 Far, yet unsevered, — children brave
 and free
 Of the great mother-tongue, and ye
 shall be
 Lords of an empire wide as Shakes-
 peare's soul,
 Sublime as Milton's immemorial
 theme,
 And rich as Chaucer's speech, and
 fair as Spenser's dream.

HOME, WOUNDED.

Stay wherever you will,
 By the mount or under the hill,
 Or down by the little river:
 Stay as long as you please,
 Give me only a bud from the trees,
 Or a blade of grass in morning dew,
 Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,
 I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,
 Wheel, wheel through the shadow;
 There must be odors round the pine,
 There must be balm of breathing
 kine,
 Somewhere down in the meadow.
 Must I choose? Then anchor me
 there
 Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
 The larch is snooding her flowery
 hair
 With wreaths of morning shadow.
 Among the thickest hazels of the
 brake
 Perchance some nightingale doth
 shake [song;
 His feathers, and the air is full of
 In those old days when I was young
 and strong,
 He used to sing on yonder garden tree,
 Beside the nursery.

Along my life my length I lay,
 I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
 I am warm with the suns that have
 long since set,
 I am warm with the summers that are
 not yet.
 And like one who dreams and dozes
 Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
 Two worlds are whispering over me,
 And there blows a wind of roses
 From the backward shore to the shore
 before,
 From the shore before to the back-
 ward shore,
 And like two clouds that meet and pour
 Each through each, till core in core
 A single self reposes,
 The nevermore with the evermore
 Above me mingles and closes.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's
lèvee,

He had played for her ladyship's
whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would
swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and
bright,
And they said,—too late,—“He is
weary!

He shall rest for at least to-night!”

But at dawn, when the birds were
waking,

As they watched in the silent
room,
With the sound of a strained cord
breaking,

A something snapped in the gloom.

’Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:
“Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!” was the last that he
said.

THE PRODIGALS.

“PRINCES!—and you, most valorous
Nobles and barons of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,
Prodigals driven of destinies!

Nothing we ask of gold or fees;
Harry us not with the hounds, we
pray;

Lo! for the surcote's hem we seize,
Give us, ah! give us,—but yester-
day!

“Dames most delicate, amorous!
Damosels blithe as the belted bees!
Beggars are we that pray thee thus,
Beggars outworn of miseries!

Nothing we ask of the things that
please;

Weary are we, and old, and gray:

Lo,—for we clutch and we clasp
your knees,—
Give us, ah! give us,—but yesterday!

“Damosels, dames, be piteous!”
(But the dames rode fast by the
roadway trees.)

“Hear us, O knights magnanimous!”
(But the knights pricked on in
their panoplies.)

Nothing they gat of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast, and
say,—

“Life we drank to the dregs and
lees;
Give us, ah! give us,—but yester-
day!”

ENVOY.

Youth, take heed to the prayer of
these!

Many there be by the dusty way,—
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
“Give us, ah! give us,—but yester-
day!”

“FAREWELL, RENOWN!”

FAREWELL, Renown! Too fleeting
flower,

That grows a year to last an hour:—
Prize of the race's dust and heat,
Too often trodden under feet,—
Why should I court your “barren
dower”?

Nay; had I Dryden's angry power.—
The thews of Ben,—the wind of
Gower,—

Not less my voice should still repeat
“Farewell, Renown!”

Farewell!—Because the Muses' bower
Is filled with rival brows that lower:—
Because, how'er his pipe be sweet,
The Bard, that “pays,” must please
the street;—

But most . . . because the grapes are
sour,—

Farewell, Renown!

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE HUMAN TIE.

"As if life were not sacred, too."
GEORGE ELIOT.

"SPEAK tenderly! For he is dead,"
we say;

"With gracious hand smooth all
his roughened past,
And fullest measure of reward
forecast,

Forgetting naught that gloried his
brief day."

Yet of the brother, who, along our
way,

Prone with his burdens, heart-
worn in the strife,

Totters before us — how we search
his life,

Censure, and sternly punish, while
we may.

Oh, weary are the paths of Earth,
and hard!

And living hearts alone are ours to
guard.

At least, begrudge not to the sore dis-
traught

The reverent silence of our pitying
thought.

Life, too, is sacred; and he best for-
gives

Who says: "He errs, but — tenderly!
He lives."

MY WINDOW-IVY.

OVER my window the ivy climbs,
Its roots are in homely jars:

But all the day it looks at the sun,
And at night looks out at the stars.

The dust of the room may dim its
green.

But I call to the breezy air:
"Come in, come in, good friend of
mine!

And make my window fair."

So the ivy thrives from morn to morn.
Its leaves all turned to the light;

And it gladdens my soul with its
tender green,
And teaches me day and night.

What though my lot is in lowly place,
And my spirit behind the bars;
All the long day I may look at the
sun,
And at night look out at the stars.

What though the dust of earth would
dim?

There's a glorious outer air
That will sweep through my soul if I
let it in,
And make it fresh and fair.

Dear God! let me grow from day to
day,

Clinging and sunny and bright!
Though planted in shade, Thy win-
dow is near,
And my leaves may turn to the
light.

DEATH IN LIFE.

SHE sitteth there a mourner,
With her dead before her eyes;
Flushed with the hues of life is he
And quick are his replies.
Often his warm hand touches hers;
Brightly his glances fall;
And yet, in this wide world, is she
The loneliest of all.

Some mourners feel their dead return
In dreams, or thoughts at even;
Ah, well for them their best-beloved
Are faithful still in heaven!
But woe to her whose best beloved,
Though dead, still lingers near;
So far away when by her side,
He cannot see nor hear.

With heart intent, he comes, he goes
In busy ways of life.
His gains and chances counteth he;
His hours with joy are rife.

Careless he greets her day by day,
Nor thinks of words once said, —
Oh, would that love could live again,
Or her heart give up its dead!

HEART-ORACLES.

By the motes do we know where the
sunbeam is slanting;
Through the hindering stones,
speaks the soul of the brook;
Past the rustle of leaves we press
into the stillness;
Through darkness and void to the
Pleiads we look;
One bird-note at dawn with the night-
silence o'er us,
Begins all the morning's munificent
chorus.

Through sorrow come glimpses of
infinite gladness;
Through grand discontent mounts
the spirit of youth;
Loneliness foldeth a wonderful lov-
ing;
The breakers of Doubt lead the
great tide of Truth:
And dread and grief-haunted the
shadowy portal
That shuts from our vision the splen-
dor immortal.

THE CHILD AND THE SEA.

ONE summer day, when birds flew
high,
I saw a child step into the sea;
It glowed and sparkled at her touch
And softly plashed about her
knee.
It held her lightly with its strength,
It kissed and kissed her silken hair;
It swayed with tenderness to know
A little child was in its care.
She, gleeful, dipped her pretty arms,
And caught the sparkles in her
hands;
I heard her laughter, as she soon
Came skipping up the sunny sands.

"Is this the cruel sea?" I thought,
"The merciless, the awful sea?" —
Now hear the answer soft and true,
That rippled over the beach to me:

"Shall not the sea, in the sun, be
glad
When a child doth come to play?
Had it been in the storm-time, what
could I,
The sea, but bear her away —
Bear her away on my foaming crest,
Toss her and hurry her to her rest?"

"Be it life or death, God ruleth me;
And he loveth every soul;
I've an earthly shore and a heavenly
shore,
And toward them both I roll;
Shining and beautiful, both are
they, —
And a little child will go God's
way."

THE STARS.

THEY wait all day unseen by us, un-
felt;
Patient they bide behind the day's
full glare;
And we who watched the dawn
when they were there,
Thought we had seen them in the
daylight melt,
While the slow sun upon the earth-
line knelt.
Because the teeming sky seemed
void and bare,
When we explored it through the
dazzled air,
We had no thought that there all
day they dwelt.
Yet were they over us, alive and true.
In the vast shades far up above the
blue, —
The brooding shades beyond our
daylight ken —
Serene and patient in their con-
scious light
Ready to sparkle for our joy again, —
The eternal jewels of the short-
lived night.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

MARION showed me her wedding
gown

And her veil of gossamer lace to-
night,

And the orange-blooms that to-mor-
row morn

Shall fade in her soft hair's golden
light.

But Philip came to the open door:

Like the heart of a wild-rose
glowed her cheek,

And they wandered off through the
garden paths

So blest that they did not care to
speak.

I wonder how it seems to be loved:

To know you are fair in some
one's eyes;

That upon some one your beauty
dawns

Every day as a new surprise;

To know, that, whether you weep or
smile,

Whether your mood be grave or
gay,

Somebody thinks you, all the while,
Sweeter than any flower of May.

I wonder what it would be to love:

That, I think, would be sweeter
far,

To know that one out of all the world
Was lord of your life, your king,
your star.

They talk of love's sweet tumult and
pain:

I am not sure that I understand,

Though,—a thrill ran down to my
finger-tips

Once when,—somebody,—touched
my hand!

I wonder what it would be to dream

Of a child that might one day be
your own; [part,

Of the hidden springs of your life a
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of
your bone.

Marion stooped one day to kiss

A beggar's babe with a tender
grace;

While some sweet thought, like a
prophecy,

Looked from her pure Madonna
face.

I wonder what it must be to think

To-morrow will be your wedding-
day,

And you, in the radiant sunset glow

Down fragrant flowery paths will
stray,

As Marion does this blessed night,

With Philip, lost in a blissful
dream.

Can she feel his heart through the
silence beat?

Does he see her eyes in the star-
light gleam?

Questioning thus, my days go on;

But never an answer comes to me:

All love's mysteries, sweet as strange,

Sealed away from my life must be.

Yet still I dream, O heart of mine!

Of a beautiful city that lies afar;

And there, some time, I shall drop
the mask,

And be shapely and fair as others
are.

AT THE LAST.

WILL the day ever come, I wonder,

When I shall be glad to know

That my hands will be folded under

The next white fall of the snow?

To know that when next the clover

Wooeth the wandering bee,

Its crimson tide will drift over

All that is left of me?

Shall I ever be tired of living,

And be glad to go to my rest,

With a cool and fragrant lily

Asleep on my silent breast?

Will my eyes grow weary of seeing,
As the hours pass, one by one,
Till I long for the hush and the dark-
ness

As I never longed for the sun ?

God knoweth! Some time, it may be,
I shall smile to hear you say:
"Dear heart! she will not waken
At the dawn of another day!"
And some time, love, it may be,
I shall whisper under my breath:
"The happiest hour of my life, dear,
Is this,—the hour of my death!"

WHAT NEED?

"WHAT need has the singer to sing?
And why should your poet to-day
His pale little garland of poesy bring,
On the altar to lay?
High-priests of song the harp-strings
swept
Ages before he smiled or wept!"

What need have the roses to bloom?
And why do the tall lilies grow?
And why do the violets shed their
perfume

When night-winds breathe low?
They are no whit more bright and
fair |air!
Than flowers that breathed in Eden's

What need have the stars to shine
on?

Or the clouds to grow red in the
west,

When the sun, like a king, from the
fields he has won,

Goes grandly to rest?
No brighter they than stars and skies
That greeted Eve's sweet, wonder-
ing eyes!

What need has the eagle to soar
So proudly straight up to the sun?
Or the robin such jubilant music to
pour

When day is begun?
The eagles soared, the robins sung,
As high, as sweet, when earth was
young!

What need, do you ask me? Each
day

Hath a song and a prayer of its
own,

As each June hath its crown of fresh
roses, each May

Its bright emerald throne!

Its own high thought each age shall
stir,

Each needs its own interpreter!

And thou, O, my poet, sing on!
Sing on until love shall grow old;

Till patience and faith their last tri-
umphs have won,

And truth is a tale that is told!
Doubt not, thy song shall still be new
While life endures and God is true!

PERADVENTURE.

I AM thinking to-night of the little
child

That lay on my breast three sum-
mer days,

Then swiftly, silently, dropped from
sight,

While my soul cried out in sore
amaze.

It is fifteen years ago to-night;
Somewhere, I know, he has lived

them through,

Perhaps with never a thought or
dream |knew!

Of the mother-heart he never

Is he yet but a babe? or has he grown
To be like his brothers, fair and
tall,

With a clear bright eye, and a spring-
ing step,

And a voice that rings like a bugle
call?

I loved him. The rose in his waxen
hand

Was wet with the dew of my fall-
ing tears;

I have kept the thought of my baby's
grave

Through all the length of these
changeable years.

Yet the love I gave him was not like
that

I give to-day to my other boys,
Who have grown beside me, and
turned to me
In all their griefs and in all their
joys.

Do you think he knows it? I wonder
much

If the dead are passionless, cold
and dumb;
If into the calm of the deathless
years
No thrill of a human love may
come!

Perhaps sometimes from the upper
air

He has seen me walk with his
brothers three;
Or felt in the tender twilight hour
The breath of the kisses they gave
to me!

Over his birthright, lost so soon,
Perhaps he has sighed as the swift
years flew;
O child of my heart! you shall find
somewhere
The love that on earth you never
knew!

THOU KNOWEST.

Thou knowest, O my Father! Why
should I

Wear high heaven with restless
prayers and tears!
Thou knowest all! My heart's un-
uttered cry
Hath soared beyond the stars and
reached Thine ears.

Thou knowest,—ah, Thou knowest!
Then what need,

O, loving God, to tell Thee o'er
and o'er,
And with persistent iteration plead
As one who crieth at some closed
door?

"Tease not!" we mothers to our
children say,—

"Our wiser love will grant whate'er
is best."

Shall we, Thy children, run to Thee
always,
Begging for this and that in wild
unrest?

I dare not clamor at the heavenly
gate,

Lest I should lose the high, sweet
strains within;

O, Love Divine! I can but stand and
wait
Till Perfect Wisdom bids me en-
ter in!

FIVE.

"But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.

"One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven!—

Seven whole days! Why, in six you
know

(You said it yourself,—you told me
so)

The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and

skies,
The trees and the birds and the but-
terflies!

How can I wait for my seeds to
grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he
said,

With a droop of his boyish head.
"Hear me count,—one, two, three,
four,—

Four whole weeks, and three days
more;

Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder

steep.
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky!

How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.

"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hill with footsteps slow,—
Autumn and winter, summer and
spring:

Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting,— my love, my
bride!"

"Ten years may be long," he said,
Slow raising his stately head,
"But there's much to win, there is
much to lose;

A man must labor, a man must
choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who
would wear
The crown of honor, must do and
dare!

No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high
estate!"

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven!

Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! as swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning
light,

Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night,—
How long, O God! is eternity?"

AT DAWN.

At dawn when the jubilant morning
broke,

And its glory flooded the mountain
side,

I said, "'Tis eleven years to-day,
Eleven years since my darling
died!"

And then I turned to my household
ways.

To my daily tasks, without, within,
As happily busy all the day
As if my darling had never been!

As if she had never lived, or died!
Yet when they buried her out of
my sight,

I thought the sun had gone down at
noon,
And the day could never again be
bright.

Ah, well! As the swift years come
and go,

It will not be long ere I shall lie
Somewhere under a bit of turf,
With my pale hands folded quietly.

And then some one who has loved
me well,—

Perhaps the one who has loved me
best,—

Will say of me as I said of her,
"She has been just so many years
at rest,"—

Then turn to the living loves again,
To the busy life, without, within,
And the day will go on from dawn to
dusk,

Even as if I had never been!

Dear hearts! dear hearts! It must
still be so!

The roses will bloom, and the stars
will shine,
And the soft green grass creep still
and slow,

Sometime over a grave of mine,—

And over the grave in your hearts as
well!

Ye cannot hinder it if ye would;
And I,—ah! I shall be wiser then,—
I would not hinder it if I could!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain
height

Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning
light;

Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the
storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of
heaven;

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming
on;

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,

And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the
glance;

And when the cannon-mouthings
loud

Heave in wild wreaths the battle-
shroud,

And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's
pall;

Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink be-
neath

Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave

Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied
sail,

And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broad-side's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and
thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and
home,

By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in
heaven.

For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls
before us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our
feet,

And Freedom's banner streaming
o'er us?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE PARTING.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us
 kiss and part;
 Nay, I have done, you get no more
 of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my
 heart
 That thus so cleanly I myself can
 free;
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our
 vows;
 And when we meet at any time
 again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows

That we one jot of former love re-
 tain.—
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest
 breath,
 When his pulse failing, Passion
 speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of
 death,
 And Innocence is closing up his
 eyes,
 Now if thou wouldst, when all have
 given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him
 yet recover.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

DESPITE ALL.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon
 decays;
 And what by mortals in this world is
 brought,
 In time's great periods shall return
 to nought;
 That fairest states have fatal nights
 and days.
 I know that all the Muses' heavenly
 lays,
 With toil of sprite which are so dear-
 ly bought,
 As idle sounds, of few or none are
 sought;
 That there is nothing lighter than
 vain praise.
 I know frail beauty's like the purple
 flower
 To which one morn oft birth and
 death affords;
 That love a jarring is of mind's
 accords,
 Where sense and will bring under
 reason's power:
 Know what I list, this all cannot me
 move,
 But that, alas! I both must write and

WHAT WE TOIL FOR.

OF mortal glory O soon darkened
 ray!
 O winged joys of man, more swift
 than wind!
 O fond desires, which in our fancies
 stray!
 O traitorous hopes, which do our
 judgments blind!
 Lo, in a flash that light is gone away
 Which dazzle did each eye, delight
 each mind.
 And, with that sun from whence it
 came combined,
 Now makes more radiant Heaven's
 eternal day.
 Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks
 with tears;
 Let widowed Music only roar and
 groan;
 Poor Virtue, get thee wings and
 mount the spheres,
 For dwelling-place on earth for thee
 is none!
 Death hath thy temple razed, Love's
 empire foiled,
 The world of honor, worth, and
 sweetness spoiled.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His vallant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)
 The lovely Thais by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high,
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed:
 And while he sought her snowy breast:
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity! they shout around:
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus — ever fair and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face;
 Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings' are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius, great and good;
 By too severe a fate.
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee.
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious on the plain:
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods
 The princes applaud with a furious joy:
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

CHORUS,

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began:
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 "Arise, ye more than dead."
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony.
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the corded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins complain
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair disdainful dame.
 But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blessed above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN
 MILTON.

[Prefixed to "Paradise Lost."]

THREE poets in three distant ages
 born,
 Greece, Italy, and England, did
 adorn,
 The first in loftiness of thought sur-
 passed;
 The next in majesty; in both the
 last,
 The force of nature could no further
 go;
 To make a third, she joined the
 former two.

[From *Religio Laici*.]

THE LIGHT OF REASON.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon
 and stars
 To lonely, weary, wandering travel-
 lers,
 Is reason to the soul: and as on high,
 Those rolling fires discover but the
 sky,
 Not light us here; so Reason's glim-
 mering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful
 way,

But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as these nightly tapers disappear,
 When day's bright lord ascends our
 hemisphere;
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's
 sight;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat-
 ural light.

[From *Religio Laici*.]

THE BIBLE.

IF on the book itself we cast our
 view,
 Concurrent heathens prove the story
 true;
 The doctrine, miracles; which must
 convince,
 For Heaven in them appeals to hu-
 man sense: .
 And though they prove not, they con-
 firm the cause,
 When what is taught agrees with na-
 ture's laws.
 Then for the style, majestic and
 divine,
 It speaks no less than God in every
 line:
 Commanding words, whose force is
 still the same
 As the first fiat that produced our
 frame.

All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend,
Or sense indulged has made mankind their friend;
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppressed without, and undermined within,
It thrives through pain; its own tormentors tles;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can Reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine?
Which in that sacred volume are contained;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordained.

[From *Religio Laici*.]

JUDGMENT IN STUDYING IT.

THE unlettered Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait-gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature formed, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page: and see
Which doctrine, this or that, doth best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine;
And plainliest points to Heaven's revealed design:
Which exposition flows from genuine sense;
And which is forced by wit and eloquence.

[From *Religio Laici*.]

THE AVOIDANCE OF RELIGIOUS DISPUTES.

A THOUSAND daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perished race supply;
So all we make of Heaven's discovered will.
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same; on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.
What then remains, but, waiving each extreme,
The tide of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego,
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain:
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say:
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven, than all the Church before:
Nor can we be deceived, unless we see [gree.
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will;)
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb, [disurb.
Than by disputes the public peace

For points obscure are of small use
to learn;
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

[From *Eleonora*.]

A WIFE.

A WIFE as tender, and as true
withal,
As the first woman was before her
fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was
a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep
his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime ac-
cursed;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the
first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had
been,
And death had found no entrance by
her sin.
So she not only had preserved from ill
Her sex and ours, but lived their pat-
tern still.

[From *Eleonora*.]

CHARITY.

WANT passed for merit at her open
door:
Heaven saw, he safely might increase
his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her
so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom she saw
or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she
drew.
He, who could touch her garment, was
as sure,
As the first Christians of the apostles'
cure.
The distant heard, by fame, her pious
deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest
needs;

A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refused, all hoped
to find,
Each in his turn, the rich might
freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas
home.
As to some holy house the afflicted
came,
The hunger-starved, the naked and
the lame;
Want and disease both fled before
her name,
For zeal like hers her servants were
too slow;
She was the first, where need required,
to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant
too.

[From *Eleonora*.]

BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

As precious gums are not for last-
ing fire.
They but perfume the temple, and
expire:
So was she soon exhaled and van-
ished hence;
A short sweet odor of a vast expense.
She vanished, we can scarcely say
she died:
For but a now did heaven and earth
divide:
She passed serenely with a single
breath;
This moment perfect health, the next
was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls
are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts
pursue;
Or, one dream passed, we slide into a
new;
So close they follow, such wild order
keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are
asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and she
was there.

No pains she suffered, nor expired
with noise;
Her soul was whispered out with
God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckoned to a
feast,
And treated like a long-familiar
guest.
He took her as he found, but found
her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim pre-
pared;
As early notice she from heaven had
heard;
And some descending courier from
above [move;
Had given her timely warning to re-
Or counselled her to dress the nuptial
room.
For on that night the bridegroom was
to come,
He kept his hour, and found her
where she lay
Clothed all in white, the livery of the
day;
Scarce had she sinned in thought, or
word, or act;
Unless omisions were to pass for
fact:
That hardly death a consequence
could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And, that she died, we only have to
show
The mortal part of her she left be-
low:
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she
went,
Looked like translation through the
firmament.

[From *The Character of a Good Parson.*]

THE MODEL PREACHER,

YET of his little he had some to
spare,
To feed the famished and to clothe
the bare:
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not
see.

True priests, he said, and preachers
of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign
Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public
store:
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.

The proud he tamed, the penitent
he cheered;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender
feared;
His preaching much, but more his
practice wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he
taught);
For this by rules severe his life he
squared,
That all might see the doctrines
which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for
the rest;
(The gold of heaven, who bear the
God impressed);
But when the precious coin is kept
unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer
seen.
If they be foul on which the people
trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a
rust.

[From *Absalom and Achitophel.*]

THE WIT.

A FIERY soul, which, working out its
way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of
clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the
waves went high
He sought the storms; but, for a calm
unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to
boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near
allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds
divide.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

ALL EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN.

HAVE mind that age aye follows
youth;
Death follows life with gaping mouth,
Devouring fruit and flowering grain
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Came never yet May so fresh and
green,
But January came as wud and keen;

Was never such drouth but ance came
rain;
All earthly joy returns in pain,

Since earthly joy abydis never,
Work for the joy that lasts for-
ever;
For other joy is all but vain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

A SNOW-STORM.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter
time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like
the chime
Of the waves of an angry sea.
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings
to-night;
And over the sky from south to north,
Not a star is seen as the wind comes
forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down —
all day
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet, or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of
stone;
The windows blocked and the well-
curbs gone;
The haystack had grown to a moun-
tain lift,
And the wood-pile looked like a
monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While th' air grows sharp and chill,

And the warning roar of a fearful
blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the Norther, see! on the moun-
tain peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe
and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, ho ho! ho ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blind-
ing snow,
And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found
abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,
Lies a shivering dog, in the field, by
the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair.
He shuts his eyes to the wind and
growls;
He lifts his head, and moans and
howls; [sleet,
Then crouching low, from the cutting
His nose is pressed on his quivering
feet —

Pray what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with might
and main
A path for his horse and sleigh;

But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts
grew,

And his mare, a beautiful Morgan
brown,

At last in her struggles floundered
down,

Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied
snort,

She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his
breath grew short,

With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs
were tight;

His hands were numb and had lost
their might;

So he wallowed back to his half-filled
sleigh,

And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of
the rein,

To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast
in vain

For help in his master's need.

For awhile he strives with a wistful
cry

To catch a glance from his drowsy
eye,

And wags his tail when the rude winds
flap

The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm
is o'er —

'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast.

The silent moon with her peaceful
light

Looks down on the hills with snow
all white,

And the giant shadow of Camel's
Hump,

The blasted pine and the ghostly
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
Are they who came from the town:

The man in his sleigh, and his faith-
ful dog,

And his beautiful Morgan brown,
In the wide snow-desert, far and
grand,

With his cap on his head and the
reins in his hand,

The dog with his nose on his master's
feet,

And the mare half seen through the
crusted sleet,

Where she lay when she floundered
down.

GEORGE ELIOT (MARIAN EVANS CROSS).

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of these immortal dead who live
again

In minds made better by their pres-
ence; live

In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn

Of miserable aims that end with
self,

In thoughts sublime that pierce the
night like stars,

And with their mild persistence urge
men's minds

To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that

controls
With growing sway the growing life
of man.

So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and

agonized
With widening retrospect that bred

despair.

Rebellious flesh that would not be
 subdued,
 A vicious parent shaming still its
 child, | solved;
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dis-
 Its discords quenched by meeting
 harmonies,
 Die in the large and charitable air.
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,
 That sobbed religiously in yearning
 song.
 That watched to ease the burden of
 the world,
 Laboriously tracing what must be,
 And what may yet be better,—saw
 within
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the mul-
 titude,
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed
 with love,— | Time
 That better self shall live till human

Shall fold its eyelids, and the human
 sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the
 tomb,
 Unread forever.
 This is life to come,
 Which martyred men have made
 more glorious
 For us, who strive to follow.
 May I reach
 That purest heaven,—be to other
 souls
 The cup of strength in some great
 agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure
 love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
 Be the sweet presence of a good dif-
 fused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense!
 So shall I join the choir invisible,
 Whose music is the gladness of the
 world.

JANE ELLIOT.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the lilting at our ewe-milking,
 Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foreman,
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin at our ewe-milkin,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighin and moanin on ilka green loanin—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

POOR ANDREW.

THE loving poor!—So envy calls
 'The ever-toiling poor:
 But oh! I choke, my heart grows
 faint,
 When I approach my door!
 Behind it there are living things,
 Whose silent frontlets say
 They'd rather see me out than in,—
 Feet foremost borne away!
 My heart grows sick when home I
 come,—
 May God the thought forgive!
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

My dog and cat, when I come home,
 Run out to welcome me,—
 She mewin, with her tail on end,
 While wagging his comes he.
 They listen for my homeward steps,
 My smothered sob they hear,
 When down my heart sinks, deathly
 down,
 Because my home is near.
 My heart grows faint when home I
 come,—
 May God the thought forgive!
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

I'd rather be a happy bird,
 Than, scorned and loathed, a king;
 But man should live while for him
 lives
 The meanest loving thing.
 Thou busy bee! how canst thou choose
 So far and wide to roam?
 O blessed bee! thy glad wings say
 Thou hast a happy home!
 But I, when I come home,—O God!
 Wilt thou the thought forgive?
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

Why come they not? They do not
 come
 My breaking heart to meet!
 A heavier darkness on me falls,—
 I cannot lift my feet.
 Oh, yes, they come!—they never fail
 'To listen for my sighs;
 My poor heart brightens when it
 meets
 The sunshine of their eyes.
 Again they come to meet me,—God!
 Wilt thou the thought forgive?
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

This heart is like a churchyard stone;
 My home is comfort's grave;
 My playful cat and honest dog
 Are all the friends I have;
 And yet my house is filled with
 friends,—
 But foes they seem, and are.
 What makes them hostile? IGNORANCE;
 Then let me not despair.
 But oh! I sigh when home I come,—
 May God the thought forgive!
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

THE PRESS.

GOD said,—“Let there be light!”
 Grim darkness felt his night,
 And fled away;
 Then startled seas and mountains
 cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and
 gold,
 And cried,—“’Tis day! ’tis day!”
 “Hail, holy light!” exclaimed
 The thunderous cloud that flamed
 O’er daisies white;

And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast;

And, blushing, murmured,—
"Light!"

Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;

Then floods of praise
Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;

And then, in stillest night, the moon
Poured forth her pensive lays.

Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!

Lo, trees and flowers, all clad

In glory, bloom!

And shall the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,

And darker than the tomb?

No, by the *mind* of man!

By the swart artisan!

By God, our sire!

Our souls have holy light within;

And every form of grief and sin

Shall see and feel its fire,

By earth, and hell, and heaven,

The shroud of souls is riven!

Mind, mind alone

Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this

blessed hour,

The night of minds, is gone!

"The Press!" all lands shall sing;

The Press, the Press we bring,

All lands to bless:

Oh, pallid Want! Oh, Labor stark!

Behold we bring the second ark!

The Press! the Press! the Press!

THE POET'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father! let thy lowly
child,

Strong in his love of truth, be
wisely bold,—

A patriot bard, by sycophants reviled,
Let him live usefully, and not die

old!

Let poor men's children, pleased to
read his lays,

Love, for his sake, the scenes where
he hath been,

And when he ends his pilgrimage of
days,

Let him be buried where the grass
is green,

Where daisies, blooming earliest,
linger late

To hear the bee his busy note pro-
long;

There let him slumber, and in peace
await

The dawning morn, far from the
sensual throng,

Who scorn the windflower's blush,
the redbreast's lonely song.

NOT FOR NAUGHT.

Do and suffer naught in vain;

Let no trifle trifling be!

If the salt of life is pain,

Let even wrongs bring good to
thee;

Good to others few or many,—

Good to all, or good to any.

If men curse thee, plant their lies

Where for truth they best may
grow;

Let the railers make thee wise,

Preaching peace where'er thou go!

God no useless plant hath planted,

Evil — wisely used — is wanted.

If the nation-feeding corn

Thriveth under iced snow;

If the small bird on the thorn

Useth well its guarded sloe,—

Bid thy cares thy comforts double,

Gather fruit from thorns of trouble.

See the rivers! how they run,

Strong in gloom, and strong in
light!

Like the never-wearied sun,

Through the day and through the
night,

Each along his path of duty,

Turning coldness into beauty.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ODE.

O TENDERLY the haughty day
 Fills his blue urn with fire;
 One morn is in the mighty heaven,
 And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
 Our pulses are not less,
 The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
 Which children's voices bless.

For he that flung the broad blue fold
 O'er mantling land and sea,
 One third part of the sky unrolled
 For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
 To build an equal state,—
 To take the statute from the mind,
 And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead,—
 Present and past in under-song,—
 Go put your creed into your deed,
 Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
 Nor skies without a frown
 See rights for which the one hand fights
 By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll
 Of honor o'er the sea,
 And bid the broad Atlantic roll
 A ferry of the free.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
 Save underneath the sea
 The wires shall murmur through the main
 Sweet songs of Liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
 The waters wild below,
 And under, through the cable wove,
 Her fiery errands go.

For he that worketh high and wise,
 Nor pauses in his plan,
 Will take the sun out of the skies
 Ere freedom out of man.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
 I love a prophet of the soul;
 And on my heart monastic aisles
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;

Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
 Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought,

Never from lips of cunning, fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,—
 The canticles of love and woe;
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,

Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew;—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowest thou what wove yon wood-
 bird's nest
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?

Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting with morn each annual cell?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads?
 Such and so grew these holy piles,
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone;

And morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the
grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him
planned;
And the same power that reared the
shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless
host,
Trances the heart through chanting
choirs,
And through the priest the mind in-
spires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowl'd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our
solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the
woods,

Spreading its leafless blooms in a
damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish
brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their
beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his
plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens
his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth
and sky,

Dear, tell them, that if eyes were
made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for
being:

Why thou wert there, oh, rival of the
rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame power that brought me
there, brought you.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me,
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines:
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south-wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,



THE CONCORD BRIDGE.

Tints the human countenance
 With a color of romance,
 An I, infusing subtle heats,
 Turns the sod to violets,
 Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers:
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure,

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;
 But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple-sap, and daffodils,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
 And brier-roses, dwelt among;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher!
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

CONCORD FIGHT.

By the rude bridge that arched the
 flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers
 stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the
 world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which sea-
 ward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft
 stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are
 gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children
 free,
 Bid time and nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and
 thee.

FORBEARANCE.

HAST thou named all the birds with-
 out a gun?
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on
 its stalk?
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and
 pulse?
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart
 of trust?
 And loved so well a high behavior,
 In man or maid, that thou from
 speech refrained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay?
 Oh, be my friend, and teach me to
 be thine!

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

OH, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and
reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that
seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O God! whose thoughts are brightest
light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom, sinning souls,
Amid their sins, are dear, —

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth that does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with
souls
Round whom thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in
grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

Time was when I believed that wrong
In others to detect
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now, better taught by thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind,
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

He whom no praise can reach is aye
Men's least attempts approving;
Whom justice makes all-merciful,
Omniscience makes all-loving.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind:
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey
lies,
Only the poison find.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul;
More grace, O Lord! more grace;
More sweetness from thy loving heart,
More sunshine from thy face!

LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER and fret and aimless stir
And disappointed strife,
All chafing, unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with
smoke;
The streets resound with noise;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are
near;
Kind welcomes to be had;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
Be quit of my long part;
The burden of unquiet life
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy
work,
As thou hast done before;
Wake up, and tears will wake with
thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought,
Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening time,
Most musically rung.

'Tis not His justice or His power,
Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
Of the eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,
Not even that He is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought, lie closer to my heart!
Thus I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom, thou
com'st,
When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord, for this kind
check
To spirits over-free'
And for all things that make me feel
More helpless need of Thee!

WILLIAM FALCONER.

[From *The Shipwreck*.]

WRECKED IN THE TEMPEST.

AND now, while winged with ruin
from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged
lightnings fly,
A flash quick glancing on the nerves
of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eter-
nal night:

Quick to the abandoned wheel Arion
came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to re-
claim.
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sound-
ing foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted
roam.
So gazed young Phaeton, with pale
dismay,
When, mounted on the flaming car
of day.

With rash and impious hand the
stripling tried
The immortal coursers of the sun to
guide.

With mournful look the seamen
eyed the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws ex-
pand;
Swift from their minds elapsed all
dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld
the last.

And now, lashed on by destiny se-
vere,
With horror fraught the dreadful
scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge
of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers
roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of
yore,
Would arm the mind with philosophic
lore; [breath,
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest
To smile serene amid the pangs of
death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to be-
hold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue
famed,
And wisest of the sons of men pro-
claimed,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and dis-
tress,
His soul had trembled to its last re-
cess!
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers
above,
This last tremendous shock of fate
to prove!
The tottering frame of reason yet
sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were pre-
pared,
For now the audacious seas insult
the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a hor-
rid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.

Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she
flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the
skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on
the ground,
Earth groans, air trembles, and the
deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion
feels,
And quivering with the wound, in
torment reels;

Again she plunges; hark! a second
shock
Tears her strong bottom on the mar-
ble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dis-
mal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll
their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another
stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid
oak:
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal
cell
The lurking demons of destruction
dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame
divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the
tides.

[From *The Shipwreck*.]

A SUNSET PICTURE.

THE sun's bright orb, declining all
serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the wood-
land scene;
Creation smiles around; on every
spray
The warbling birds exalt their even-
ing lay;
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the
fleecey train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing
plain;
The golden lime and orange there
were seen

On fragrant branches of perpetual
green;
The crystal streams that velvet mead-
ows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding
wave.
The glassy ocean, hushed, forgets to
roar;
But trembling, murmurs on the sandy
shore;
And, lo! his surface lovely to behold,
Glows in the west, a sea of living
gold!
While all above a thousand liveries
gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.

Arabian sweets perfume the happy
plains;
Above, beneath, around, enchant-
ment reigns
While glowing Vesper leads the starry
train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er
land and main,
Emerging clouds the azure east in-
vade,
And wrap the lucid spheres in grad-
ual shade;
While yet the songsters of the vocal
grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to
love.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

IDEALS.

O SCIENCE, whose footsteps wander,
Audacious and unafraid,
Where the mysteries that men ponder
Lie folded in awful shade,
Though you bring us, with calm defi-
ance,

Dear gifts from the bourns you
wing,
There is yet, O undaunted Science,
One gift that you do not bring!

Shall you conquer the last restriction
That conceals it from you now,
And come back with its benediction
Like an aureole on your brow?
Shall you fly to us, roamer daring,
Past barriers of time and space,
And return from your mission bear-
ing
The light of God on your face?

We know not, but still can treasure,
In the yearnings of our suspense,
Consolation we may not measure
By the certitudes of Sense.

For Life, as we long and question,
Seems to speak, while it hurries by,
Through undertones of suggestion
Immortality's deep reply.

To ears that await its token
Perpetually it strays,
Indeterminate, fitful, broken,
By the discords of our days.
It pierces the grim disasters
Of clamorous human Hate,
And its influence overmasters
All the ironies of Fate.

The icy laugh of the scorner
Cannot strike its echoes mute;
It cleaves the moan of the mourner
Like a clear æolian lute;
At its tone less clear and savage
Grows the anguish of farewell tears,
And its melody haunts the ravage
Of the desecrating years.

Philosophy builds, and spares not
Her firm, laborious power,
But her lordly edifice wears not
Its last aerial tower.
For the quarries of Reason fail her
Ere the structure's perfect scope,
And the stone that would now avail
her [hope.
Must be hewn from heights of

But Art, at her noblest glory,
Can seem, to her lovers fond,
As divinely admonitory
Of infinitudes beyond.

She can beam upon Earth's abasements

Like a splendor flung down sublime
Through vague yet exalted casements
From eternity into time.

On the canvas of some great painter
We may trace, in its varied flame,
Now leaping aloft, now fainter,
As the moon uplifts the aim,
That impulse by whose rare presence
His venturing brush has drawn
Its hues from the efflorescence
Of a far Elysian dawn.

An impassioned watcher gazes
Where the faultless curves combine
That sculpture's mightier phases
Imperially enshrine,
And he feels that by strange election
The artificer's genius wrought
From the marble a pale perfection
That is paramount over thought.

So at music entranced we wonder,
If its charm the spirit seeks,
When with mellow voluminous thunder
A sovereign maestro speaks,
Till it seems that by ghostly aidance
Upraised above lesser throngs,
He has caught from the stars their cadence
And woven the wind into songs.

More than all, if the stately brilliance
Of a poet's rapture rise,
Like a fountain whose full resilience
Is lovely against fair skies,
Are we thrilled with a dream unbounded
Of deeps by no vision scanned,
That conjecture has never sounded
And conception has never spanned.

So the harvest that knowledge misses,
Intuition seems to reap;
One pauses before the abysses
That one will delight to leap.
One balks the ruminant sages,
And one bids the world aspire,
While the slow processional ages
Irreversibly retire.

WOUNDS.

THE night-wind sweeps its viewless lyre,
And o'er dim lands, at pastoral rest,
A single star's white heart of fire
Is throbbing in the amber west.

I track a rivulet, while I roam,
By banks that copious leafage cools,
And watch it roughening into foam,
Or deepening into glassy pools.

And where the shy stream gains a glade
That willow thickets overwhelm,
I find a cottage in the shade
Of one high patriarchal elm.

Unseen, I mark, well bowered from reach,
A group the sloping lawn displays,
And more by gestures than by speech
I learn their converse while I gaze.

In curious band, youth, maid, and dame,
About his chair they throng to greet
A gaunt old man of crippled frame,
Whose crutch leans idle at his feet.

Girt with meek twilight's peaceful breath,
They hear of loud, tempestuous fray,
Of troops mown down like wheat by death,
Of red Antietam's ghastly day.

He tells of hurts that will not heal;
Of aches that nerve and sinew fret,
Where sting of shot and bite of steel
Have left their dull mementos yet;

And touched by pathos, filled with praise,
His gathered hearers closer press,
To pay alike in glance or phrase,
Response of pitying tenderness.

But I, who note their kindly will,
Look onward, past the box-edged walk,
Where stands a woman, grave and still,
Oblivious of their fleeting talk.

Her listless arms droop either side;
 In pensive grace her brow is bent;
 Her slender form leaves half-described
 A sweet fatigued abandonment.

And while she lures my musing eye,
 The mournful reverie of her air
 Speaks to my thought, I know not
 why,
 In the stern dialect of despair.

Lone wistful moods it seems to show
 Of anguish borne through laggard
 years,
 With outward calm, with secret flow
 Of unalleviating tears.

It breathes of duty's daily strife,
 When jaded effort loathes to strive;
 Of patience lingering firm, when life
 Is tired of being yet alive.

Enthralled by this fair, piteous face,
 While heaven is purpling overhead,
 No more I heed the old soldier trace
 How sword has cut, or bullet sped.

I dream of sorrow's noiseless fight,
 Where no blades ring, no cannon
 roll,
 And where the shadowy blows that
 smite
 Give bloodless wounds that scar
 the soul;

Of fate unmoved by desperate prayers
 From those its plunderous wrath
 lays low;

Of bivouacs where the spirit stares
 At smouldering passion's faded
 glow;

And last, of that sad armistice made
 On the dark field whence hope has
 fled,

Ere yet, like some poor ghost unlaid,
 Pale Memory glides to count her
 dead.

THE WOOD-TURTLE.

GIRT with the grove's aerial sigh,
 In clumsy stupor, deaf as fate,
 Near this coiled, naked root you lie,
 Imperviously inanimate.

Between these woodlands where we
 met,
 And your grim languor, void of
 grace,
 My glance, dumb sylvan anchoret,
 Mysterious kinsmanship can trace.

For in your checkered shape are shown
 The miry black of swamp and bog,
 The tawny brown of lichen'd stone,
 The inertness of the tumbled log.

But when you break this lifeless pause,
 And from your parted shell out-
 spread
 A rude array of lumbering claws,
 A length of lean, dark snaky head,

I watch from sluggish torpor start
 These vital signs, uncouth and
 strange,
 And mutely murmur to my heart:
 "Ah me! how lovelier were the
 change,

"If yonder tough oak, seamed with
 scars,"
 Could give some white, wild form
 release,
 With eyes amid whose wistful stars
 Burned memories of immortal
 Greece!"

ANNA MARIA FAY.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

OFT see we in the garish round of
 day
 A danger-haunted world for our
 sad feet,
 Or fear we tread along the peopled
 street
 A homeless path, an uncompanioned
 way.
 So too the night doth bring its own
 array
 Of darkling terrors we must singly
 meet,
 Each soul apart in its unknown re-
 treat,
 With life a purposeless, uncon-
 scious play.
 But though the day discovers us
 afraid,
 Unsure of some safe hand to be
 our guide,
 Rest we at night, as if for each
 were said,

"He giveth unto His beloved sleep."
 Nought less than all do we in sleep
 confide,
 And death but needs of us a trust
 as deep.

RONDEL.

WHEN love is in her eyes,
 What need of Spring for me?
 A brighter emerald lies
 On hill and vale and lea.
 The azure of the skies
 Holds nought so sweet to see,
 When love is in her eyes,
 What need of Spring for me?

Her bloom the rose outvies,
 The lily dares no plea,
 The violet's glory dies,
 No flower so sweet can be;
 When love is in her eyes,
 What need of Spring for me?

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
 Drearly drenched in the ocean
 brine,
 Soaring high and sinking low,
 Lashed along without will of mine;
 Sport of the spume of the surging sea;
 Flung on the foam, afar and anear,
 Mark my manifold mystery,—
 Growth and grace in their place
 appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
 Rootless and rover though I be;
 My spangled leaves, when nicely
 spread,

Arborese as a trunkless tree;
 Corals curious coat me o'er,
 White and hard in apt array;
 'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
 Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding
 shore,
 Something whispers soft to me.
 Restless and roaming for evermore,
 Like this weary weed of the sea;
 Bear they yet on each beating breast
 The eternal type of the wondrous
 whole:
 Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
 Grace informing with silent soul.

ANNIE FIELDS.

TO SAPPHO.

DAUGHTER of Love! Out of the flowing river,
 Bearing the tide of life upon its billow,
 Down to that gulf where love and song together
 Sink and must perish:
 Out of that fatal and resistless current,
 One little song of thine to thy great mother,
 Treasured upon the heart of earth forever,
 Alone is rescued.

Yet when spring comes, and weary is the spirit,
 When love is here, but absent is the lover,
 And life is here, and only love is dying,

Then turn we, longing,
 Singer, to thee! Through ages forgotten;
 Where beats the heart of one who in her loving
 Sang, all for love, and gave herself in singing
 To the sea's bosom.

[From *The Last Contest of Æschylus*.]

YOUNG SOPHOCLES TAKING THE PRIZE FROM AGED ÆSCHYLUS.

BUT now the games succeeded, then a pause,
 And after came the judges with the scrolls;
 Two scrolls, not one, as in departed years.
 And this saw none but the youth, Sophocles,
 Who stood with head erect and shining eyes,
 As if the beacon of some promised land
 Caught his strong vision and entranced it there.

Then while the earth made mimicry of heaven
 With stillness, calmly spake the mightiest judge:
 "O Æschylus! The father of our song!
 Athenian master of the tragic lyre
 Thou the incomparable! Swayer of strong hearts!
 Immortal minstrel of immortal deeds!
 The autumn grows apace, and all must die;
 Soon winter comes, and silence. Æschylus!
 After that silence laughs the tuneful spring!
 Read'st thou our meaning through this slender veil
 Of nature's weaving? Sophocles, stand forth!
 Behold Fame calls thee to her loftiest seat,
 And bids thee wear her crown. Stand forth, I say!"
 Then, like a fawn, the youthful poet sprang
 From the dark thicket of new crowding friends,
 And stood, a straight, lithe form with gentle mien,
 Crowned first with light of happiness and youth.

But Æschylus, the old man, bending lower
 Under this new chief weight of all the years,
 Turned from that scene, turned from the shouting crowd,
 Whose every voice wounded his dying soul
 With arrows poison-dipped, and walked alone,
 Forgotten, under plane-trees, by the stream.
 "The last! The last! Have I no more to do
 With this sweet world! Is the bright morning now
 No longer fraught for me with crowding song?"

Will evening bring no unsought fruit-
 age home?
 Must the days pass and these poor
 lips be dumb,
 While strewing leaves sing falling
 through the air,
 And autumn gathers in her richest
 fruit?
 Where is my spring departed? Where,
 O gods!
 Within my spirit still the building
 birds
 I hear, with voice more tender than
 when thy waves
 Are budding and the happy earth is
 gay.
 Am I, indeed, grown dumb for ever-
 more!
 Take me, O bark! Take me, thou
 flowing stream!
 Who knowest nought of death save
 when thy waves
 Rush to new life upon the ocean's
 breast.
 Bear thou me singing to the under
 world!

[From *Sophocles*.]

AGED SOPHOCLES ADDRESSING THE
 ATHENIANS BEFORE READING HIS
ŒDIPUS COLONEUS.

Bowed half with age and half with
 reverence, thus,
 I, Sophocles, now answer to your
 call;
 Questioned have I the cause and the
 reason learned.
 Lo, I am here that all the world may
 see
 These feeble limbs that signal of de-
 cay!
 But, know ye, ere the aged oak must
 die,
 Long after the strong years have
 bent his form,
 The spring still gently weaves a leafy
 crown,
 Fresh as of yore to deck his wintry
 head.
 And now, O people mine, who have
 loved my song,

Ye shall be judges if the spring have
 brought
 Late unto me, the aged oak, a crown.
 Hear ye once more, ere yet the river
 of sleep
 Bear me away far on its darkening
 tide,
 The music breathed upon me from
 these fields.
 If to your ears, alas! the shattered
 strings
 No longer sing, but breathe a discord
 harsh,
 I will return and draw this mantle
 close
 About my head, and lay me down to
 die.
 But if ye hear the wonted spirit call,
 Framing the natural song that fills
 this world
 To a diviner form, then shall ye all
 believe
 The love I bear to those most near to
 me
 Is living still, and living cannot
 wrong;
 To me, it seems, the love I bear to
 thee,
 Athens, blooms fresh as violets in yon
 wood,
 Making new spring within this aged
 breast.

AT THE FORGE.

I AM Hephaistos, and forever here
 Stand at the forge and labor, while I
 dream
 Of those who labor not and are not
 lame.
 I hear the early and the late birds
 call,
 Hear winter whisper to the coming
 spring,
 And watch the feet of summer danc-
 ing light
 For joy across the bosom of the earth.
 Labor endures, but all of these must
 pass!
 And ye who love them best, nor are
 condemned

To beat the anvil through the summer day,
May learn the secret of their sudden flight;
No mortal tongue may whisper where they hide,
But to her love, half nestled in the grass,
Earth has been known to whisper low yet clear
Strange consolation for the wintry days.
Oh, listen then, ye singers! learn and tell
Those who must labor by the dusty way!

PASSAGE FROM THE PRELUDE.

O YOUTH of the world,
Thou wert sweet!
In thy bud
Slept nor canker nor pain;
In the blood
Of thy grape was no frost and no rain;
I love thee! I follow thy feet!

The youth of my heart,
And the deathless fire
Leap to embrace thee:
And nigher, and nigher,
Through the darkness of grief and the smart,
Thy form do I see.

But the tremulous hand of the years
Has brought me a friend.
Beautiful gift beyond price!
Beyond loss, beyond tears!
Hither she stands, clad in a veil.
O thou youth of the world!
She was a stranger to thee,
Thou didst fear her and flee.

Sorrow is her name;
And the face of Sorrow is pale;
But her heart is aflame
With a fire no winter can tame.
Her love will not bend
To the storm,
To the voices of pleasure,
Nor faint in the arms of the earth;
But she followeth ever the form
Of the Master whose promise is sure,
Who knows both our death and our birth.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

MORNING AND EVENING BY THE SEA.

AT dawn the fleet stretched miles away
On ocean-plains asleep,—
Trim vessels waiting for the day
To move across the deep.
So still the sails they seemed to be
White lilies growing in the sea.
When evening touched the cape's low rim,
And dark fell on the waves,
We only saw processions dim
Of clouds, from shadowy caves;
These were the ghosts of buried ships
Gone down in one brief hour's eclipse!

THE PERPETUITY OF SONG.

It was a blithesome young jongleur
Who started out to sing,
Eight hundred years ago, or more,
On a leafy morn in spring;
And he carolled sweet as any bird
That ever tried its wing.
Of love his little heart was full,—
Madonna! how he sang!
The blossoms trembled with delight,
And round about him sprang,
As forth among the banks of Loire
The minstrel's music rang.
The boy had left a home of want
To wander up and down,

And sing for bread and nightly rest
In many an alien town,
And bear whatever lot befell,—
The alternate smile and frown.

The singer's carolling lips are dust,
And ages long since then
Dead kings have lain beside their
thrones,
Voiceless as common men,—
But Gerald's songs are echoing still
Through every mountain glen!

IN EXTREMIS.

OH, the soul-haunting shadows when
low he'll lie dying,
And the dread angel's voice for his
spirit is crying!
Where will his thoughts wander, just
before sleeping,
When a chill from the dark o'er his
forehead is creeping?
Will he go on beguiling,
And wantonly smiling?

'Tis June with him now, but quick
cometh December;
There's a broken heart somewhere
for him to remember,
And sure as God liveth, for all his
gay trolling,
The bell for his passing one day will
be tolling!
Then no more beguiling,
False vowing and smiling!

A PROTEST.

Go, sophist! dare not to despoil
My life of what it sorely needs
In days of pain, in hours of toil,—
The bread on which my spirit
feeds.

You see no light beyond the stars,
No hope of lasting joys to come?
I feel, thank God, no narrow bars
Between me and my final home!

Hence with your cold sepulchral
bans,—
The vassal doubts Unfaith has
given!
My childhood's heart within the
man's
Still whispers to me, "Trust in
Heaven!"

COURTESY.

How sweet and gracious, even in
common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call
Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the
light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of
flowers,—
It transmutes aliens into trusting
friends,
And gives its owner passport round
the globe.

A CHARACTER.

O HAPPIEST he, whose ripper years
retain
The hopes of youth, unsullied by a
stain!
His eve of life in calm content shall
glide,
Like the still streamlet to the ocean
tide:
No gloomy cloud hangs o'er his tran-
quil day;
No meteor lures him from his home
astray;
For him there glows with glittering
beam on high
Love's changeless star that leads him
to the sky;
Still to the past he sometimes turns
to trace
The mild expression of a mother's
face,
And dreams, perchance, as oft in
earlier years,
The low, sweet music of her voice he
hears.

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE ODÉON.

"I AM Nicholas Tacchinardi,—hunchbacked, look you, and a fright;
 Caliban himself might never interpose so foul a sight.
 Granted; but I come not, masters, to exhibit form or size.
 Gaze not on my limbs, good people; lend your *ears*, and not your *eyes*.
 I'm a *singer*, not a *dancer*,—spare me for a while your din;
 Let me try my voice to-night here,—keep your jests till I begin.
 Have the kindness but to listen,—this is all I dare to ask.
 See, I stand beside the footlights, waiting to begin my task,
 If I fail to please you, curse me,—not *before* my voice you hear,
 Thrust me not from the Odéon. Harken, and I've naught to fear."

Then the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf, and mocked his shape;
 Called him "monster," "thing abhorrent," crying, "Off, presumptuous ape!
 Off, unsightly, baleful creature! off, and quit the insulted stage!
 Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage."

Bowing low, pale Tacchinardi, long accustomed to such threats,
 Burst into a grand bravura, showering notes like diamond jets,—
 Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odéon rang,—
 Sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those footlights sang;
 And the hunchback, ever after, like a god was hailed with cries,—
 "King of minstrels, live forever! Shame on fools who have but eyes!"

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river;
 Whence the fleets of iron had fled.
 Where the blades of the grave-grass
 quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat;
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet;
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe;
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all;
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Broïdered with gold, the Blue;
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray

So, when the summer calleth
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain;
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done;
 In the storm of the years, now fading,
 No braver battle was won:
 Under the sod and the dew:
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead.
 Under the sod and the dew;
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;
 Love and tears for the Blue;
 Tears and love for the Gray.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

MAY TO APRIL.

WITHOUT your showers
 I breed no flowers;
 Each field a barren waste appears;
 If you don't weep,
 My blossoms sleep,
 They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay
 Made room for May,
 So I must part with all that's mine;
 My balmy breeze,
 My blooming trees,
 To torrid zones their sweets resign.

For April dead
 My shades I spread,
 To her I owe my dress so gay;
 Of daughters three
 It falls on me
 To close our triumphs in one day.

Thus to repose
 All nature goes;
 Month after month must find its
 doom;
 Time on the wing,
 May ends the spring,
 And summer frolics o'er her tomb.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

LISTENING FOR GOD.

I HEAR it often in the dark,
 I hear it in the light,—
 Where is the voice that calls to me
 With such a quiet might?
 It seems but echo to my thought,
 And yet beyond the stars;
 It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
 And yet the planet jars.

Oh, may it be that far within
 My inmost soul there lies
 A spirit-sky, that opens with
 Those voices of surprise?
 And can it be, by night and day,
 That firmament serene
 Is just the heaven where God himself,
 The Father, dwells unseen?

Oh, God within, so close to me
 That every thought is plain,
 Be judge, be friend, be Father still,
 And in thy heaven reign!
 Thy heaven is mine,— my very
 soul!
 Thy words are sweet and strong;
 They fill my inward silences
 With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
 And loud rebuke my ill;
 They ring my bells of victory,
 They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
 They ever seem to say, "My child;
 Why seek me so all day?
 Now journey inward to thyself,
 And listen by the way."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE FREE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine, And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze, And massive bolts may baffle his de- sign, And vigilant keepers watch his de- vious ways; But scorns the immortal mind such base control; No chains can bind it and no cell en- close.	Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole, And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes. It leaps from mount to mount, from vale to vale It wanders plucking honeyed fruits and flowers; It visits home to hear the fireside tale And in sweet converse pass the joy- ous hours; 'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar, And in its watches wearies every star.
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FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

BAY BILLY.

'Twas the last fight at Fredericks- burg,— Perhaps the day you reck, Our boys, the Twenty-Second Maine, Kept Early's men in check. Just where Wade Hampton boomed away The fight went neck and neck. All day the weaker wing we held, And held it with a will. Five several stubborn times we charged The battery on the hill, And five times beaten back, re-formed, And kept our column still. At last from out the centre fight. Spurred up a general's aid. "That battery must silenced be!" He cried, as past he sped. Our colonel simply touched his cap, And then, with measured tread, To lead the crouching line once more The grand old fellow came. No wounded man but raised his head And strove to gasp his name,	And those who could not speak nor stir, "God blessed him" just the same. For he was all the world to us, That hero gray and grim. Right well we knew that fearful slop'd We'd climb with none but him, Though while his white head led the way We'd charge hell's portals in. This time we were not half-way up, When, midst the storm of shell, Our leader, with his sword upraised, Beneath our bayonets fell. And, as we bore him back, the foe Set up a joyous yell. Our hearts went with him. Back we swept, And when the bugle said "Up, charge, again!" no man was there But hung his dogged head. "We've no one left to lead us now," The sullen soldiers said. Just then before the laggard line The colonel's horse was spied,
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Bay Billy with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh that seemed to say,
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-Second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues rooted there we stood,
And gazed a little space,
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face,
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done,
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run.
Up! up the hill we followed Bill,
And we captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb.
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of
death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently
round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeons' torches went,
The ghastly rows between,—
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green.
But who that fought in the big war
Such dread sights have not seen?

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies,

As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade awake, and rise!
Though naught but that last trump
of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more with banners
gay.
Stretched out the long brigade.
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely mid the ranks were
closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-Second's men
Were in their place that morn;
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn sergeant tries,—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up the weary tread,
It caught the sergeant's eye, and
quick
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer;
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and
then
The whole line answered, "Here!"

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

THERE is nothing new under the sun;
 There is no new hope or despair;
 The agony just begun
 Is as old as the earth and the air.
My secret soul of bliss
 Is one with the singing star's,
 And the ancient mountains miss
 No hurt that my being mars.

I know as I know my life,
 I know as I know my pain,
 That there is no lonely strife,
 That he is mad who would gain
 A separate balm for his woe,
 A single pity and cover:
The one great God I know
 Hears the same prayer over and
 over.

I know it because at the portal
 Of heaven I bowed and cried,
 And I said, "Was ever a mortal
 Thus crowned and crucified!
My praise thou hast made my blame;
My best thou hast made my worst;
My good thou hast turned to shame;
My drink is a flaming thirst."

But scarce my prayer was said
 Ere from that place I turned;
I trembled, I hung my head,
 My cheek, shame-sinitten, burned;
For there where I bowed down
 In my boastful agony,
I thought of thy cross and crown,—
 O Christ! I remembered thee.

THE SOWER.

A SOWER went forth to sow,
 His eyes were dark with woe;
 He crushed the flowers beneath his
 feet, [sweet,
 Nor smelt the perfume warm and
 That prayed for pity everywhere.
He came to a field that was harried

By iron, and to heaven laid bare:
 He shook the seed that he carried
 O'er that brown and bladeless place.
 He shook it, as God shakes hall
 Over a doomed land,
 When lightnings interlace
 The sky and the earth, and his wand
 Of love is a thunder flail.

Thus did that sower sow;
 His seed was human blood,
 And tears of women and men.
 And I, who near him stood,
 Said: When the crop comes, then
 There will be sobbing and sighing,
 Weeping and wailing and crying,
 Flame and ashes and woe.

It was an autumn day
 When next I went that way.
 And what, think you, did I see?
 What was it that I heard?
 The song of a sweet-voiced bird?
 Nay—but the songs of many,
 Thrilled through with praise and
 prayer.

Of all those voices not any
 Were sad of memory:
 And a sea of sunlight flowed,
 And a golden harvest glowed!
 On my face I fell down there;
 And I said: Thou only art wise—
 God of the earth and skies!
 And I thank thee, again and again,
 For the sower whose name is Pain.

WEAL AND WOE.

O HIGHEST, strongest, sweetest wom-
 an-soul!
 Thou holdest in the compass of
 thy grace
 All the strange fate and passion of
 thy race;
Of the old, primal curse thou
 knowest the whole:
 Thine eyes, too wise, are heavy with
 the dole,
 The doubt, the dread of all this
 human maze;

Thou in the virgin morning of thy
days
Hast felt the bitter waters o'er thee
roll.
Yet thou knowest, too, the terrible
delight,
The still content, and solemn
ecstasy;
Whatever sharp, sweet bliss thy
kind may know.
Thy spirit is deep for pleasure as for
woe —
Deep as the rich, dark-caverned,
awful sea
That the keen-winded, glimmering
dawn makes white.

TWO LOVE QUATRAINS.

Nor from the whole wide world . I
choose thee —
Sweetheart, light of the land and
the sea!
The wide, wide world could not en-
close thee,
For thou art the whole wide world
to me.

YEARS have flown since I knew thee
first,
And I know thee as water is known
of thirst:
Yet I knew thee of old at the first
sweet sight,
And thou art strange to me, love, to-
night.

*WHAT WOULD I SAVE THEE
FROM.*

WHAT would I save thee from, dear
heart, dear heart?
Not from what heaven may send
thee of its pain;
Not from fierce sunshine or the
scathing rain:
The pang of pleasure; passion's
wound and smart;
Not from the scorn and sorrow of
thine art;

Nor loss of faithful friends, nor
any gain
Of growth by grief. I would not
thee restrain
From needful death. But oh, thou
other part
Of me! — through whom the whole
world I behold,
As through the blue I see the stars
above!
In whom the world I find, hid
fold on fold!
Thee would I save from this — nay, do
not move!
Fear not, it may not flash, the air
is cold;
Save thee from this — the lightning
of my love.

*I COUNT MY TIME BY TIMES
THAT I MEET THEE.*

I COUNT my time by times that I
meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my mor-
rows, noons,
And nights; these my old moons
and my new moons.
Slow fly the hours, or fast the
hours do flee,
If thou art far from or art near to
me:
If thou art far, the birds' tunes
are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days
are Junes, —
Darkness is light, and sorrow can
not be.
Thou art my dream come true, and
thou my dream,
The air I breathe, the world where-
in I dwell;
My journey's end thou art, and
thou the way;
Thou art what I would be, yet only
seem;
Thou art my heaven and thou art
my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment-
day.

LOVE'S JEALOUSY.

Of other men I know no jealousy,
 Nor of the maid who holds thee
 close, oh, close:
 But of the June-red, summer-
 scented rose,
 And of the orange-streakèd sunset
 sky
 That wins the soul of thee through
 thy deep eye;
 And of the breeze by thee beloved,
 that goes
 O'er thy dear hair and brow; the
 song that flows
 Into thy heart of hearts, where it
 may die.
 I would I were one moment that
 sweet show
 Of flower; or breeze beloved that
 toucheth all;
 Or sky that through the summer
 eve doth burn.
 I would I were the song thou lovest so,
 At sound of me to have thine eye-
 lid fall:
 But I would then to something
 human turn.

A THOUGHT.

ONCE, looking from a window on a
 land
 That lay in silence underneath the
 sun;
 A land of broad, green meadows,
 through which poured
 Two rivers, slowly winding to the
 sea,—
 Thus, as I looked, I know not how
 or whence,
 Was borne into my unexpectant soul
 That thought, late learned by anx-
 ious-witted man,
 The infinite patience of the Eternal
 Mind.

AND WERE THAT BEST?

AND were that best, Love, dreamless,
 endless sleep?
 Gone all the fury of the mortal
 day;
 The daylight gone, and gone the
 starry ray!
 And were that best, Love, rest se-
 rene and deep?
 Gone labor and desire; no arduous
 steep
 To climb, no songs to sing, no
 prayers to pray,
 No help for those who perish by
 the way,
 No laughter 'midst our tears, no
 tears to weep!
 And were that best, Love, sleep with
 no dear dream,
 Nor memory of any thing in life?
 Stark death that neither help nor
 hurt can know!
 Oh, rather, Love, the sorrow-bring-
 ing gleam,
 The living day's long agony and
 strife!
 Rather strong love in pain,—the
 waking woe!

THROUGH LOVE TO LIGHT.

THROUGH love to light! Oh, wonder-
 ful the way
 That leads from darkness to the per-
 fect day!
 From darkness and from sorrow of
 the night
 To morning that comes singing o'er
 the sea.
 Through love to light! Through
 light, O God, to thee,
 Who art the love of love, the eternal
 light of light!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[From *The Deserted Village*.]

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once
 the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower
 grows will.
 There, where a few torn shrubs the
 place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest man-
 sion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds
 a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly
 race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to
 change his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for
 power
 By doctrines fashioned to the vary-
 ing hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned
 to prize —
 More bent to raise the wretched than
 to rise.
 His house was known to all the va-
 grant train;
 He chid their wanderings, but re-
 lieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his
 guest,
 Whose beard, descending, swept his
 aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no
 longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his
 claims allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to
 stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talked the night
 away —
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of
 sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed
 how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man
 learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their
 woe;

Careless their merits or their faults
 to scan,
 His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was
 his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to vir-
 tue's side;
 But in his duty, prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and
 felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment
 tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring
 to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull
 delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led
 the way.

Beside the bed where parting life
 was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns
 dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At
 his control
 Despair and anguish fled the strug-
 gling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling
 wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whis-
 pered praise.

At church, with meek and unaf-
 fected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable
 place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with
 double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, re-
 mained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious
 man, [ran;
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic
 E'en children followed, with endear-
 ing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the
 good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth
 exprest;

Their welfare pleased him, and their
cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his
griefs were given —
But all his serious thoughts had rest
in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful
form,
Swells from the vale, and midway
leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling
clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

[From *The Deserted Village.*]

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that
skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably
gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled
to rule,
The village master taught his little
school.
A man severe he was, and stern to
view —
I knew him well, and every truant
knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned
to trace
The day's disasters in his morning
face;
Full well they laughed, with coun-
terfelted glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had
he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling
round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he
frowned;
Yet he was kind — or, if severe in
aught,
The love he bore to learning was in
fault.
The village all declared how much he
knew;
'T was certain he could write, and
cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and
tides presage,

And e'en the story ran that he could
gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned
his skill,
For, e'en though vanquished, he
could argue still;
While words of learned length and
thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged
around;
And still they gazed, and still the
wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all
he knew.

[From *The Deserted Village.*]

*THE HAPPINESS OF PASSING ONE'S
AGE IN FAMILIAR PLACES.*

In all my wanderings round this
world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given
my share —
I still had hopes my latest hours to
crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay
me down;
To husband out life's taper at the
close,
And keep the flame from wasting by
repose;
I still had hopes — for pride attends
us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-
learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to
draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and
horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at
first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations
past,
Here to return — and die at home at
last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's
decline!
Retreat from care, that never must
be mine!

How blest is he who crowns, in shades
 like these,
 A youth of labor, with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 't is hard to combat, learns
 to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work
 and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay.
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences, ere the world be past.

—
 [From *The Traveller*.]

FRANCE.

GAY sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
 Alike all ages: dames of ancient days

Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestive lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
 So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honor forms the social temper here:
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
 From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;
 They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem.
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
 But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise;
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
 Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
 Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

[From *The Oratorio of the Captivity*.]

HOPE.

THE wretch condemned with life to
part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's
light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter day.

[From *the Oratorio of the Captivity*.]

THE PROPHETS' SONG.

OUR God is all we boast below,
To Him we turn our eyes;
And every added weight of woe,
Shall make our homage rise.

And though no temple richly dressed,
Nor sacrifice is here;
We'll make His temple in our breast,
And offer up a tear.

[From *The Oratorio of the Captivity*.]

MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain!

Then, like the world, the oppressed
oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's
woe;
And he who wants each other bless-
ing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

DORA READ GOODALE.

RIPE GRAIN.

O STILL, white face of perfect
peace,
Untouched by passion, freed from
pain,—
He who ordained that work should
cease,
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain,
The high celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
No lightest trace of grief or pain,—
On earth an empty form and face—
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

ELAINE GOODALE.

ASHES OF ROSES.

SOFT on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie,—
Ashes of roses.

When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts then linger yet
Ashes of roses.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL.

It must be so, poor, fading, mortal thing!

And now we part, thou pallid form of clay!

Thy hold is broken — I unfurl my wing;

And from the dust the spirit must away!

As thou at night, hast thrown thy vesture by,

Tired with the day, to seek thy wonted rest,

Fatigued with time's vain round, 't is thus that I

Of thee, frail covering, myself divest.

Thou knowest, while journeying in this thorny road,

How oft we've sighed and struggled to be twain;

How I have longed to drop my earthly load,

And thou, to rest thee from thy toil and pain.

Then he, who severs our mysterious tie,

Is a kind angel, granting each release;

He'll seal thy quivering lip and sunken eye,

And stamp thy brow with everlasting peace.

When thou hast lost the beauty that I gave,

And life's gay scenes no more will give thee place,

Thou may'st retire within the secret grave,

Where none shall look upon thine altered face.

But I am summoned to the eternal throne,

To meet the presence of the King most high;

I go to stand unshrouded and alone,
Full in the light of God's all-searching eye.

There must the deeds which we together wrought,

Be all remembered — each a witness made;

The outward action and the secret thought

Before the silent soul must there be weighed.

Lo! I behold the seraph throng descend

To waft me up where love and mercy dwell;

Away, vain fears! the Judge will be my friend;

It is my Father calls — pale clay, farewell!

A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:

I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name — the year — the day.

As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:

A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:

A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place

Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,

Of me — my day — the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,

And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,

Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;

Of all this thinking soul has thought.
And from these fleeting moments

caught
For glory or for shame.

JAMES GRAHAME.

[From *The Sabbath.*]**SABBATH MORNING.**

<p>How still the morning of the hal- lowed day!</p> <p>Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed</p> <p>The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.</p> <p>The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath</p> <p>Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,</p> <p>That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.</p> <p>Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum</p> <p>Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,</p> <p>The distant bleating midway up the hill.</p> <p>Calmness seems throned on yon un- moving cloud.</p> <p>To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,</p> <p>The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;</p> <p>And sweeter from the sky the glad- some lark</p> <p>Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook</p> <p>Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;</p> <p>While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke</p> <p>O'er mounts the mist, is heard at in- tervals</p> <p>The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.</p> <p>With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:</p> <p>The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din</p> <p>Hath ceased; all, all around is quiet- ness.</p> <p>Less fearful on this day, the limping hare</p>	<p>Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man, Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free, Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;</p> <p>And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls, His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.</p> <p>But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.</p> <p>Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.</p> <p>On other days, the man of toil is doomed</p> <p>To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground</p> <p>Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold</p> <p>And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;</p> <p>But on this day, embosomed in his home,</p> <p>He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;</p> <p>With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy</p> <p>Of giving thanks to God, — not thanks of form,</p> <p>A word and a grimace, but reverently, With covered face and upward ear- nest eye.</p> <p>Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:</p> <p>The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe</p> <p>The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;</p> <p>While wandering slowly up the river- side,</p> <p>He meditates on Him whose power he marks</p> <p>In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,</p> <p>As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom</p> <p>Around the roots.</p>
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ELINOR GRAY.

ISOLATION.

We walk alone through all life's various ways,
Through light and darkness, sorrow,
joy, and change;
And greeting each to each, through
passing days,
Still we are strange.

We hold our dear ones with a firm,
strong grasp;
We hear their voices, look into their
eyes;
And yet, betwixt us in that clinging
clasp
A distance lies.

We cannot *know their hearts*, how-
e'er we may
Mingle thought, aspiration, hope and
prayer;

We cannot reach them, and in vain
essay
To enter there.

Still, in each heart of hearts a hid-
den deep
Lies, never fathomed by its dearest,
best,
With closest care our purest thoughts
we keep,
And tenderest.

But, blessed thought! we shall not
always so
In darkness and in sadness walk
alone;
There comes a glorious day when we
shall know
As we are known.

THOMAS GRAY.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-
YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting
day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er
the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his
weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness
and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape
on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness
holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his
droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
tower,
The moping owl does to the moon
complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret
bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-
tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a
mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet
sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
morn,
The swallow twittering from the
straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.	Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed, Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, Or busy housewife ply her evening No children run to lisp their sire's return, Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.	But knowledge to their eyes her ample page Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll; Chill penury repressed their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke; How jocund did they drive their team afield! How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!	Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear: Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure! Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor.	Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast, The little tyrant of his fields withstood; Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alike the inevitable hour,— The paths of glory lead but to the grave.	The applause of list'ning senates to command, The threats of pain and ruin to despise, To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land, And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault, If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise, Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.	Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined; Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne, And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
Can storied urn or animated bust, Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust, Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?	The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide, To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

Or heap the shrine of luxury and
pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's igno-
ble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to
stray;

Along the cool, sequestered vale of
life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to
protect
Some frail memorial still erected
nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the
unlettered Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she
strews,

That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a
prey,

This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
signed,

Left the warm precincts of the cheer-
ful day,

Nor cast one longing, lingering look
behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies;

Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires;

E'en from the tomb the voice of
Nature cries,

E'en in our ashes live their wonted
fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the un-
honored dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale
relate;

If chance, by lonely contemplation
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may
say,

Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn,

Brushing with hasty steps the dews
away,

To meet the sun upon the upland
lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech

That wreathes its old fantastic roots
so high,

His listless length at noon-tide would
he stretch,

And pore upon the brook that bab-
bles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as
in scorn,

Muttering his wayward fancies he
would rove;

Now drooping, woful-wan, like one
forlorn,

Or crazed with care, or cross'd in
hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'cus-
tomed hill,

Along the heath, and near his favor-
ite tree;

Another came; nor yet beside the
rill,

Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood
was he;

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path

we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst
read) the lay

Graved on the stone beneath yon
aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of
earth

A youth, to fortune and to fame un-
known;

Fair Science frowned not on his hum-
ble birth,

And Melancholy marked him for her
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul
sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely
send:

He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven, 't was all he
wished, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their
dread abode,

(There they alike in trembling hope
repose,)

The bosom of his Father and his God.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours

Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year!

The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,

The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue
sky

Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches
stretch

A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown
beech

O'er canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and
think

(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great;

Still is the toiling hand of Care;

The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows:
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye

Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly
Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colors drest:
Brushed by the hand of rough mis-
chance

Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low

The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?

A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets.
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone,—
We frolic while 'tis May.

THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

SMILES on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happier
hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF
ETON.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade!
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse
below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose
flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood
strayed,

A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome
wing,

My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast
seen

Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace),
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmur'ing labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-
straint

To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare de-
scry,

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate
And black misfortune's baleful
train!

'Ah, show them where in ambush
stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous
band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their
youth,
Or jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visaged comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high
To bitter scorn a sacrifice
And grinning infamy.
The stings of falsehood those shall
try,
And hard unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to
flow;
And keen remorse with blood defiled,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:

This racks the joints, this fires the
veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;

The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their
fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their para-
dise!

No more,— where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

LITTLE MARTIN CRAGHAN.

ONE reads to me Macaulay's "Lays"
With fervid voice, intoning well
The poet's fire, the vocal grace;
They hold me like a spell.

'Twere marvel if in human veins
Could beat a pulse so cold
It would not quicken to the strains,
The flying, fiery strains, that tell
How Romans "kept the bridge so
well
In the brave days of old."

The while I listened, till my blood,
Plunged in the poet's martial mood,
Rushed in my veins like wine,
I prayed,—to One who hears, I wis;
"Give me one breath of power like
this
To sing of Pittston mine!"

A child looks up the ragged shaft,
A boy whose meagre frame
Shrinks as he hears the roaring
draught
That feeds the eager flame.

He has a single chance; the stakes
Of life show death at bay
One moment; then his comrade takes
The hope he casts away.

For while his trembling hand is raised,
And while his sweet eyes shine,
There swells above the love of life
The rush of love divine,—

The thought of those unwarned, to
whom
Death steals along the mine.

O little Martin Craghan!
I reck not if you swore,
Like Porsena of Clusium,
By gods of mythic lore;
But well I ween as great a heart
Beat your small bosom sore.

And that your bare brown feet scarce
felt
The way they bounded o'er.
I know you were a hero then,
Whate'er you were before;
And in God's sight your flying feet
Made white the cavern floor.

The while he speeds that darksome
way,
Hope paints upon his fears
Soft visions of the light of day;
Faint songs of birds he hears;
In summer breeze his tangled curls
Are blown about his ears.

He sees the men; he warns; and now,
His duty bravely done,
Sweet hope may paint the fairest
scene
That spreads beneath the sun.

Back to the burning shaft he flies;
There bounding pulses fail;
The light forsakes his lifted eyes;
The glowing cheek is pale.

With wheeling, whirling, hungry
flame,

The seething shaft is rife:
Where solid chains drip liquid fire,
What chance for human life?

To die with those he hoped to save,
Back, back, through heat and
gloom,
To find a wall,—and Death and he
Shut in the larger tomb!

He pleaded to be taken in
As closer rolled the smoke;
In deathful vapors they could hear
His piteous accents choke.
And they, with shaking voice, re-
fused;
And then the young heart broke.

Oh love of life! God made it strong,
And knows how close it pressed;
And death to those who love life
least
Is scarce a welcome guest.

One thought of the poor wife, whose
head
Last night lay on his breast:
A quiver runs through lips that morn
By children's lips caressed.

These things the sweet strong
thoughts of home,—
Though but a wretched place,
To which the sad-eyed miners come
With Labor's laggard pace,—
Remembered in the cavern gloom,
Illume the haggard face,—

Illumed their faces, steeled each
heart.
O God! what mysteries
Of brave and base make sum and part
Of human histories!
What will not thy poor creatures do
To buy an hour of breath!
Well for us all some souls are true
Above the fear of death!

He wept a little,—for they heard
The sound of sobs, the sighs
That breathed of martyrdom complete
Unseen of mortal eyes,—

And then, no longer swift, his feet
Passed down the galleries.

He crept and crouched beside his
mule,
Led by its dying moan;
He touched it feebly with a hand
That shook like palsy's own.
God grant the touch had power to
make
The child feel less alone!

Who knoweth every heart, He knows
What moved the boyish mind;
What longings grew to passion-throes
For dear ones left behind;
How hardly youth and youth's de-
sires
Their hold of life resigned.

Perhaps the little fellow felt
As brave Horatius thought,
When for those dearer Roman lives
He held his own as nought.

For how could boy die better
Than facing fearful fires
To save poor women's husbands
And helpless children's sires?

Death leaned upon him heavily;
But Love, more mighty still,—
She lent him slender lease of life
To work her tender will.

He felt with sightless, sentient hand
Along the wall and ground,
And there the rude and simple page
For his sweet purpose found.

O'erwritten with the names he loved,
Clasped to his little side,
Dim eyes the wooden record read
Hours after he had died.

Thus from all knowledge of his kind.
In darkness lone and vast,
From life to death, from death to life.
The little hero passed.

And, while they listened for the feet
That would return no more,
Far off they fell in music sweet
Upon another shore.

SAMUEL MILLER HAGEMAN.

ONLY.

ONLY a little child,
Crushed to death to-day in the mart;
But the whole unhorizoned kingdom
of heaven
Was in that little heart.

Only a grain of sand,
Swirled up where the sea lies spent;
But it holds wherever it be in space
The poise of a continent.

Only a minute gone,
That to think of now is vain;
Ah! that was the minute without
whose link
Had dropped Eternity's chain.

THE TWO GREAT CITIES.

SIDE by side rise the two great cities,
Afar on the traveller's sight;
One, black with the dust of labor,
One, solemnly still and white.
Apart, and yet together,
They are reached in a dying breath,
But a river flows between them,
And the river's name is—Death

Apart, and yet together,
Together, and yet apart,
As the child may die at midnight
On the mother's living heart.
So close come the two great cities,
With only the river between;
And the grass in the one is trampled,
But the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads,
Like the disciples meet,
While ever the flowing water
Is washing their hallowed feet.
And out on the glassy ocean,
The sails in the golden gloom
Seem to me but moving shadows
Of the white emmarbled tomb.

Anon, from the hut and the palace
Anon, from early till late,
They come, rich and poor together,
Asking alms at thy beautiful gate.
And never had life a guerdon
So welcome to all to give,
In the land where the living are dy-
ing,
As the land where the dead may
live.

O silent city of refuge
On the way to the city o'erhead!
The gleam of thy marble milestones
Tells the distance we are from the
dead.

Full of feet, but a city untrodden,
Full of hands, but a city unbuilt,
Full of strangers who know not even
That their life-cup lies there spilt.

They know not the tomb from the
palace,
They dream not they ever have
died:

God be thanked they never will know
it

Till they live on the other side!
From the doors that death shut coldly
On the face of their last lone woe:
They came to thy glades for shelter
Who had nowhere else to go.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the
 hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance
 bent,
 Should tremble at his power:
 In dreams, through camp and court
 he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph
 heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
 Then pressed that monarch's throne
 — a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of
 wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands
 stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their
 blood
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted
 air
 The sons of sires who conquered
 there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk
 awoke;
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek!
 the Greek!"
 He woke — to die midst flame and
 smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-
 stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and
 fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-
 cloud;

And heard, with voice as trumpet
 loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band.
 "Strike — till the last armed foe ex-
 pires;
 Strike — for your altars and your
 fires;
 Strike — for the green graves of your
 sires:
 God, and your native land!"

They fought, — like brave men, long
 and well;
 They piled that ground with Mos-
 lem slain;
 They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hur-
 rah,
 And the red field was won:
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she
 feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's
 breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in Consumption's ghastly
 form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean
 storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and
 warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance,
 and wine;
 And thou art terrible — the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the
 bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
 Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —
 Come in her crowning hour — and then

Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,

In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb:
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved and for a season gone.
 For thee her poets' lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed:

For thee she rings the birthday bells;
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells:
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch, and cottage bed;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,

And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
 One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

BURNS.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks;
 Thou mind'st me of that autumn noon
 When first we met upon "the banks
 And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
 My sunny hour was glad and brief
 We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
 Art withered — flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine —
 The doom of all things wrought of clay?
 And withered my life's leaf like thine,
 Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory for whose sake
 My bosom bore thee far and long,
 His, who a humbler flower could make
 Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns — a name
 That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
 A nation's glory and her shame,
 In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory — be the rest
 Forgot — she's canonized his mind,
 And it is joy to speak the best
 We may of humankind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed
 Where the bard-peasant first drew breath;

A straw-thatched roof above his
head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that
spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming
hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A poet's pride and power;

The pride that lifted Burns from
earth,
The power that gave a child of
song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than
his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires;

Yet read the names that know not
death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are
there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would
speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm
tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps
time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, not
knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and
storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its
showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and
warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or
do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's
mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers
woo,
From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What will vows falter on the
tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace
bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of
praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and
love
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and
glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he
ran,
Though rough and dark the path
he trod—
Lived, died, in form and soul a man.
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want,
and woe,
With wounds that only death could
heal,
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions
strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not
bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are
driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds
sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral-day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch
around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of
one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed con-
fined —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland
wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests
of power,
And warriors with their bright swords
sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour.

And lowlier names, whose humble
home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there — o'er wave and mountain
come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have
pressed sand,
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,
My own green forest land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and
sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His field and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded
Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dum-
fries!
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art.
His funeral columns, wreaths, and
urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ROD
MAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and wo were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

TO A SEA-BIRD.

SAUNTERING hither on listless wings,
 Careless vagabond of the sea,
 Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
 The bar that thunders, the shale
 that rings,—
 Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's
 new;
 Storms and wrecks are old things
 to thee;
 Sick am I of these changes too;
 Little to care for, little to rue,—
 I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,
 Bring thee at last to shore and me;
 All of my journeyings end them here,
 This our tether must be our cheer,—
 I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
 Something in common, old friend,
 have we;
 Thou on the shingle seekest thy nest,
 I to the waters look for rest,—
 I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

THIS is that hill of awe
 That Persian Sindbad saw,—
 The mount magnetic;
 And on its seaward face,
 Scattered along its base,
 The wrecks prophetic.

Here come the argosies
 Blown by each idle breeze,
 To and fro shifting;
 Yet to the hill of Fate
 All drawing, soon or late,—
 Day by day drifting,—

Drifting forever here
 Barks that for many a year
 Braved wind and weather;
 Shallops but yesterday
 Launched on yon shining bay,—
 Drawn all together.

This is the end of all:
 Sun thyself by the wall,
 O poorer Hindbad!
 Envy not Sindbad's fame:
 Here come alike the same,
 Hindbad and Sindbad.

JOHN HAY.

THE PRAIRIE.

THE skies are blue above my head,
 The prairie green below,
 And flickering o'er the tufted grass
 The shifting shadows go,
 Vague-sailing, where the feathery
 clouds
 Fleck white the tranquil skies,
 Black javelins darting where aloft
 The whirling pheasant flies.

A glimmering plain in drowsy trance
 The dim horizon bounds,
 Where all the air is resonant
 With sleepy summer sounds,
 The life that sings among the flowers,
 The lisping of the breeze,
 The hot cicada's sultry cry.
 The murmurous dreamy bees.

The butterfly, — a flying flower —
 Wheels swift in flashing rings,
 And flutters round his quiet kin,
 With brave flame-mottled wings.
 The wild pinks burst in crimson fire,
 The phlox' bright clusters shine,
 And prairie-cups are swinging free
 To spill their airy wine.

And lavishly beneath the sun,
 In liberal splendor rolled,
 The fennel fills the dipping plain
 With floods of flowery gold:
 And widely weaves the iron-weed
 A woof of purple dyes
 Where Autumn's royal feet may tread
 When bankrupt Summer flies.

In verdurous tumult far away
 The prairie-billows gleam,
 Upon their crests in blessing rests
 The noontide's gracious beam.
 Low quivering vapors steaming dim,
 The level splendors break
 Where languid lilies deck the rim
 Of some land-circled lake.

Far in the East like low-hung clouds
 The waving woodlands lie;

Far in the West the glowing plain
 Melts warmly in the sky.
 No accent wounds the reverent air,
 No footprint dints the sod, —
 Low in the light the prairie lies
 Rapt in a dream of God.

IN A GRAVEYARD.

IN the dewy depths of the graveyard
 I lie in the tangled grass,
 And watch in the sea of azure,
 The white cloud-islands pass.

The birds in the rustling branches
 Sing gaily overhead;
 Gray stones like sentinel spectres
 Are guarding the silent dead.

The early flowers sleep shaded
 In the cool green noonday glooms;
 The broken light falls shuddering
 On the cold white face of the tombs.

Without, the world is smiling
 In the infinite love of God,
 But the sunlight fails and falters
 When it falls on the churchyard
 sod.

On me the joyous rapture
 Of a heart's first love is shed,
 But it falls on my heart as coldly
 As sunlight on the dead.

REMORSE.

SAD is the thought of sunniest days
 Of love and rapture perished,
 And shine through memory's tearful
 haze

The eyes once fondest cherished.
 Reproachful is the ghost of toys
 That charmed while life was
 wasted.

But saddest is the thought of joys
 That never yet were tasted.

Sad is the vague and tender dream
 Of dead love's lingering kisses,
 To crushed hearts haloed by the
 gleam
 Of unreturning blisses;
 Deep mourns the soul in anguished
 pride
 For the pitiless death that won
 them,—
 But the saddest wail is for lips that
 died
 With the virgin dew upon them.

ON THE BLUFF.

O GRANDLY flowing River!
 O silver-gliding River!
 Thy springing willows shiver
 In the sunset as of old;
 They shiver in the silence
 Of the willow-whitened islands,
 While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
 Fill air and wave with gold.

O gay, oblivious River!
 O sunset-kindled River!
 Do you remember ever
 The eyes and skies so blue
 On a summer day that shone here,
 When we were all alone here,
 And the blue eyes were too wise
 To speak the love they knew?

O stern impassive River!
 O still unanswering River!
 The shivering willows quiver
 As the night-winds moan and rave.
 From the past a voice is calling,
 From heaven a star is falling,
 And dew swells in the bluebells
 Above her hillside grave.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel sitting high in
 glory
 Heard this shrill wail ring out from
 Purgatory:
 "Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my
 story!

"I loved, — and, blind with passion-
 ate love, I fell.
 Love brought me down to death, and
 death to Hell.
 For God is just, and death for sin is
 well.

"I do not rage against his high de-
 cree,
 Nor for myself do ask that grace shall
 be:
 But for my love on earth who mourns
 for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love
 again
 And comfort him one hour, and I
 were fain
 To pay a thousand years of fire and
 pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay,
 repent
 That wild vow! Look, the dial fin-
 ger's bent
 Down to the last hour of thy punish-
 ment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let
 me go!
 I cannot rise to peace and leave him
 so.
 O, let me soothe him in his bitter
 woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
 And upward, joyous, like a rising
 star,
 She rose and vanished in the ether
 far.

But soon adown the dying sunset
 sailing,
 And like a wounded bird her pinions
 trailing,
 She fluttered back, with broken-
 hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the
 summer sea
 Reclined, his head upon a maiden's
 knee, —
 She curled his hair and kissed him.
 Woe is me!"

She wept. "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

LAGRIMAS.

God send me tears!
Loose the fierce band that binds my tired brain,
Give me the melting heart of other years,
And let me weep again!

Before me pass
The shapes of things inexorably true.
Gone is the sparkle of transforming dew
From every blade of grass.

In life's high noon
Aimless I stand, my promised task undone,
And raise my hot eyes to the angry sun
That will go down too soon.

Turned into gall
Are the sweet joys of childhood's sunny reign;
And memory is a torture, love a chain
That binds my life in thrall.

And childhood's pain
Could to me now the purest rapture yield;
I pray for tears as in his parching field
The husbandman for rain.

We pray in vain!
The sullen sky flings down its blaze of brass;
The joys of life all scorched and withering pass;
I shall not weep again.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A SUMMER MOOD.

AH me! for evermore, for evermore
These human hearts of ours must yearn and sigh,
While down the dells and up the murmurous shore
Nature renews her immortality.

The heavens of June stretch calm and bland above,
June roses blush with tints of orient skies,
But we, by graves of joy, desire, and love,
Mourn in a world which breathes of Paradise!

The sunshine mocks the tears it may not dry,
The breezes — tricky couriers of the air, —

Child-roisterers winged, and lightly fluttering by —
Blow their gay trumpets in the face of care;

And bolder winds, the deep sky's passionate speech,
Woven into rhythmic raptures of desire,
Or fugues of mystic victory, sadly reach
Our humbled souls, to rack, not raise them higher!

The field-birds seem to twit us as they pass
With their small blisses, piped so clear and loud;
The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass,
And the lark, glancing beamlike up the cloud,

Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapsodies:

Small things and great unconscious tauntings bring
To edge our cares, while we, the proud and wise,
Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's wing!

And thus for evermore, till time shall cease,

Man's soul and Nature's — each a separate sphere —

Revolves, the one in discord, one in peace,

And who shall make the solemn mystery clear?

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,
Sad as the evening's tender gray,
By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,
That wavers and wanes through an amber mist, —

There cometh a dream of the past to me,

On the desert sands, by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,

And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,

And there rises a wind from the chill northwest,

That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,

As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee

Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides

Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides:

And above the gleam of her topmost spar

Are the virgin eyes of the vesper star
That shine with an angel's ruth on me, —

A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam

Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's scream

Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;

The first weird sigh on the lips of Night

Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted tree,

With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.

Oh, sky-enshadowed and yearning main,

Your gloom but deepens this human pain;

Those waves seem big with a nameless care,

That sky is a type of the heart's despair,

As I linger and muse by the sombre lea,

And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

THE WOODLAND.

Yox woodland, like a human mind
Has many a phase of dark and light;

Now dim with shadows wandering blind,

Now radiant with fair shapes of light;

They softly come, they softly go,

Capricious as the vagrant wind, —

Nature's vague thoughts in gloom or glow,

That leave no airiest trace behind.

No trace, no trace; yet wherefore thus

Do shade and beam our spirits stir?

Ah! Nature may be cold to us,
But we are strangely moved by her!

The wild bird's strain, the breezy spray,

Each hour with sure earth-changes rife,

Hint more than all the sages say,
Or poets sing, of death or life!

For, truth half drawn from Nature's
breast,
Through subtlest types of form and
tone,
Outweigh what man at most hath
guessed,
While heeding his own heart alone.

And midway betwixt heaven and us
Stands Nature, in her fadeless grace,
Still pointing to our Father's house,
His glory on her mystic face!

WINDLESS RAIN.

THE rain, the desolate rain!
Ceaseless, and solemn, and chill!
How it drips on the misty pane,
How it drenches the darkened sill!
O scene of sorrow and dearth!
I would that the wind awaking
To a fierce and gusty birth
Might vary this dull refrain
Of the rain, the desolate rain:
For the heart of heaven seems
breaking
In tears o'er the fallen earth,
And again, again, again,
We list to the sombre strain,
The faint, cold, monotone —
Whose soul is a mystic moan —
Of the rain, the mournful rain,
The soft, despairing rain!

The rain, the murmurous rain!
Weary, passionless, slow,
'T is the rhythm of settled sorrow,
'T is the sobbing of cureless woe!
And all the tragic life,
The pathos of Long-Ago,
Comes back on the sad refrain
Of the rain, the dreary rain,
Till the graves in my heart uncloze
And the dead who are buried there
From a solemn and weird repose
Awake, — but with eyeballs drear,
And voices that melt in pain
On the tide of the plaintive rain,
The yearning, hopeless rain,
The low, low, whispering rain?

THE STING OF DEATH.

I FEAR thee not, O Death! nay, oft
I pine
To clasp thy passionless bosom to
mine own, —
And on thy heart sob out my latest
moan,
Ere lapped and lost in thy strange
sleep divine;
But much I fear lest that chill breath
of thine
Should freeze all tender memories
into stone. —
Lest ruthless and malign Oblivion
Quench the last spark that lingers on
love's shrine: —
O God! to moulder through dark,
dateless years, —
The while all loving ministries shall
cease,
And Time assuage the fondest mourn-
er's tears! —
Here lies the sting! — this, *this* it is
to die! —
And yet great Nature rounds all strife
with peace,
And life or death, — each rests in
mystery!

JASMINE.

Of all the woodland flowers of earlier
spring,
These golden jasmines, each an air-
hung bower,
Meet for the Queen of Fairies' tiring
hour,
Seem loveliest and most fair in blos-
soming; —
How yonder mock-bird thrills his
fervid wing
And long, lithe throat, where twink-
ling flower on flower
Rains the globed dewdrops down, a
diamond shower,
O'er his brown head, poised as in act
to sing; —
Lo! the swift sunshine floods the
flowery urns,
Girding their delicate gold with
matchless light,

<p>Till the blent life of bough, leaf, blossom, burns; Then, then outbursts the mock-bird clear and loud,</p>	<p>Half-drunk with perfume, veiled by radiance bright,— A star of music in a fiery cloud!</p>
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REGINALD HEBER.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale
beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,

But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright,
they say,
Across the dark-blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

MIDDLE LIFE.

FAIR time of calm resolve — of sober
thought!

Quiet half-way hostelry on life's long
road,

In which to rest and readjust our
load!

High table-land, to which we have
been brought

By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!

Season when not to achieve is to de-
spair!

Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
Only spring-tide our freighted aims
to bear

Onward to all our yearning dreams
have sought!

How art thou changed! Once to our
youthful eyes

Thin silvering locks and thought's
imprinted lines

Of sloping age gave weird and
wintry signs:

But now these trophies ours, we recognize	Thick green of summer on the matted bough!
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,	The languid autumn mellows round us now:
And a weak tottering step as marks of old.	Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
None are so far but some are on before;	Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,	To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And to improve the way is truly wise.	And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep	Is all that poor humanity demands To lull its meaner fears to easy sleep.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

QUESTIONINGS.

HATH this world without me wrought
Other substance than my thought?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own?
Will its life, with mine begun,
Cease to be when that is done?
Or another consciousness
With the self-same forms impress?

Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,
Hang by my permission there?
Are the clouds that wander by
But the offspring of mine eye,
Born with every glance I cast,
Perishing when that is past?
And those thousand, thousand eyes,
Scattered through the twinkling skies,
Do they draw their life from mine,
Or of their own beauty shine?

NOW I close my eyes, my ears,
And creation disappears;
Yet if I but speak the word,
All creation is restored.
Or — more wonderful — within,
New creations do begin;
Hues more bright and forms more rare
Than reality doth wear,

Flash across my inward sense
Born of the mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!
Shall these glories pass away?
Will those planets cease to blaze
When these eyes no longer gaze?
And the life of things be o'er
When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me works and
lives, —
Life to all things living gives, —
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the universe in trance?
A reflection inly flung
By that world thou fanciest sprung
From thyself, — thyself a dream, —
Of the world's thinking, thou art
theme?

Be it thus, or be thy birth
From a source above the earth, —
Be thou matter, be thou mind,
In thee alone myself I find,
And through thee, alone, for me,
Hath this world reality.
Therefore, in thee will I live,
To thee all myself will give,
Losing still that I may find
This bounded self in boundless mind.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to
rest,—

Thou art where foe meets foe, and
trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the
princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-
wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,
oh! Death.

—
*EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS'
SCHOOL.*

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour,—the quiet
room

Seems like a temple, while yon
soft lamp sheds

A faint and starry radiance, through
the gloom

And the sweet stillness, down on
bright young heads,

With all their clustering locks, un-
touched by care,

And bowed, as flowers are bowed
with night,—in prayer.

Gaze on,—'tis lovely!—childhood's
lip and cheek,

Mantling beneath its earnest brow
of thought,

Gaze,—yet what seest thou in those
fair, and meek,

And fragile things, as but for sun-
shine wrought?

Thou seest what grief must nurture
for the sky,

What death must fashion for eternity!

Oh! joyous creatures, that will sink
to rest,

Lightly, when those pure orisons
are done,

As birds with slumber's honey-dew
oppressed,

'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set
of sun,—

Lift up your hearts!—though yet no
sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those
clear eyes;

Though fresh within your breasts the
untroubled springs

Of hope make melody where'er ye
tread;

And o'er your sleep bright shadows,
from the wings

Of spirits visiting but youth, be
spread;

Yet in those flute-like voices, ming-
ling low,

Is woman's tenderness,—how soon
her woe.

Her lot is on you,—silent tears to
weep,

And patient smiles to wear through
suffering's hour,

And sunless riches, from affection's
deep,

To pour on broken reeds,—a wasted
shower! [clay,

And to make idols, and to find them
And to bewail that worship,—there-
fore pray!

Her lot is on you,—to be found un-
tired,

Watching the stars out by the bed
of pain,

With a pale cheek, and yet a brow
inspired,

And a true heart of hope, though
hope be vain. [decay,

Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer
And oh! to love through all things,—
therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm
vesper time,

With its low murmuring sounds
and silvery light,

On through the dark days fading from
their prime,

As a sweet dew to keep your souls
from blight.

Earth will forsake,—oh! happy to
have given

The unbroken heart's first fragrance
unto Heaven!

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their
bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring
drums,
And the trumpet that sings of
fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim
woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's
foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest
roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely
high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of
war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there
they found —
Freedom to worship God.

*CALM ON THE BOSOM OF OUR
GOD.*

CALM on the bosom of our God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing
by:
Let us (said he) pour on him all we
can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd
lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom,
honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made
a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his
treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my crea-
ture,
He would adore my gifts instead of
me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of
Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restless-
ness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at
least,
If goodness lead him not, yet wear-
iness
May toss him to my breast.

—
[From the Church Porch]

ADVICE ON CHURCH BEHAVIOR.

WHEN once thy foot enters the
church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: for thou
art there
Only by his permission. Then be-
ware,
And make thyself all reverence and
fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stock-
ings: quit thy state.
All equal are within the church's
gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers
most:

Praying's the end of preaching. O
be drest;
Stay not for the other pin: why thou
hast lost

A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell
doth jest

Away thy blessings, and extremely
flout thee,

Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul
loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine
eyes,

And send them to thine heart; that
spying sin,

They may weep out the stains by
them did rise:

Those doors being shut, all by the
ear comes in.

Who marks in church-time other
symmetry,

Makes all their beauty his de-
formity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there
no part:

Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy
pleasure thither

Christ purged the temple; so must
thou thy heart.

All worldly thoughts are but these
met together

To cozen thee. Look to thy ac-
tions well:

For churches either are our heaven
or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy
judge:

If thou mislike him, thou conceivest
him not.

God calleth preaching folly. Do not
grudge

To pick out treasures from an earthen
pot.

The worst speak something good:
if all want sense,

God takes a text and preaches pa-
tience.

—
[From the Church Porch.]

SUM UP AT NIGHT.

SUM up at night, what thou hast
done by day;

And in the morning, what thou hast
to do.

Dress and undress thy soul: mark
the decay

And growth of it: if with thy watch
that too

Be down, then wind up both, since
we shall be

Most surely judged, make thy ac-
counts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the
man.
Look not on pleasures as they come,
but go.
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor
span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the
pains:
If well; the pain doth fade, the joy
remains.

BOSOM SIN.

LORD, with what care hast thou be-
girt us round!
Parents first season us: then school-
masters
Deliver us to laws: they send us
bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging
sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all
sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch
us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of sur-
prises,
Blessings beforehand, ties of grate-
fulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our
ears;

Without, our shame; within, our
consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and
fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole
array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite
away.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so
bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and
brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and
roses.
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to
coal,
Then chiefly lives.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO PERILLA.

AN, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to
see
Me, day by day, to steal away from
thee?
Age calls me hence, and my gray
hairs bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal
home;

'T will not be long, Perilla, after this
That I must give thee the supremest
kiss.
Dead when I am, first cast in salt,
and bring [spring.
Part of the cream from that religious
With which, Perilla, wash my hands
and feet;
That done, then wind me in that
very sheet

Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when
 thou didst implore
 The gods' protection, but the night
 before;
 Follow me weeping to my turf, and
 there
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a
 tear.
 Then lastly, let some weekly strew-
 ings be
 Devoted to the memory of me ;
 Then shall my ghost not walk about,
 but keep
 Still in the cool and silent shades of
 sleep.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 This sweet infant of the year ?
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose, thus bepearled with
 dew ?
 I will whisper to your ears,
 The sweets of love are mixed with
 tears.
 Ask me why this flower does show
 So yellow green and sickly too ?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break ?
 I will answer, these discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

THREE EPITAPHS.

UPON A CHILD

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh and blood ;
 Who so soon fell fast asleep
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings, but not stir,
 The earth that lightly covers her !

UPON A CHILD.

VIRGINS promised when I died,
 That they would, each primrose-tide,
 Duly morn and evening come,
 And with flowers dress my tomb :
 Having promised, pay your debts,
 Maids, and here strew violets.

UPON A MAID.

HERE she lies, in beds of spice,
 Fair as Eve in paradise ;
 For her beauty it was such.
 Poets could not praise too much.
 Virgins, come, and in a ring
 Her supremest requiem sing ;
 Then depart, but see ye tread
 Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

*HOW THE HEART'S EASE FIRST
 CAME.*

FROLIC virgins once these were,
 Over-loving, living here ;
 Being here their ends denied,
 Ran for sweethearts mad and died.
 Love, in pity of their tears,
 And their loss of blooming years,
 For their restless here-spent hours,
 Gave them heart's-ease turned to
 flowers.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

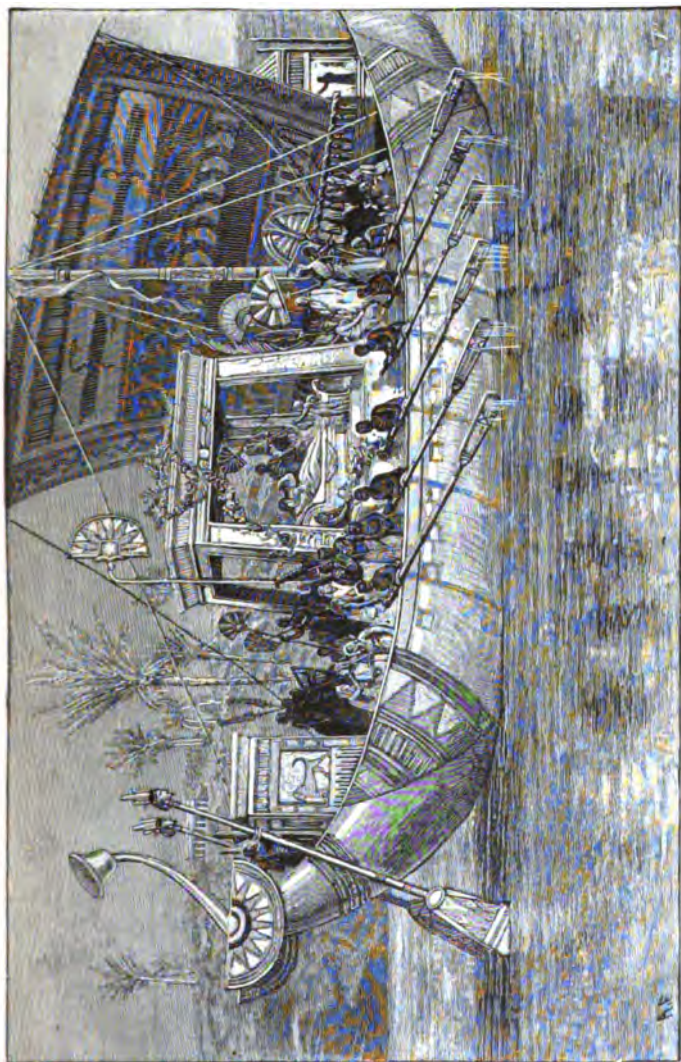
IN the hour of my distress
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
 Sick at heart, and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drowned in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artless doctor sees
 No one hope, but of his fees,
 And his skill runs on the lees,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When his potion and his pill,
 His or none or little skill,
 Meet for nothing, but to kill —
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !



CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNIUS.

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few.
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what he said
Because my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th.
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine
eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed —
When to Thee I have appealed.
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast — to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour —
Or ragged go —
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate —
To circumscribe thy life,

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin —
And that's to keep thy Lent.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

FLUTES in the sunny air!
And harps in the porphyry
halls!
And a low, deep hum like a people's
prayer,
With its heart-breathed swells and
falls!
And an echo like the desert's call,
Flung back to the shouting shores!
And the river's ripple heard through
all,
As it plays with the silver oars! —

The sky is a gleam of gold,
And the amber breezes float
Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but
never told,
Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand;
And the thousand tongues are
mute,
And the Syrian strikes with a trem-
bling hand
The strings of his gilded lute!
And the Ethiop's heart throbs loud
and high
Beneath his white symar,

And the Libyan kneels, as he meets
her eye,

Like the flash of an eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots, like a bright-
plumed bird,
Away down the golden river!

.

Away by the lofty mount,
And away by the lonely shore,
And away by the gushing of many a
fount,
Where fountains gush no more!—
Oh, for some warning vision there,
Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare
And glad young spirits broken!
Of waters dried away,
And hope and beauty blasted!
That scenes so fair and hearts so gay
Should be so early wasted!

EPITAPH.

FAREWELL! since nevermore for thee
The sun comes up our earthly skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sun-
shine be | eyes.
To some fond hearts and saddened

There are who, for thy last long sleep,
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore,
Must weep because thou canst not
weep,
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love!—the loving breast,
Whereon thine aching head was
thrown,
Gave up the weary head, to rest,
But kept the aching for its own.

Till pain shall find the same low bed
That pillows now thy painless head,
And following darkly through the
night, | light.
Love reach thee by the founts of

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

GOOD-MORROW.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks,
aloft,
To give my love good-morrow,
Wings from the wind to please her
mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-
breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every
bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

DECORATION.

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

'MID the flower-wreathed tombs I
stand,

Bearing lilies in my hand.

Comrades! in what soldier-grave

Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest

With his colors round his breast?

Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,

Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One lone grave, yon trees beneath,

Bears no roses, wears no wreath;

Yet no heart more high and warm

Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye

In the front of victory:

Never foot had firmer tread

On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,

Where the untended grasses bloom;

And no stone, with feigned distress,

Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,

Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,

Here lie buried — here in peace

Wrongs and woes have found re-
lease.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,

Kneeling where a woman lies,

I strew lilies on the grave

Of the bravest of the brave.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

LAKE GEORGE.

How oft in visions of the night,

How oft in noonday dreaming,

I've seen, fair lake, thy forest wave,—

Have seen thy waters gleaming;

Have heard the blowing of the winds

That sweep along thy highlands,

And the light laughter of the waves

That dance around thine islands.

It was a landscape of the mind,

With forms and hues ideal,

But still those hues and forms ap-
peared

More lovely than aught real.

I feared to see the breathing scene,

And brooded o'er the vision,

Lest the hard touch of truth should
mar

A picture so Elysian.

But now I break the cold distrust

Whose spells so long had bound me;

The shadows of the night are past,—

The morning shines around me.

And in the sober light of day,

I see, with eyes enchanted,

The glorious vision that so long

My day and night dreams haunted.

I see the green, translucent wave,

The purest of earth's fountains:

I see the many-winding shore,—

The double range of mountains:

One, neighbor to the flying clouds,

And crowned with leaf and blossom,

And one, more lovely, borne within

The lake's unruffled bosom.

O timid heart! with thy glad throbs

Some self-reproach is blended.

At the long years that died before

The sight of scene so splendid.

The mind has pictures of its own,

Fair trees and waters flowing—

But not a magic whole like this,

So living, breathing, glowing;

Strength imaged in the wooded hills,

A grand, primeval nature,

And beauty mirrored in the lake,
A gentler, softer feature;
A perfect union, — where no want
Upon the soul is pressing;
Like manly power and female grace
Made one by bridal blessing.

Nor is the stately scene without
Its sweet, secluded treasures,
Where hearts that shun the crowd
may find
Their own exclusive pleasures;
Deep chasms of shade for pensive
thought,
The hours to wear away in;
And vaulted aisles, of whispering pine,
For lovers' feet to stray in;

Clear streams that from the uplands
run,
A course of sunless shadow;
Isles all unfurrowed by the plough,
And strips of fertile meadow;
And rounded coves of silver sand,
Where moonlight plays and glances, —
A sheltered hall for elfin horns,
A floor for elfin dances.

No tame monotony is here,
But beauty ever changing;

With clouds, and shadows of the
clouds,
And mists the hillsides ranging.
Where morning's gold, and noon's
hot sun,
Their changing glories render;
Pour round the shores a varying
light,
Now glowing and now tender.

But purer than the shifting gleams
By liberal sunshine given,
Is the deep spirit of that hour, —
An effluence breathed from heaven;
When the unclouded, yellow moon
Hangs o'er the eastern ridges,
And the long shaft of trembling
gold,
The trembling crystal bridges.

Farewell, sweet lake! brief were the
hours
Along thy banks for straying;
But not farewell what memory
takes, —
An image undecaying.
I hold secure beyond all change
One lovely recollection,
To cheer the hours of lonely toil.
And chase away dejection.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many, — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it
hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them
wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept.
Through walls of flame, its wither-
ing way;
Where fell the dead, the living
stept,
Still charging on the guns which
swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest
lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries
past,

And, braving full their murderous
blast,
Stormed home the towers of Mon-
terey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their
grave

Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that
day:

But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

JAMES HOGG.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland
and lea!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on
earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the
day,

Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of
love be!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

A SONG OF DOUBT.

THE day is quenched, and the sun is
fled;

God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are
dead;
God has forgotten the world!

Evil has won in the horrid feud
Of ages with The Throne;
Evil stands on the neck of Good,
And rules the world alone.

There is no good; there is no God;
And Faith is a heartless cheat
Who bares the back for the Devil's rod,
And scatters thorns for the feet.

What are prayers in the lips of death,
Filling and chilling with hail?
What are prayers but wasted breath
Beaten back by the gale?

[fled;
The day is quenched, and the sun is
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are
dead;
God has forgotten the world!

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

A SONG OF FAITH.

DAY will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world !
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world !

Evil is only the slave of Good;
Sorrow the servant of Joy;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of
sighs;
The deepest griefs and the wildest
fears
Have holiest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping
storm;
Safely the flower sleeps under the
snow;
And the farmer's hearth is never
warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world !
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world !

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

WHAT IS THE LITTLE ONE
THINKING ABOUT?

WHAT is the little one thinking
about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and
drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods
and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by
fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know
Where the summers go;—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks ?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great un-
known,
Blind, and wailing, and all alone,
Into the light of day ?—
Out from the shore of the unknown

sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and
rolls,
Specked with the barks of little
souls,—
Barks that were launched on the
other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebb-
ing tide!

What does he think of his mother's
eyes ?

What does he think of his moth-
er's hair ?

What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through
the air ?

What does he think of his moth-
er's breast,—

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest ?

What does he think when her quick
embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink
and swell

With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,—

Words she has learned to murmur
well ?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips;
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet re-
pose!

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

**STRENGTH THROUGH RESISTED
TEMPTATION.**

GOD loves not sin, nor I; but in the
throng
Of evils that assail us, there are none
That yield their strength to Virtue's
struggling arm
With such munificent reward of
power
As great temptations. We may win
by toil
Enlurance; saintly fortitude by pain;
By sickness, patience; faith and trust
by fear;
But the great stimulus that spurs to
life,
And crowds to generous development
Each chastened power and passion of
the soul,
Is the temptation of the soul to sin,
Resisted, and reconquered, evermore.

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

THE PRESS OF SORROW.

HEARTS, like apples, are hard and
sour,
Till crushed by Pain's resistless
power;
And yield their juices rich and bland
To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally never,
But gush by pressure from above,
With God's hand on the lever.
The first are turbidest and meanest;
The last are sweetest and serenest.

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

LIFE FROM DEATH.

LIFE evermore is fed by death,
In earth and sea and sky;
And, that a rose may breathe its
breath,
Something must die.

Earth is a sepulchre of flowers,
Whose vitalizing mould
Through boundless transmutation
towers,
In green and gold.

The oak-tree, struggling with the
blast,
Devours its father-tree,
And sheds its leaves and drops its
mast,
That more may be.

The falcon preys upon the finch,
The finch upon the fly,
And nought will loose the hunger-
pinch
But death's wild cry.

The milk-haired heifer's life must
pass
That it may fill your own,
As passed the sweet life of the
grass
She fed upon.

The power enslaved by yonder cask
Shall many burdens bear;
Shall nerve the toiler at his task,
The soul at prayer.

From lowly woe springs lordly joy;
From humbler good diviner;
The greater life must aye destroy
And drink the minor.

From hand to hand life's cup is
passed
Up Being's piled gradation,
Till men to angels yield at last
The rich collation.

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

WORTH AND COST.

THUS is it over all the earth!
That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,
And gluts the laggard forges:
But gold-flakes gleam in dim defiles
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land
With heaped and rounded ledges,
But diamonds hide within the sand
Their starry edges.

The finny armies clog the twine
That sweeps the lazy river,
But pearls come singly from the brine,
With the pale diver.

God gives no value unto men
Unmatched by meed of labor;
And Cost, of Worth, has ever been
The closest neighbor.

Wide is the gate and broad the way
That opens to perdition,
And countless multitudes are they
Who seek admission.

But strait the gate, the path unkind,
That leads to life immortal,
And few the careful feet that find,
The hidden portal.

All common good has common price;
Exceeding good, exceeding;
Christ bought the keys of Paradise
By cruel bleeding;

And every soul that wins a place
Upon its hills of pleasure,
Must give its all, and beg for grace
To fill the measure.

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

CRADLE SONG.

HITHER, Sleep! a mother wants thee!
Come with velvet arms!
Fold the baby that she grants thee
To thy own soft charms!

Bear him into Dreamland lightly!
Give him sight of flowers!
Do not bring him back till brightly
Break the morning hours!

Close his eyes with gentle fingers!
Cross his hands of snow!
Tell the angels where he lingers
They must whisper low!

I will guard thy spell unbroken
If thou hear my call;
Come, then, Sleep! I wait the token
Of thy downy thrall.

Now I see his sweet lips moving;
He is in thy keep;
Other milk the babe is proving
At the breast of Sleep!

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

SLEEP, babe, the honeyed sleep of
innocence!
Sleep like a bud; for soon the sun of
life
With ardors quick and passionate
shall rise,
And with hot kisses, part the fra-
grant lips —
The folded petals of thy soul! Alas!
What feverish winds shall tease and
toss thee, then!
What pride and pain, ambition and
despair,
Desire, satiety, and all that fill
With misery, life's fretful enterprise,
Shall wrench and blanch thee, till
thou fall at last.
Joy after joy down-fluttering to the
earth.
To be apportioned to the elements!
I marvel, baby, whether it were ill
That he who planted thee should
pluck thee now,
And save thee from the blight that
comes on all.
I marvel whether it would not be well
That the frail bud should burst in
Paradise,
On the full throbbing of an angel's
heart!

[From the *Marble Prophecy*.]

THE TYPE OF STRUGGLING
HUMANITY.

LAOCOÖN! thou great embodiment
Of human life and human history!
Thou record of the past, thou proph-
ecy
Of the sad future, thou majestic voice,
Pealing along the ages from old time!
Thou wall of agonized humanity!
There lives no thought in marble like
to thee!
Thou hast no kindred in the Vatican,
But standest separate among the
dreams
Of old mythologies — alone — alone!
The beautiful Apollo at thy side
Is but a marble dream, and dreams
are all
The gods and goddesses and fauns
and fates
That populate these wondrous halls;
but thou,
Standing among them, liftest up thy-
self
In majesty of meaning, till they sink
Far from the sight, no more signifi-
cant
Than the poor toys of children. For
thou art
A voice from out the world's experi-
ence,
Speaking of all the generations past
To all the generations yet to come
Of the long struggle, the sublime de-
spair,
The wild and weary agony of man!

ON THE RIGHI.

On the Righi Kulm we stood,
Lovely Floribel and I,
While the morning's crimson flood
Streamed along the eastern sky.
Reddened every mountain-peak
Into rose from twilight dun;

But the blush upon her cheek
Was not lighted by the sun!

On the Righi Kulm we sat,
Lovely Floribel and I,
Plucking bluebells for her hat
From a mound that blossomed
nigh.
“We are near to heaven,” she sighed,
While her raven lashes fell.
“Nearer,” softly I replied,
“Than the mountain's height may
tell.”

Down the Righi's side we sped,
Lovely Floribel and I,
But her morning blush had fled
And the bluebells all were dry.
Of the height the dream was born;
Of the lower air it died;
And the passion of the morn
Flagged and fell at eventide.

From the breast of blue Lucerne,
Lovely Floribel and I
Saw the brand of sunset burn
On the Righi Kulm, and die.
And we wondered, gazing thus,
If our dream would still remain
On the height, and wait for us
Till we climb to heaven again!

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

If life awake and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of
peace
Shall bloom there forevermore,—

Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea;
For whether I'm on or under the
ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?

SAXE HOLME.

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

THREE, only three, my darling,
 Separate, solemn, slow;
 Not like the swift and joyous ones,
 We used to know
 When we kissed because we loved
 each other
 Simply to taste love's sweet,
 And lavished our kisses as the sum-
 mer
 Lavishes heat;—
 But as they kiss whose hearts are
 wrung,
 When hope and fear are spent,
 And nothing is left to give except
 A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
 Is sacred unto pain;
 We have hurt each other often:
 We shall again,
 When we pine because we miss each
 other,
 And do not understand.
 How the written words are so much
 colder
 Than eye and hand.
 I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
 Which we may give or take;

Buried, forgiven, before it comes,
 For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
 Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
 We have blessed each other always;
 We always will.
 We shall reach till we feel each other,
 Past all of time and space;
 We shall listen till we hear each
 other
 In every place;
 The earth is full of messengers
 Which love sends to and fro;
 I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
 Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
 My love—I cannot see
 Through my tears, as I remember
 What it may be.
 We may die and never see each other,
 Die with no time to give
 Any sign that our hearts are faithful
 To die, as live.
 Token of what they will not see
 Who see our parting breath,
 This one last kiss, my darling, seals
 The seal of death!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers
 slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild-flowers who will stoop to
 number?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy fame is proud to win
 them:—
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in
 them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
 Whose song has told their hearts'
 sad story,—
 Weep for the voiceless, who have
 known
 The cross without the crown of
 glory!
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted
 billow,
 But where the glistening night-dews
 weep
 On nameless Sorrow's churchyard
 pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
 Save whitening lip and fading
 tresses,
 Till Death pours out his cordial wine
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crush-
 ing presses, —
 If singing breath or echoing chord
 To every hidden pang were given,
 What endless melodies were poured,
 Assad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER's mother: her age I
 guess,

Thirteen summers, or something less;
 Girlish bust, but womanly air:
 Smooth, square forehead with up-
 rolled hair.

Lips that lover has never kissed;
 Taper fingers and slender wrist;
 Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
 So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
 Sits unmoving and broods serene.
 Hold up the canvas full in view, —
 Look! there's a rent the light shines
 through,
 Dark with a century's fringe of
 dust, —

That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
 Such is the tale the lady old,
 Dorothy's daughter's daughter told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
 One whose best was not over well;
 Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
 Flat as a rose that has long been
 pressed:

Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
 Dainty colors of red and white,
 And in her slender shape are seen
 Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
 Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
 Ay! since the galloping Normans
 came,
 England's annals have known her
 name;

And still to the three-hilled rebel
 town

Dear is that ancient name's renown,
 For many a civic wreath they won,
 The youthful sire and the gray haired
 son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
 Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
 Such a gift as never a king
 Save to daughter or son might
 bring,
 All my tenure of heart and hand,
 All my title to house and land;
 Mother and sister and child and wife
 And joy and sorrow and death and
 life!

What if a hundred years ago
 Those close-shut lips had answered
 No.

When forth the tremulous question
 came

That cost the maiden her Norman
 name,

And under the folds that look so still
 The bodice swelled with the bosom's
 thrill?

Should I be I, or would it be
 One tenth another to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:
 Not the light gossamer stirs with less;

But never a cable that holds so fast
 Through all the battles of wave and
 blast,

And never an echo of speech or song
 That lives in the babbling air so long!
 There were tones in the voice that
 whispered then

You may hear to-day in a hundred
 men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
 Your images hover, — and here we
 are,

Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
 Edward's and Dorothy's — all their
 own, —

A goodly record for time to show
 Of a syllable spoken so long ago: —
 Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
 For the tender whisper that bade me
 live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
 I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's
 blade,
 And freshen the gold of the tarnished
 frame,
 And gild with a rhyme your house-
 hold name:
 So you shall smile on us brave and
 bright
 As first you greeted the morning's
 light,
 And live untroubled by woes and
 fears
 Through a second youth of a hun-
 dred years.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

HER hands are cold; her face is
 white;
 No more her pulses come and go;
 Her eyes are shut to life and light;—
 Fold the white vesture, snow on
 snow,
 And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
 To plead for tears with alien eyes;
 A slender cross of wood alone
 Shall say, that here a maiden lies,
 In peace beneath the peaceful
 skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
 Shall wheel their circling shadows
 round
 To make the scorching sunlight dim
 That drinks the greenness from the
 ground,
 And drop their dead leaves on her
 mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels
 run,
 And through their leaves the robins
 call,
 And ripening in the autumn sun.
 The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
 Doubt not that she will heed them
 all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
 Its matins from the branches high,
 And every minstrel-voice of Spring,
 That trills beneath the April sky,
 Shall greet her with its earliest
 cry.

When turning round their dial track,
 Eastward the lengthening shadows
 pass,
 Her little mourners, clad in black,
 The crickets, sliding through the
 grass,
 Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
 Shall find the prison where she lies,
 And bear the buried dust they seize.
 In leaves and blossoms to the skies
 So may the soul that warmed it
 rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
 Should ask, What maiden lies be-
 low?
 Say only this: A tender bud,
 That tried to blossom in the snow,
 Lies withered where the violets
 blow.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

SLOW toiling upward from the misty
 vale,
 I leave the bright enamelled zones
 below;
 No more for me their beauteous
 bloom shall glow,
 Their lingering sweetness load the
 morning gale;
 Few are the slender flowerets, scent-
 less, pale,
 That on their ice-clad stems, all
 trembling blow
 Along the margin of unmelting
 snow;
 Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge
 I hail.

White realm of peace above the
flowering line,
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky
spires!

O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt
planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain
desires,

And all the unclouded blue of
heaven is thine!

THE TWO STREAMS.

BEHOLD the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending
as they fall,
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling towards the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled
braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender
rill,
Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee, —
One to long darkness and the frozen
tide,

One to the Peaceful Sea!

HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, that stoopedst to
share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest
tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art
near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering
year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou
art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to
grief,
And trembling faith is changed to
fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering
leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

THOMAS HOOD.

MELANCHOLY.

[From the Ode thereon.]

Lo! here the best, the worst, the
world
Doth now remember or forget
Are in one common ruin hurled;
And love and hate are calmly met —
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.

Is 't not enough to vex our souls
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet;
And, sometimes, at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret.
The roses bud and bloom again;
But love may haunt the grave of love,
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art
mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as
this.

Forgive, if somewhere I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss,
As frightened Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis.
E'en so the dark and bright will
kiss;

The sunniest things throw sternest
shade;

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!
Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orbed moon to grieve our
eyes;

Not bright, not bright — but with a
cloud

Lapped all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest.
The ghost of the late buried sun
Had crept into the skies.

The moon! she is the source of
sighs,

The very face to make us sad,
If but to think in other times
The same calm, quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Or vile and mean, or fierce and
bad —

The same fair light that shone in
streams,

The fairy lamp that charmed the
lad;

For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains, and makes
them mad

All things are touched with melan-
choly,

Born of the secret soul's mistrust
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile, degraded
dust.

Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust —
Like the sweet blossoms of the
May,

Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh, give her then her tribute just,

Her sighs and tears, and musings
holy!

There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter
solely;

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS
MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again, —
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee, —
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,
Hereafter thou mayest press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold,
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray —
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke
defer. —

For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon;

Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups —
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as
fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through
the night
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied —
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and
sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous
pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the
roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to
save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam —
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out!
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt —
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death —
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —

It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of
straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof, and this naked
floor;
A table, a broken chair;
And a wall so blank my shadow I
thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work — work — work —
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band —
Till the heart is sick and the brain
benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work
In the dull December light!
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and
bright! —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling.
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"O! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"O! but for one short hour —
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous
pitch —
Would that its tone could reach the
rich! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly —
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly —
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb —

Her fair auburn tresses —
 Whilst wonderment guesses
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?
 Who was her mother?
 Had she a sister?
 Had she a brother?
 Or was there a dearer one
 Still, and a nearer one
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!
 Oh! it was pitiful!
 Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
 Fatherly, motherly
 Feelings had changed —
 Love, by harsh evidence,
 Thrown from its eminence;
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window and casement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver:
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river;
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled —
 Any where, any where
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly —
 No matter how coldly.
 The rough river ran —
 Over the brink of it!
 Picture it — think of it!
 Dissolute man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly —
 Lift her with care!
 Fashioned so slenderly —
 Young and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly,
 Stiffen too rigidly.
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity
 Burning insanity
 Into her rest!
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour!

FAREWELL, LIFE!

FAREWELL, Life! my senses swim,
 And the world is growing dim:
 Thronging shadows cloud the light,
 Like the advent of the night —
 Colder, colder, colder still,
 Upwards steals a vapor chill:
 Strong the earthy odor grows —
 I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the spirit strives:
 Strength returns, and hope revives;
 Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
 Fly like shadows at the morn —
 O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
 Sunny light for sullen gloom,
 Warm perfume for vapor cold —
 I smell the rose above the mould!

BALLAD.

It was not in the winter
 Our loving lot was cast;
 It was the time of roses —
 We plucked them as we passed!

That churlish season never frowned
 On early lovers yet!
 O, no — the world was newly crowned
 With flowers when first we met.

'T was twilight, and I bade you go —
 But still you held me fast;
 It was the time of roses, —
 We plucked them as we passed!

TRUE DEATH.

It is not death, that some time in a
 sigh
 This eloquent breath shall take its
 speechless flight;
 That some time these bright stars,
 that now reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in
 night;
 That this warm conscious flesh shall
 perish quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to
 flow;
 That thought shall cease, and the
 immortal sprite
 Be lapped in alien clay and laid be-
 low;
 It is not death to know this — but to
 know

That pious thoughts, which visit at
 new graves
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
 So duly and so oft, — and when grass
 waves
 Over the past-away, there may be
 then
 No resurrection in the minds of men.

LOVE BETTERED BY TIME.

LOVE, dearest lady, such as I would
 speak,
 Lives not within the humor of the
 eye;
 Not being but an outward phantasy
 That skims the surface of a tinted
 cheek, —
 Else it would wane with beauty, and
 grow weak,
 As if the rose made summer — and
 so lie
 Amongst the perishable things that
 die,
 Unlike the love which I would give
 and seek;
 Whose health is of no hue — to feel
 decay
 With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy
 prime.
 Love is its own great loveliness al-
 way,
 And takes new beauties from the
 touch of time;
 Its bough owns no December and no
 May,
 But bears its blossoms into winter's
 clime.

GEORGE HOUGHTON.

[From *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk.*]

VALBORG WATCHING AXEL'S DEPARTURE.

AT kirk knelt Valborg, the cold altar-stone
 Reeling beneath her. Filled with choking grief
 She could not say good-bye, but by a page
 Her rosary sent him; and when he had climbed
 His horse, and on the far-off bridge she heard

The dull tramp of his troopers, up she fared
 By stair and ladder to old Steindor's post, —
 For he was mute, and could not nettle her
 With words' cheap guise of sympathy. There perched
 Beside him up among the dusty bells,
 She pushed her face between the mullions, looked
 Across the world of snow, lighted like day
 By moon and moor-ild; saw with misty eyes
 A gleam of steel, an eagle's feather tall;
 And through the clear air watched it, tossing, pass
 Across the sea-line; saw the ship lift sail
 And blow to southward, catching light and shade
 As 'mong the sheers and skerries it picked out
 A crooked pathway; saw it round the ness,
 And, catching one last flicker of the moon,
 Fade into nothingness. With desolate steps
 She left the bellman and crept down the stairs;
 Heard all the air re-echoing: "He is gone!" —
 Felt a great sob behind her lips, and tears
 Flooding the sluices of her eyes; turned toward
 The empty town, and for the first time saw
 That Nidaros was small and irksome, felt
 First time her tether galling, and, by heaven!
 Wished she'd been born a man-child, free to fare
 Unhindered through the world's wide pastures, free
 To stand this hour with Axel as his squire.
 And with him brave the sea-breeze. Aimlessly
 She sought the scattered gold-threads that had formed
 Life's glowing texture: but how dull they seemed!
 How bootless the long waste of lagging weeks,
 With dull do-over of mean drudgeries,
 And miserable cheer of pitying mouths
 Whistling and whipping through small round of change
 Their cowering pack of saw and circumstance!
 How slow the crutches of the limping years!

[Six Quatrains from *Album-Leaves*.]

COURAGE.

DARKNESS before, all joy behind!
 Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:
 He soonest reads the lesson right
 Who reads with back against the
 light!

AMBITION.

THE palace with its splendid dome,
 That nearest to the sky aspires,
 Is first to challenge storms that roam
 Above it, and call down their fires.

THIS NAME OF MINE.

THIS name of mine the sun may steal
 away,
 Fierce fire consume it, moths eat
 name and day;
 Or mildew's hand may smooch it with
 decay. —
 But not my love, for that shall live
 alway.

REGRET.

I'VE regretted most sincerely,
 I've repented deeply, long;
 But to those I've loved most dearly,
 I've oftenest done wrong.

PURITY.

LET your truth stand sure,
And the world is true;
Let your heart keep pure —
And the world will, too.

CHARITY.

He erred, no doubt, perhaps he
sinned;
Shall I then dare to cast a stone?
Perhaps this blotch, on a garment
white,
Counts less than the dingy robes I
own.

[From *Album-Leaves*.]

DAISY.

I GAVE my little girl back to the
daisies,
From them it was that she took her
name;
I gave my precious one back to the
daisies,
From where they caught their color
she came;
And now, when I look in the face of
a daisy,
My little girl's face I see, I see!
My tears, down dropping, with theirs
commingle,
And they give my precious one
back to me.

LORD HOUGHTON (RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES).

SINCE YESTERDAY.

I'm not where I was yesterday,
Though my home be still the same,
For I have lost the veriest friend
Whomever a friend could name;
I'm not where I was yesterday,
Though change there be little to see,
For a part of myself has lapsed away
From Time to Eternity.

I have lost a thought that many a
year
Was most familiar food
To my inmost mind, by night or day,
In merry or plaintive mood;
I have lost a hope, that many a year
Looked far on a gleaming way,
When the walls of Life were closing
round,
And the sky was sombre gray.

I thought, how should I see him first,
How should our hands first meet,
Within his room, — upon the stair, —
At the corner of the street?
I thought, where should I hear him
first,

How catch his greeting tone, —
And thus I went up to his door,
And they told me he was gone!

Oh! what is Life but a sum of love,
And Death but to lose it all?
Weeds be for those that are left be-
hind,
And not for those that fall!
And now how mighty a sum of love
Is lost for ever to me
No, I'm not what I was yesterday,
Though change there be little to see.

LABOR.

HEART of the people! Working men!
Marrow and nerve of human powers;
Who on your sturdy backs sustain
Through streaming time this world
of ours;
Hold by that title, — which pro-
claims,
That ye are undismayed and strong,
Accomplishing whatever aims
May to the sons of earth belong.

And he who still and silent sits
In closed room or shady nook,
And seems to nurse his idle wits
With folded arms or open book: —
To things now working in *that* mind,
Your children's children well may
owe
Blessings that hope has ne'er defined
Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work — with head or
hand,
For self or others, good or ill:
Life is ordained to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will;
Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed, —
And all our choice is this, — to grow
Pasture and grain or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot, —
For those which seem the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not:
And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who, from the task within his span
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.

I WANDERED BY THE BROOK- SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill, —
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone, —
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer — nearer,
We did not speak one word;
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they
pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would
Metre out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and
bent
In sad unrest and ill-content:

And more, — though free from seem-
ing harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's
charm, —

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done, —

Of something from your being's
chain,
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain. —

Upon your heart this truth may
rise,—

Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies:

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need:

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop not destroy.
Far better than a barren joy.

FOREVER UNCONFESED.

THEY seemed to those who saw them
meet
The worldly friends of every day,
Her smile was undisturbed and
sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so calm and
tame,
Would struggle like a captured bird:

And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blistered with repeated tears,—
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and
years!

Alas, that Love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas, that they delayed too long
The goal of mutual bliss beside.

Yet what no chance could then re-
veal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse
alone.

DIVORCED.

WE that were friends, yet are not
now,
We that must daily meet
With ready words and courteous
bow,
Acquaintance of the street;
We must not scorn the holy past,
We must remember still
To honor feelings that outlast
The reason and the will.

I might reprove thy broken faith,
I might recall the time
When thou wert chartered mine till
death,
Through every fate and clime;
When every letter was a vow,
And fancy was not free
To dream of ended love; and thou
Wouldest say the same of me.

No, no, 'tis not for us to trim
The balance of our wrongs,
Enough to leave remorse to him
To whom remorse belongs!
Let our dead friendship be to us
A desecrated name,
Unutterable, mysterious,
A sorrow and a shame.

A sorrow that two souls which
grew
Encased in mutual bliss,
Should wander, callous strangers,
through
So cold a world as this!
A shame that we, whose hearts had
earned
For life an early heaven,
Should be like angels self-turned
To Death, when once forgiven!

Let us remain as living signs,
Where they that run may read
Pain and disgrace in many lines,
As of a loss indeed;
That of our fellows any who
The prize of love have won
May tremble at the thought to do
The thing that we have done!

**ALL THINGS ONCE ARE THINGS
FOR EVER.**

ALL things once are things for ever;
Soul, once living, lives for ever;
Blame not what is only once,
When that once endures for ever;
Love, once felt, though soon forgot
Moulds the heart to good for ever;

Once betrayed from childly faith,
Man is conscious man for ever;
Once the void of life revealed,
It must deepen on for ever,
Unless God fill up the heart
With himself for once and ever:
Once made God and man at once,
God and man are one for ever.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
of his terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of
a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by
the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in bur-
nished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so
with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush
the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on!"

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men be-
fore his judgment-seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him!
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that trans-
figures you and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us
die to make men free,
While God is marching on!

[From *Thoughts in Père la Chaise.*]

**IMAGINED REPLY OF ELOISA TO
THE POET'S QUESTIONING.**

"WHAT was I cannot tell — thou
know'st our story,
Know'st how we stole God's treasure
from on high;
Without heaven's virtue we had heav-
en's glory,
Too justly our delights were doomed
to die.

"Intense as were our blisses, e'en so
painful
The keen privation it was ours to
share;
All states, all places barren proved
and baneful,
Dead stones grew pitiful at our de-
spair;

"Till, to the cloister's solitude re-
pairing,
Our feet the way of holier sorrows
trod,
Hid from each other, yet together
sharing
The labor of the Providence of God.

"Often at midnight, on the cold stone
lying,
My passionate sobs have rent the pas-
sive air,
While my crisped fingers clutched the
pavement, trying
To hold him fast, as he had still been
there.

"I called, I shrieked, till my spent
breath came faintly,
I sank, in pain Christ's martyrs could
not bear;
Then dreamed I saw him, beautiful
and saintly,
As his far convent tolled the hour of
prayer.

"Solemn and deep that vision of re-
union —
He passed in robe, and cowl, and san-
dall'd feet,
But our dissever'd lips held no com-
munion,
Our long divorcèd glances could not
meet.

"Then slowly, from that hunger of
sensation,
That rage for happiness, which makes
it sin,
I rose to calmer, wider contemplation,
And knew the Holiest, and his disci-
pline.

"O thou who call'st on me! if that
thou bearest
A wounded heart beneath thy wom-
an's vest,
If thou my mournful earthly fortune
sharest,
Share the high hopes that calmed my
fever'd breast.

"Not vainly do I boast Religion's
power,
Faith dawned upon the eyes with Sor-
row dim;
I toiled and trusted, till there came
an hour
That saw me sleep in God, and wake
with him.

"Seek comfort thus, for all life's
painful losing,
Compel from Sorrow merit and re-
ward,
And sometimes wile a mournful hour
in musing
How Eloisa loved her Abelard."

The voice fled heav'nward ere its
spell was broken, —
I stretched a tremulous hand within
the grate,
And bore away a ravished rose, in
token
Of woman's highest love and hard-
est fate.

STANZAS FROM THE "TRIBUTE
TO A SERVANT."

OH! grief that wring'st mine eyes
with tears,
Demand not from my lips a song;
That fated gift of early years
I've loved too well, I've nursed too
long.

What boot my verses to the heart
That breath of mine no more shall
stir?
Where were the piety of Art,
If thou wert silent over her?

This was a maiden, light of foot,
Whose bloom and laughter, fresh and
free,
Flitted like sunshine, in and out
Among my little ones and me.

Hers was the power to quell and
charm;
The ready wit that children love;
The faithful breast, the shielding
arm
Pillowed in sleep my tenderest dove

She played in all the nursery plays,
She ruled in all its little strife;
A thousand genial ways endeared
Her presence to my daily life.

She ranged my hair with gem or
flower,
Careful, the festal draperies hung,
Or plied her needle, hour by hour
In cadence with the song I sung.

My highest joy she could not share,
Nor fathom sorrow's deep abyss;
For *that*, she wore a smiling air,
She hung her head and pined for *this*.

"And she shall live with me," I said,
"Till all my pretty ones be grown;
I'll give my girls my little maid,
The gayest thing I call my own."

Or else, methought, some farmer bold
Should woo and win my gentle Liz-
zie,
And I should stock her house four-
fold,
Be with her wedding blithely busy.

But lo! Consumption's spectral form
Sucks from her lips the flickering
breath;
In these pale flowers, these tear-drops
warm,
I bring the mournful dower of Death.

I could but say, with faltering voice
And eyes that glanced aside to weep,
"Be strong in faith and hope, my
child;
He giveth his beloved sleep.

"And though thou walk the shadowy
vale,
Whose end we know not, He will aid;
His rod and staff shall stay thy steps;"
"I know it well," she smiled and said.

She knew it well, and knew yet more
My deepest hope, though unexpressed,
The hope that God's appointed sleep
But heightens ravishment with rest.

My children, living flowers, shall come
And strew with seed this grave of
thine,
And bid the blushing growths of
spring
Thy dreary painted cross entwine.

Thus Faith, cast out of barren creeds,
Shall rest in emblems of her own;
Beauty, still springing from Decay,
The cross-wood building to the crown.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

TAKE the dead Christ to my chamber,
The Christ I brought from Rome;
Over all the tossing ocean,
He has reached his western home;
Bear him as in procession,
And lay him solemnly
Where, through weary night and
morning,
He shall bear me company.

The name I bear is other
Than *that* that I bore by birth,
And I've given life to children
Who'll grow and dwell on earth;
But the time comes swiftly towards
me
(Nor do I bid it stay),
When the dead Christ will be more
to me
Than all I hold to-day.

Lay the dead Christ beside me,
Oh, press him on my heart,
I would hold him long and painfully
Till the weary tears should start;
Till the divine contagion
Heal me of self and sin,
And the cold weight press wholly
down
The pulse that chokes within.

Reproof and frost, they fret me,
Towards the free, the sunny lands,
From the chaos of existence
I stretch these feeble hands;
And, penitential, kneeling,
Pray God would not be wroth.
Who gave not the strength of feeling,
And strength of labor both.

Thou'rt but a wooden carving,
Defaced of worms, and old;
Yet more to me thou couldst not be
Wert thou all wrapt in gold.

Like the gem-bedizened baby
Which, at the Twelfth-day noon,
They show from the Ara Cœli's steps,
To a merry dancing-tune.

I ask of thee no wonders,
No changing white or red;

I dream not thou art living,
I love and prize thee dead.
That salutary deadness
I seek, through want and pain,
From which God's own high power
can bid
Our virtue rise again.

WILLIAM DEANE HOWELLS.

THE MYSTERIES.

ONCE on my mother's breast, a child,
I crept,
Holding my breath;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering,
and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all
unrest,
Spent with the strife. —
O mother, let me weep upon thy
breast
At the sad mystery of Life!

THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

CONVENTION.

HE falters on the threshold,
She lingers on the stair;
Can it be that was his footstep?
Can it be that she is there?

Without is tender yearning,
And tender love is within;
They can hear each other's heart-
beats,
But a wooden door is between.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

THE robin sings in the elm;
The cattle stand beneath
Sedate and grave with great brown
eyes
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things;
And they never understand a word
Of all the robin sings.

THE MULBERRIES.

ON the Rialto Bridge we stand;
The street ebbs under and makes
no sound;
But, with bargains shrieked on every
hand,
The noisy market rings around.

"Mulberries, fine mulberries, here!"
A tuneful voice, — and light, light
measure;
Though I hardly should count these
mulberries dear,
If I paid three times the price for
my pleasure.

Brown hands splashed with mulberry
blood,
The basket wreathed with mulber-
ry leaves
Hiding the berries beneath them;—
good!
Let us take whatever the young
rogue gives.

For you know, old friend, I haven't
eaten
A mulberry since the ignorant joy
Of anything sweet in the mouth could
sweeten
All this bitter world for a boy.

O, I mind the tree in the meadow
stood
By the road near the hill: where I
climbed aloof
On its branches, this side of the gir-
dled wood,
I could see the top of our cabin
roof.

And, looking westward, could sweep
the shores
Of the river where we used to swim,
Under the ghostly sycamores,
Haunting the waters smooth and
dim;

And eastward athwart the pasture-
lot
And over the milk-white buck-
wheat field
I could see the stately elm, where I
shot
The first black squirrel I ever
killed.

And southward over the bottom-land
I could see the mellow breadth of
farm
From the river-shores to the hills
expand,
Clasped in the curving river's
arm.

In the fields we set our guileless
snare
For rabbits and pigeons and wary
quails,

Content with vaguest feathers and
hairs
From doubtful wings and vanished
tails.

And in the blue summer afternoon
We used to sit in the mulberry-tree;
The breaths of wind that remem-
bered June
Shook the leaves and glittering
berries free;

And while we watched the wagons go
Across the river, along the road,
To the mill above, or the mill below,
With horses that stooped to the
heavy load,

We told old stories and made new
plans,
And felt our hearts gladden within
us again,
For we did not dream that this life of
a man's
Could ever be what we know as
men.

We sat so still that the woodpeckers
came
And pillaged the berries overhead;
From his log the chipmonk, waxen
tame,
Peered and listened to what we
said.

One of us long ago was carried
To his grave on the hill above the
tree;
One is a farmer there, and married;
One has wandered over the sea.

And, if you ask me, I hardly know
Whether I'd be the dead or the
clown,—
The clod above or the clay below.—
Or this listless dust by fortune
blown

To alien lands. For, however it is,
So little we keep with us in life;
At best we win only victories,
Not peace, not peace, O friend, in
this strife.

But if I could turn from the long defeat Of the little successes once more, and be A boy, with the whole wide world at my feet Under the shade of the mulberry tree, —	Ah me! should I paint the morrows again In quite the colors so faint to- day, And with the imperial mulberry's stain Re-purple life's doublet of hoddeng- gray?
From the shame of the squandered chances, the sleep Of the will that cannot itself awaken, From the promise the future can never keep, From the fitful purposes vague and shaken, —	Know again the losses of disillusion? For the sake of the hope, have the old deceit? — In spite of the question's bitter in- fusion, Don't you find these mulberries over-sweet?
Then, while the grasshopper sung out shrill In the grass beneath the blanching thistle, And the afternoon air, with a tender thrill, Harked to the quail's complaining whistle, —	All our atoms are changed, they say; And the taste is so different since then: We live, but a world has passed away, With the years that perished to make us men.

MARY HOWITT.

THE BROOM-FLOWER.

Oh, the broom, the yellow broom!
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow;
I know where they shine out like
suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering
gems
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
In modern days or olden;

It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,
And down the glen, where clear as
light
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest; but give me
this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the broom —
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flow-
ers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron;

I care not how these flowers may be
 Beloved of man and woman;
 The broom it is the flower for me,
 That groweth on the common.

Oh, the broom, the yellow broom!
 The ancient poet sung it,
 And dear it is on summer days
 To lie and rest among it.

—
 TIBBIE INGLIS.

BONNIE Tibbie Inglis!
 Through sun and stormy weather,
 She kept upon the broomy hills
 Her father's flock together.

Sixteen summers had she seen, —
 A rosebud just unsealing;
 Without sorrow, without fear,
 In her mountain shealing.

She was made for happy thoughts,
 For playful wit and laughter;
 Singing on the hills alone,
 With echo singing after.

She had hair as deeply black
 As the cloud of thunder;
 She had brows so beautiful,
 And dark eyes flashing under.

Bright and witty shepherd girl,
 Beside a mountain water,
 I found her, whom a king himself
 Would proudly call his daughter.

She was sitting 'mong the crags,
 Wild and mossed and hoary,
 Reading in an ancient book
 Some old martyr story.

Tears were starting to her eyes,
 Solemn thought was o'er her;
 When she saw in that lone place
 A stranger stand before her.

Crimson was her sunny cheek,
 And her lips seemed moving
 With the beatings of her heart; —
 How could I help loving?

On a crag I sat me down.
 Upon the mountain hoary,
 And made her read again to me
 • That old pathetic story.

Then she sang me mountain songs,
 Till the air was ringing
 With her clear and warbling voice,
 Like a skylark singing.

And when eve came on at length,
 Among the blooming heather,
 We herded on the mountain-side
 Her father's flock together.

And near unto her father's house
 I said "Good night!" with sorrow,
 And inly wished that I might say,
 "We'll meet again to-morrow."

I watched her tripping to her home;
 I saw her meet her mother;
 "Among a thousand maids," I cried,
 "There is not such another!"

I wandered to my scholar's home,
 It lonesome looked and dreary;
 I took my books, but could not read,
 Methought that I was weary.

I laid me down upon my bed,
 My heart with sadness laden;
 I dreamed but of the mountain world,
 And of the mountain maiden.

I saw her of the ancient book
 The pages turning slowly;
 I saw her lovely crimson cheek
 And dark eyes drooping lowly.

The dream was like the day's delight,
 A life of pain's o'erpayment:
 I rose, and with unwonted care,
 Put on my Sabbath raiment.

To none I told my secret thoughts,
 Not even to my mother,
 Nor to the friend who, from my youth,
 Was dear as is a brother.

I got me to the hills again;
 The little flock was feeding:
 And there young Tibbie Inglis sat,
 But not the old book reading.

She sat as if absorbing thought
 With heavy spells had bound her,
 As silent as the mossy crags
 Upon the mountains round her.

I thought not of my Sabbath dress;
 I thought not of my learning:
 I thought but of the gentle maid
 Who, I believed, was mourning.

Bonnie Tibbie Inglis!
 How her beauty brightened
 Looking at me, half-abashed,
 With eyes that flamed and light-
 ened!

There was no sorrow, then I saw,
 There was no thought of sadness:

O life! what after-joy hast thou
 Like love's first certain gladness?

I sat me down among the crags,
 Upon the mountain hoary;
 But read not then the ancient book,—
 Love was our pleasant story.

And then she sang me songs again.
 Old songs of love and sorrow;
 For our sufficient happiness
 Great charms from woe could bor-
 row.

And many hours we talked in joy,
 Yet too much blessed for laughter:
 I was a happy man that day,
 And happy ever after!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

AND is the swallow gone?
 Who beheld it?
 Which way sailed it?
 Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:—
 But who doth hear
 Its summer cheer
 As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
 From its surrounding clay
 It steals away
 Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
 'Tis all unknown;
 We feel alone
 What a void is left below.

RALPH HOYT.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
 Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly mus-
 ing;
 Oft I marked him sitting there
 alone,
 All the landscape like a page perus-
 ing;
 Poor, unknown—
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-
 rimmed hat;
 Coat as ancient as the form 'twas
 folding;
 Silver buttons, queue, and crimped
 cravat;
 Oaken staff, his feeble hand up-
 holding—
 There he sat!
 Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-
 rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heed-
ing—

None to love him for his thin gray
hair,

And the furrows all so mutely
pleading

Age and care—

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to
school—

Dapper country lads, and little
maidens;

Taught the motto of the "Dunce's
stool,"

Its grave import still my fancy
ladens—

"Here's a fool!"

It was summer, and we went to
school.

When the stranger seemed to mark
our play,

Some of us were joyous, some sad-
hearted;

I remember well—too well that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden

started,

Would not stay,

When the stranger seemed to mark
our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent
spell—

Ah, to me her name was always
heaven!

She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was then thirteen, and she

eleven,)—

Isabel!

One sweet spirit broke the silent
spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old—
Earthly hope no longer hath a

morrow;

Yet why I sit here thou shalt be
told,"

Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sor-
row;

Down it rolled.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!

"I have tottered here to look once
more

On the pleasant scene where I de-
lighted

In the careless happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was

blighted

To the core—

I have tottered here to look once
more!

"All the picture now to me how
dear!

E'en this gray old rock where I am
seated

Is a jewel worth my journey here;

Ah, that such a scene must be
completed

With a tear!

All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house!—it is still
the same!

There's the very step I so oft
mounted;

There's the window creaking in its
frame,

And the notches that I cut and
counted

For the game;

Old stone school-house!—it is still
the same!

"In the cottage yonder, I was born;
Long my happy home—that hum-
ble dwelling;

There the fields of clover, wheat, and
corn—

There the spring, with limpid nec-
tar swelling;

Ah, forlorn!

In the cottage yonder, I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you
see

Then were planted just so far
as under

That long well-pole from the path to
free,

And the wagon to pass safely under;
Ninety-three!

Those two gateway sycamores you
see.

"There's the orchard where we used
to climb
When my mates and I were boys
together —
Thinking nothing of the flight of
time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy
weather;
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to
climb!

"There the rude, three-cornered
chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks
were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for
quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were
raising —
Traps and trails;
There the rude, three-cornered chest-
nut rails.

"There's the mill that ground our yel-
low grain —
Pond, and river, still serenely flow-
ing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded
lane
Where the lily of my heart was
blowing —
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yel-
low grain!

"There's the gate on which I used to
swing —
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and
old red stable;
But alas! no more the morn shall
bring
That dear group around my father's
table —
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to
swing!

"I am fleeing — all I loved have
fled.
Yon green meadow was our place
for playing;

That old tree can tell of sweet things
said
When around it Jane and I were
straying —
She is dead!
I am fleeing — all I loved have fled.

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful
story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in
glory
There on high —
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

"Oft the aisle of that old church we
trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
Sire and sisters, and my little
brother
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we
trod.

"There I heard of wisdom's pleasant
ways —
Bless the holy lesson! — but, ah!
never
Shall I hear again those songs of
praise,
Those sweet voices — silent now
forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of wisdom's pleasant
ways.

"There my Mary blessed me with her
hand
When our souls drank in the nup-
tial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land —
Yonder turf her gentle bosom
pressing;
Broken band!
There my Mary blessed me with her
hand.

"I have come to see that grave once
more,
And the sacred place where we de-
lighted,

Where we worshipped, in the days of
yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was
blighted
To the core;
I have come to see that grave once
more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old —
Earthly hope no longer hath a
morrow;
Now why I sit here thou hast been
told,"

In his eye another pearl of sorrow;
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim sadly mus-
ing;
Still I marked him sitting there
alone,
All the landscape like a page
perusing —
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe in-
crease!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream
of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in
his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in
bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Ad-
hem bold,

And to the presence in the room he
said,

"What writest thou?" The vision
raised its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet
accord,

Answered, "The names of those who
love the Lord."

"And, is mine one?" said Abou.
"Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. Abouspoke more
low,

But cheerily still; and said, "I pray
thee, then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-
men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The
next night

It came again, with a great awakening
light,

And showed the names whom love of
God had blessed, —

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all
the rest!

STANZAS FROM SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

WE are the sweet flowers.
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us what our
beauty saith;)

Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our
simple breath:

All who see us love us —
We befit all places,
Unto sorrow we give smiles — and
unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make
our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells
Nor is known the moment green when
our tips appear.

We thread the earth in silence
In silence build our bowers —
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till
we laugh a-top, sweet flowers!

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how Heaven loves color;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red
and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made
solely to be seen:
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose,
the woman of the flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end
of use;
Travellers. weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we
give sudden truce:
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than
Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profit of the
balm;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to
give the wildest calm.
Even the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though
death to the presuming.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures
Every one a marvel, more than
thought can say;
Then think in what bright show-
ers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness
half stifle wanton May:
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains lone
lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours:
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach and roughest nut were blos-
soms in the spring;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the gloomy thick with
darksome antheming;
Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace
— a thought for meek devotion.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy—
or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there —
And came not down, that Love might
bring one piece of heaven the
more?
Oh! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down,
'twixt their golden pinions.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny
grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of
June, —
Sole voice that's heard amid the lazy
noon,
When even the bees lag at the sum-
moning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper,
who class
With those who think the candles
come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your trick-
some tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they
pass!
O sweet and tiny cousins that be-
long,
One to the fields, the other to the
hearth,

Both have your sunshine ; both,
 though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts; and both seem
 given to earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears this nat-
 ural song, —
 In doors and out, summer and winter,
 mirth.

MAY AND THE POETS.

THERE is May in books forever;
 May will part from Spenser never;
 May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
 May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
 May's in all the Italian books: —
 She has old and modern nooks,
 Where she sleeps with nymphs and
 elves,
 In happy places they call shelves,
 And will rise and dress your rooms
 With a drapery thick with blooms.
 Come, ye rains, then if ye will,
 May's at home, and with me still;
 But come rather, thou, good weather,
 And find us in the fields together.

DEATH.

DEATH is a road our dearest friends
 have gone;
 Why with such leaders, fear to say,
 "Lead on?"
 Its gate repels, lest it too soon be
 tried,
 But turns in balm on the immortal
 side.
 Mothers have passed it: fathers, chil-
 dren; men
 Whose like we look not to behold
 again;
 Women that smiled away their lov-
 ing breath;
 Soft is the travelling on the road to
 death!
 But guilt has passed it? men not fit to
 die?
 Oh, hush — for He that made us all
 is by!
 Human we're all — all men, all born
 of mothers;
 All our own selves in the worn-out
 shape of others;
 Our used, and oh, be sure, not to be
 ill-used brothers!

JEAN INGELOW.

SONGS OF SEVEN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE. — EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
 There's no rain left in heaven;
 I've said my "seven times" over and over,
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
 My birthday lessons are done:
 The lambs play always, they know no better;
 They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
 And shining so round and low;
 You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
 You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!

O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell?

O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;

I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO. — ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
Oh! children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story,— the birds cannot sing it,
 Not one, as he sits on the tree;
 The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh, bring it!
 Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE. — LOVE.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
 Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
 "Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover,—
 Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
 Till I listen and hear
 If a step draweth near,
 For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
 A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
 The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
 To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
 Let the star-clusters grow,
 Let the sweet waters flow,
 And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
 From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
 You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover
 To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
 Ah, my sailor, make haste,
 For the time runs to waste,
 And my love lieth deep,—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
 I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
 By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
 Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
 But I'll love him more, more
 Than e'er wife loved before,
 Be the days dark or bright.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR. — MATERNITY.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
 When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
 And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
 Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
 Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups;
 Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
 Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
 That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;
 Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the house be but narrow," —
 Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
 Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
 A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
 And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
 O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
 Maybe he thinks of you now.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
 A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
 And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
 Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
 God that is over us all!

SEVEN TIMES FIVE. — WIDOWHOOD.

I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan
 Before I am well awake;
 "Let me bleed! O let me alone,
 Since I must not break!"

For children wake, though fathers sleep
 With a stone at foot and at head:
 O sleepless God, forever keep,
 Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes, and what to see
 But a world happy and fair!
 I have not wished it to mourn with me,—
 Comfort is not there.

Oh, what anear but golden brooms,
 But a waste of reedy rills!
 Oh, what afar but the fine glooms
 On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore,—
 How bitter it is to part!
 Oh, to meet thee, my love, once more!
 O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!
 Oh, that an echo might wake
 And waft one note of thy psalm to me
 Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
 And with angel voices blent;
 Oh, once to feel thy spirit anear;
 I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
 While an entering angel trod,
 But once,—thee sitting to behold
 On the hills of God!

SEVEN TIMES SIX. — GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch, and then to lose:
 To see my bright ones disappear,
 Drawn up like morning dews,—
 To bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch, and then to lose:
 This have I done when God drew near
 Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
 And with thy lord depart
 In tears that he, as soon as shed,
 Will let no longer smart,—
 To hear, to heed, to wed,
 This while thou didst I smiled,
 For now it was not God who said,
 "Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind!
 To God I gave with tears;
 But when a man like grace would find,
 My soul put by her fears,—
 O fond, O fool, and blind!
 God guards in happier spheres;
 That man will guard where he did bind
 Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
 Fair lot that maidens choose,
 Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
 Thy face no more she views;
 Thy mother's lot, my dear,
 She doth in naught accuse;
 Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To love,—and then to lose.

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN. — LONGING FOR HOME.

A song of a boat: —
 There was once a boat on a billow:
 Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
 And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
 And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
 And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
 Went curtsying over the billow,
 I marked her course till a dancing mote,
 She faded out on the moonlit foam,
 And I stayed behind in the dear-loved home;
 And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
 And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat
 For it is but short: —
 My boat you shall find none fairer afloat,
 In river or port.
 Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
 On the open desolate sea,
 And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
 For he came not back to me —
 Ah me!

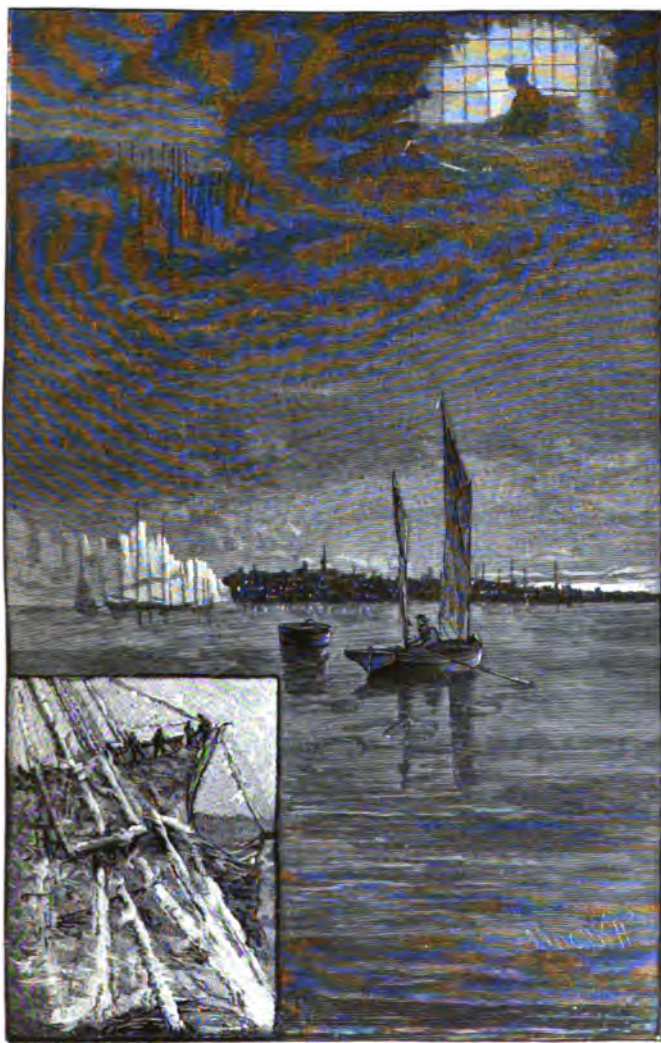
A song of a nest: —
 There was once a nest in a hollow:
 Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
 Soft and warm and full to the brim —
 Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
 With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
 For it is not long: —
 You shall never light in a summer quest
 The bushes among —
 Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
 A fairer nestful, nor ever know
 A softer sound than their tender twitter,
 That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
 Ah, happy, happy I!
 Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown
 They spread out their wings to fly —
 Oh, one after one they flew away
 Far up to the heavenly blue,
 To the better country, the upper day,
 And — I wish I was going too.

I pray you what is the nest to me,
 My empty nest?
 And what is the shore where I stood to see
 My boat sail down to the west?
 Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
 Though my good man has sailed?
 Can I call that home where my nest was set,
 Now all its hope hath failed?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
 And the land where my nestlings be:
 There is the home where my thoughts are set,
 The only home for me —
 Ah me!



AS I CAME ROUND THE HARBOR BUOY.

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LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
 All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
 Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
 All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love! — what can it do?
 I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
 If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by,
 For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
 It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
 Take a kiss from me, thy man, now the song begins:
 "All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
 Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
 It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
 Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

As I came round the harbor buoy,
 The lights began to gleam,
 No wave the land-locked water
 stirred,

The crags were white as cream;
 And I marked my love by candle-
 light

Sewing her long white seam.
 It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,
 Watch and steer at sea,
 It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
 Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;
 Oh, sweetly my love sings!
 Like a shaft of light her voice breaks
 forth,

My soul to meet it springs,
 As the shining water leaped of old,
 When stirred by angel wings.

Aye longing to list anew,
 Awake and in my dream,
 But never a song she sang like this,
 Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor
 lights,

That brought me in to thee,
 And peace drop down on that low
 roof

For the sight that I did see,
 And the voice, my dear, that rang so
 clear

All for the love of me.
 For oh, for oh, with brows bent
 low

By the candle's flickering gleam,
 Her wedding-gown it was she
 wrought,

Sewing the long white seam.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[From *Vanity of Human Wishes.*]

ENVIABLE AGE.

BUT grant, the virtues of a temperate
prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn
or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived
decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day, benevolence en-
dears,
Whose night congratulating con-
science cheers;
The general favorite as the general
friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish
its end?

[From *Vanity of Human Wishes.*]

WISDOM'S PRAYER.

WHERE then shall Hope and Fear
their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stag-
nant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance se-
date,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his
fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes
rise;
No cries invoke the mercies of the
skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem
religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating
voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and
the choice,
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern
afar
The secret ambush of a specious
prayer;
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure whate'er He gives, He gives
the best.

Yet, when the sense of sacred pres-
ence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies as-
pires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful
mind,
Obedient passions, and a will re-
signed:
For love, which scarce collective man
can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er trans-
muted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier
seat,
Counts death, kind Nature's signal of
retreat:
These goods for man the laws of
Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants
the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms
the mind,
And makes the happiness she does
not find.

[From *Vanity of Human Wishes.*]

CHARLES XII.

ON what foundation stands the
warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish
Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors
tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide
domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of
pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trumpet, he rushes to
the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow-
ers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads
her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries.
"till naught remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic stand-
ards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar
sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended,
wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary
coast
And Winter barricades the realms of
frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his
course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's
day!
The vanquished hero leaves his
broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant
lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to
wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves de-
bate.
But did not Chance at length her
error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his
end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal
wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the
ground?
His fall was destined to a barren
strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious
hand;
He left a name at which the world
grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

[From London.]

THE FATE OF POVERTY.

By numbers here from shame or
censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty,
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling
muse.
The sober trader at a tattered cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labors
for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers
gaze, [ways,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand
Of all the griefs that harass the
distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the
generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult
points the dart.
Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the
poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered
shore?
No secret island in the boundless
main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by
Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats ex-
plore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no
more.
This mournful truth is everywhere
confessed,
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY
DEPRESSED.

BEN JONSON.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine:
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth
rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I
swear,
Not of itself but thee!

HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep:
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose:
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close:
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver:
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever;
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess, excellently bright!

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast:
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not
 found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,

Than all the adulteries of art,
 That strike mine eyes, but not my
 heart.

EPITAPH.

WOULD'ST thou hear what man can
 say
 In a little?—reader, stay!
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die,—
 Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,—
 The other, let it sleep with death.
 Fitter where it died to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hun-
 dred year.
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and
 sere:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions, we just beauties
 see;
 And in short measures, life may per-
 fect be.

JOHN KEATS.

THE TERROR OF DEATH.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease
 to be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teem-
 ing brain,
 Before high-piled books, in charact-
 ery
 Hold like rich garners the full-
 ripened grain;

When I behold, upon the night's
 starred face,
 Huge, cloudy symbols of a high ro-
 mance,
 And think that I may never live to
 trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand
 of Chance;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the fairy power
Of unreflecting love,—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

SONNET COMPOSED ON LEAVING
ENGLAND.

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast
as thou art,—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution, round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:—
No,—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.

ODE ON THE POETS.

BARDS of passion and of mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wonderful
And the parle of voices thunderous;

With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large bluebells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim:—
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

FANCY.

EVER let the fancy roam;
Pleasure never is at home;
At a touch sweet pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her;
Open wide the mind's cage-door,—
She'll dart forth, and cloward soar.
O sweet fancy! let her loose!
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the spring
Fades as does its blossoming.
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,

Cloys with tasting. What do then ?
 Sit thee by the ingle, when
 The sear faggot blazes bright,
 Spirit of a winter's night;
 When the soundless earth is muffled,
 And the caked snow is shuffled
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
 When the Night doth meet the Noon
 In a dark conspiracy
 To banish Even from her sky.
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,
 With a mind self-overawed, [her.
 Fancy, high-commissioned : — send
 She has vassals to attend her;
 She will bring, in spite of frost,
 Beauties that the earth hath lost;
 She will bring thee, all together,
 All delights of summer weather;
 All the buds and bells of May,
 From dewy sward or thorny spray;
 All the heaped autumn's wealth;
 With a still, mysterious stealth;
 She will mix these pleasures up
 Like three fit wines in a cup,
 And thou shalt quaff it,— thou shalt
 hear

Distant harvest-carols clear,—
 Rustle of the reaped corn;
 Sweet birds antheming the morn;
 And, in the same moment,— hark!
 'Tis the early April lark,—
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,
 Foraging for sticks and straw.
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
 The daisy and the marigold;
 White-plumed lilies, and the first
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath
 burst;

Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
 And every leaf, and every flower
 Pearléd with the self-same shower.
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meagre from its celled sleep;
 And the snake, all winter-thin,
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering
 While the autumn breezes sing.

[From *Endymion*.]

BEAUTY'S IMMORTALITY.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will
 keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
 quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we
 wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the
 earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
 dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-dark-
 ened ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite
 of all,

Some shape of beauty moves away
 the pall

From our dark spirits. Such the sun,
 the moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a
 shady boon [dilis

For simple sheep; and such are daffo-
 With the green world they live in;
 and clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert
 make

'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest
 brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-
 rose blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the
 dooms

We have imagined for the mighty
 dead;

All lovely tales that we have heard or
 read:

An endless fountain of immortal
 drink,

Pouring unto us from the heaven's
 brink.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numb-
 ness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I
 had drunk,

Or emptied some dull oplate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,

But being too happy in thy happiness,—

That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,

Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh, for a draught of vintage, that hath been

Cooled a long age in the deep-delled earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country-green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South!

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With dædled bubbles winking at the brim,

And purple-stained mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the forest dim!

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

What thou among the leaves hast never known.

The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs;

Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,

Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

But on the viewless wings of poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,

And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne, [fays;

Clustered around by all her starry

But here there is no light, Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,

Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time

I have been half in love with easeful Death,

Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to To cease upon the midnight with no pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain,—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oft-times hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

—

ON READING CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,

And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;

Round many western islands have I been

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told

That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene

Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men

Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEBLE.

WHERE IS THY FAVORED HAUNT?

WHERE is thy favored haunt, eternal voice,

The region of thy choice,

Where undisturbed by sin and earth, the soul

Owens thy entire control?

'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,

When storms are hurrying by:

'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,

Where torrents have their birth.

No sounds of worldly toil ascending there,

Mar the full burst of prayer;

Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,

And round us and beneath

Are heard her sacred tones: the fitful sweep

Of winds across the steep,

Through withered bents—romantic note and clear,

Meet for a hermit's ear,—

The wheeling kite's wild solitary
cry,

And scarcely heard so high,
The dashing waters when the air is
still,

From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the
shaggy fell.

Tracked by the blue mist well:
Such sounds as make deep silence in
the heart,

For Thought to do her part.

'Tis then we hear the voice of God
within,

Pleading with care and sin;

"Child of my love! how have I wear-
ied thee?

Why wilt thou err from me?

Have I not brought thee from the
house of slaves;

Parted the drowning waves,
And sent my saints before thee in
the way,

Lest thou should'st faint or
stray?

"What was the promise made to thee
alone?

Art thou the excepted one?

An heir of glory without grief or
pain?

O vision false and vain!
There lies thy cross; beneath it
meekly bow,

It fits thy stature now:

Who scornful pass it with averted
eye,

'Twill crush them by and by.

"Raise thy repining eyes, and take
true measure

Of thine eternal treasure;

The father of thy Lord can grudge
thee nought,

The world for thee was bought,
And as this landscape broad—earth,
sea, and sky,—

All centres in thine eye,
So all God does if rightly under-
stood,

Shall work thy final good."

*WHY SHOULD WE FAINT AND
FEAR TO LIVE ALONE?*

WHY should we faint and fear to
live alone,

Since all alone, so heaven has
willed, we die?

Not even the tenderest heart, and
next our own,

Knows half the reasons why we
smile and sigh.

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or
woe

Our hermit spirits dwell, and range
apart,

Our eyes see all around in gloom or
glow—

Hues of their own, fresh borrowed
from the heart.

And well it is for us our God should
feel

Alone our secret throbbings: so our
prayer

May readier spring to heaven, nor
spend its zeal

On cloud-born idols of this lower
air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy
Beat with another, answering love

for love,

Weak mortals all entranced on earth
would lie;

Nor listen for those purer strains
above.

Or what if heaven for once its search-
ing light

Lent to some partial eye, disclosing
The rude bad thoughts, that in our
bosom's night

Wander at large, nor heed Love's
gentle thrall?

Who would not shun the dreary un-
couth place?

As if, fond leaning where her in-
fant slept,

A mother's arm a serpent should em-
brace:

So might we friendless live, and
die unwept.

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn,
 Thou who canst love us, though thou read us true,
 As on the bosom of the aerial lawn
 Melts in dim haze each coarse ungente hue.

So too may soothing hope thy leave enjoy
 Sweet visions of long severed hearts to frame:
 Though absence may impair, or cares annoy,
 Some constant mind may draw us still the same.

—

*SINCE ALL THAT IS NOT HEAVEN
 MUST FADE.*

SINCE all that is not heaven must fade,
 Light be the hand of ruin laid
 Upon the home I love:
 With lulling spell let soft decay
 Steal on, and spare the giant away,
 The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep
 In their own quiet dale should sleep
 The relics dear to thought,
 And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
 Their waving tracery hang, to hide
 What ruthless time has wrought.

Such are the visions green and sweet
 That o'er the wistful fancy fleet
 In Asia's sea-like plain,
 Where slowly, round his isles of sand,
 Euphrates through the lonely land
 Winds toward the pearly main.

Slumber is there, but not of rest;
 There her forlorn and weary nest
 The famished hawk has found,
 The wild dog howls at fall of night,
 The serpent's rustling coils affright
 The traveller on his round.

What shapeless form, half lost on high,
 Half seen against the evening sky,
 Seems like a ghost to glide,
 And watch from Babel's crumbling heap,
 Where in her shadow, fast asleep,
 Lies fallen imperial pride?

With half-closed eye a lion there
 Is basking in his noontide lair
 Or prowls in twilight gloom.
 The golden city's king he seems,
 Such as in old prophetic dreams
 Sprang from rough ocean's womb.

But where are now his eagle wings,
 That sheltered erst a thousand kings,
 Hiding the glorious sky
 From half the nations, till they own
 No holier name, no mightier throne?
 That vision is gone by.

Quenched is the golden statue's ray,
 The breath of heaven has blown away
 What toiling earth had piled,
 Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,
 As breezes strew on ocean's sand,
 The fabrics of a child.

Divided thence through every age
 Thy rebels, Lord, their warfare wage,
 And hoarse and jarring all
 Mount up their heaven-assailing cries
 To thy bright watchman in the skies
 From Babel's shattered wall.

Thrice only since, with blended might
 The nations on that haughty height
 Have met to scale the heaven:
 Thrice only might a seraph's look
 A moment's shade of sadness brook;
 Such power to guilt was given.

Now the fierce Bear and Leopard keen
 Are perished as they ne'er had been,
 Oblivion is their home:
 Ambition's boldest dream and last
 Must melt before the clarion blast
 That sounds the dirge of Rome.

Heroes and kings, obey the charm,
Withdraw the proud high-reaching
arm;

There is an oath on high,
That ne'er on brow of mortal birth
Shall blend again the crowns of
earth,

Nor in according cry

Her many voices mingling own
One tyrant lord, one idol throne:
But to His triumph soon

He shall descend who rules above,
And the pure language of his love
All tongues of men shall tune.

Nor let ambition heartless mourn;
When Babel's very ruins burn,
Her high desires may breathe;—
O'ercome thyself, and thou may'st
share

With Christ his Father's throne, and
wear
The world's imperial wreath.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days
and hours

That must be counted ere I see thy
face?

How shall I charm the interval that
lowers

Between this time and that sweet
time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary
sense—

Weary with longing? Shall I flee
away

Into past days, and with some fond
pretence

Cheat myself to forget the present
day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the
sin

Of casting from me God's great gift
of time? [within,

Shall I, these mists of memory locked
Leave and forget life's purposes
sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I
contrive

To bring the hour that brings thee
back more near?

How may I teach my drooping hopes
to live

Until that blessed time, and thou
art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay
hold

Of all good aims, and consecrate to
thee,

In worthy deeds, each moment that
is told

While thou, beloved one! art far
from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts
to try

All heavenward flights, all high and
holy strains;

For thy dear sake I will walk pa-
tiently

Through these long hours, nor call
their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence
make

A noble task-time; and will therein
strive

To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since
yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in
me

A thousand graces, which shall
thus be thine;

So may my love and longing hallowed
be,

And thy dear thought an influence
divine.

FAITH.

<p>BETTER trust all and be deceived, And weep that trust and that deceiv- ing, Than doubt one heart, that if believed Had blessed one's life with true be- lieving.</p>	<p>Oh, in this mocking world too fast The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth: Better be cheated to the last Than lose the blessed hope of truth.</p>
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FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

<p>Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,— Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming! And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there; Oh! say, does that star-spangled ban- ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?</p>	<p>And where is that band who so vauntingly swore That the havoc of war and the bat- tle's confusion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution. No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the star-spangled banner in tri- umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.</p>
<p>On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!</p>	<p>Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the war's desolation! Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just; And this be our motto,—“ In God is our trust,” — And the star-spangled banner in tri- umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.</p>

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

GOOD NEWS.

A BEE flew in at my window,
And circled around my head;
He came like a herald of summer-
time.
And what do you think he said ?

"As sure as the roses shall blossom"—
These are the words he said,—
"As sure as the gardens shall laugh
in pride,
And the meadows blush clover-red;

"As sure as the golden robin
Shall build her a swinging nest,
And the captured sunbeam lie fast-
locked
In the marigold's burning breast;

"As sure as the water-lilies
Shall float like a fairy fleet;
As sure as the torrent shall leap the
rocks
With foamy, fantastic feet;

"As sure as the bobolink's carol
And the plaint of the whippoorwill
Shall gladden the morning, and sad-
den the night,
And the crickets pipe loud and
shrill;

"So sure to the heart of the maiden
Who hath loved and sorrowed long,
Glad tidings shall bring the summer
of joy
With bursting of blossom and
song!"

A seer as well as a herald!
For while I sat weeping to-day,
The tenderest, cheeriest letter came
From Lionel far away.

Good news! O little bee-prophet,
Your words I will never forget!
It may be foolish,—that dear, old
sign,—
But Lionel's true to me yet!

TROUBLE TO LEND.

To-morrow has trouble to lend
To all who lack to-day;
Go, borrow it, — borrow, griefless
heart,
And thou with thy peace wilt pay!

To-morrow has trouble to lend,—
An endless, endless store;
But I have as much as heart can
hold,—
Why should I borrow more!

HELIOTROPE.

SWEETEST, sweetest, Heliotrope!
In the sunset's dying splendor.
In the trance of twilight tender,
All my senses I surrender,
To the subtle spells that bind me:
The dim air swimmeth in my sight
With visions vague of soft delight;
Shadowy hands with endless chain
Of purple-clustered bloom enwind
me;—

Garlands drenched in dreamy rain
Of perfume passionate as sorrow
And sad as Love's to-morrow!
Bewildering music fills mine ears,—
Faint laughter and commingling
tears,—

Flowing like delicious pain
Through my drowsy brain.
Bosomed in the blissful gloom,—
Meseems I sink on slumberous
slope

Buried deep in purple bloom,
Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope!
Undulates the earth beneath me:
Still the shadow-hands enwreath
me,

And clouds of faces half defined,
Lovely and fantastical,
Sweet, — O sweet! — and strange
withal,

Sweeping like a desert wind
Across my vision leave me blind!
Subtler grows the spell and stronger;

What enchantments weird possess
me,—

Now uplift me, now oppress me?

Do I feast, or do I hunger?

Is it bliss, or is it anguish?

Is it Auster's treacherous breath

Kissing me with honeyed death,

While I sicken, droop, and languish?

Still I feel my blood's dull beat

In my head and hands and feet;

Struggling faintly with thy sweet-
ness,

Heliotrope! Heliotrope!

Give me back my strength's com-
pleteness.

Must I pine and languish ever!

Wilt thou loose my senses never!

Wilt thou bloom and bloom for ever,

Oh, Lethæan Heliotrope?

Ah, the night-wind, freshly blowing,
Sets the languid blood a-flowing!

I revive!—

I escape thy spells alive!

Flower! I love and do not love thee!

Hold my breath, but bend above thee;

Crush thy buds, yet bid them ope;

Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope!

DAY-DREAMING.

How better am I

Than a butterfly?

Here, as the noiseless hours go by,

Hour by hour,

I cling to my fancy's half-blown
flower:

Over its sweetness I brood and brood,

And scarcely stir, though sounds in-
trude

That would trouble and fret another
mood

Less divine

Than mine!

Who cares for the bees?

I will take my ease,

Dream and dream as long as I
please;

Hour by hour,

With love-wings fanning my sweet,
sweet flower!

Gather your honey, and hoard your
gold,

Through spring and summer, and
hive through cold!

I will cling to my flower till it is
mould,

Breathe one sigh

And die!

THE LAST APPEAL.

THE room is swept and garnished for
thy sake;

The table spread with Love's most
liberal cheer;

The fire is blazing brightly on the
hearth;

Faith lingers yet to give thee wel-
come here.

When wilt thou come?

Daily I weave the airy web of
hope;

Frail as the spider's, wrought with
beads of dew,—

That, like Penelope's, each night un-
done,

Each morn in patience I begin
anew.

When wilt thou come?

Not yet! To-morrow Faith will take
her flight,

The fire die out, the banquet dis-
appear;

Forever will these fingers drop the
web.

And only desolation wait thee here.

Oh, come to-day!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to
give you,

No lark could pipe to skies so dull
and gray;

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can
leave you

For every day: —

Be good, my dear, and let who will,
be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them,
all day long;

And so make life, death, and the vast
forever

One grand, sweet song.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to
the West —

Away to the West as the sun went
down;

Each thought on the woman who
loved him the best,

And the children stood watching
them out of the town;

For men must work, and women must
weep;

And there's little to earn and many
to keep,

Though the harbor-bar be moan-
ing.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse
tower

And trimmed the lamps as the sun
went down;

They looked at the squall, and they
looked at the shower,

And the night-rack came rolling
up, ragged and brown.

But men must work and women must
weep,

Though storms be sudden and waters
deep,

And the harbor-bar be moan-
ing.

Three corpses lay out on the shining
sands

In the morning gleam as the tide
went down,

And the women are weeping and
wringing their hands,

For those who will never come back
to the town;

For men must work, and women must
weep —

And the sooner it's over, the sooner
to sleep —

And good-bye to the bar and its
moaning.

DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

THE world goes up and the world
goes down,

And the sunshine follows the
rain;

And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's
frown

Can never come over again,
Sweet wife;

No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be
cold,

And the night will hallow the
day;

Till the heart which at eve was weary
and old

Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife;

To its work in the morning gay.

SANDS OF DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle
home,

And call the cattle home

And call the cattle home,

Across the sands of Dee!"

The western wind was wild and dank
with foam

And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,

And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land

And never home came she.

"Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —

A tress of golden hair,

A drowned maiden's hair —

Above the nets at sea ?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,

Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam —

The cruel, crawling foam,

The cruel, hungry foam —

To her grave beside the sea;

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home

Across the sands of Dee.

WILLIAM KNOX.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,

He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,

Be scattered around, and together be laid;

As the young and the old, the low and the high,

Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved,

The mother, that infant's affection who proved,

The father, that mother and infant who blest,

Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid, on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,

Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs are by;

And alike from the minds of the living erased

Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The head of the king, that the sceptre hath borne;

The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;

The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, —

Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;

The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;

The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread, —

Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,

That withers away to let others succeed;

So the multitude comes, even those we behold,

To repeat every tale that has often been told.

<p>For we are the same that our fathers have been; We see the same sights that our fathers have seen: We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun. And run the same course that our fathers have run.</p> <p>The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think; From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink; To the life we are clinging our fa- thers did cling, But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.</p> <p>They loved, — but the story we can- not unfold; They scorned, — but the heart of the haughty is cold; They grieved, — but no wail from their slumbers will come; They joyed, — but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.</p>	<p>They died, — ah! they died; — we, things that are now, That walk on the turf that lies over their brow, And make in their dwelling a tran- sient abode, Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.</p> <p>Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, Are mingled together in sunshine and rain: And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge, Still follow each other like surge upon surge.</p> <p>'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath From the blossom of health to the paleness of death, From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud; Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?</p>
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MARIE R. LACOSTE.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

<p>INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls, Where the dead and dying lay, Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls, Somebody's darling was borne one day — Somebody's darling, so young, and so brave, Wearing yet on his pale sweet face, Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave, The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.</p> <p>Matted and damp are the curls of gold, Kissing the snow of that fair young Pale are the lips of delicate mould — Somebody's darling is dying now.</p>	<p>Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow, Brush all the wandering waves of gold. Cross his hands on his bosom now, Somebody's darling is still and cold.</p> <p>Kiss him once for somebody's sake, Murmur a prayer soft and low; One bright curl from its fair mates take, They were somebody's pride, you know: Somebody's hand has rested there, — Was it a mother's soft and white? And have the lips of a sister fair Been baptized in those waves of light?</p>
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God knows best — he was somebody's
 love;
 Somebody's heart enshrined him
 there;
 Somebody wafted his name above
 Night and morn on the wings of
 prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched
 away
 Looking so handsome, brave, and
 grand;
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead
 lay,
 Somebody clung to his parting
 hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for
 him —
 Yearning to hold him again to the
 heart;
 And there he lies with his blue eyes
 dim,
 And the smiling, childlike lips
 apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a
 tear;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his
 head,—
 "Somebody's darling slumbers
 here."

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

OFT have I walked these woodland
 paths,
 Without the blest foreknowing
 That underneath the withered leaves
 The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south-wind sweeps away
 The types of autumn's splendor,
 And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
 Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers! — with lips of
 bloom,
 Outvying in your beauty
 The pearly tints of ocean shells,—
 Ye teach me faith and duty!

"Walk life's dark ways," ye seem to
 say,
 "With love's divine foreknowing,
 That where man sees but withered
 leaves,
 God sees sweet flowers growing."

BY THE DEAD.

SWEET winter roses, stainless as the
 snow,
 As was thy life, O tender heart and
 true!
 A cross of lilies that our tears bedew,
 A garland of the fairest flowers that
 grow,
 And filled with fragrance as the
 thought of thee,
 We lay, with loving hand, upon thy
 breast,
 Wrapt in the calm of Death's great
 mystery;
 Ours still to feel the pain, the unlanguaged
 woe,
 The bitter sense of loss, the vague
 unrest,
 And wear unseen the cypress-leaf
 and rue,
 Thinking, the while, of lovelier flowers
 that blow
 In everlasting gardens of the blest,
 That wither not like these, and never
 shed
 Their rare and heavenly odors for the
 dead.

CHARLES LAMB.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had
companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joy-
ful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar
faces.

I have been laughing, I have been
carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my
bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar
faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among
women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must
not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar
faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has
no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend ab-
ruptly —
Left him to muse on the old familiar
faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts
of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound
to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar
faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than
a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my fa-
ther's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar
faces —

How some they have died, and some
they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are
departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar
faces!

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more has she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit:

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call; — if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feelings cool;
But she was trained in nature's
school,
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot
blind, —
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning;

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day, —
A bliss that would not go away, —
A sweet forewarning?

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE frugal snail, with forecast of re-
pose,
Carries his house with him where'er
he goes;

Peeps out,—and if there comes a shower of rain,	Himself he boards and lodges; both
Retreats to his small domicile again.	invites
Touch but a tip of him, a horn,—'tis well,—	And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.	He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay	Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
Long as he will, he dreads no quarter-day.	And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,—
	Knock when you will,—he's sure to be at home.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

SUCCESS ALONE SEEN.

Few know of life's beginnings —
 men behold
 The goal achieved;—the warrior,
 when his sword
 Flashes red triumph in the noonday
 sun;
 The poet, when his lyre hangs on the
 palm;
 The statesman, when the crowd pro-
 claim his voice,
 And mould opinion on his gifted
 tongue:
 They count not life's first steps, and
 never think
 Upon the many miserable hours
 When hope deferred was sickness to
 the heart.
 They reckon not the battle and the
 march,
 The long privations of a wasted
 youth;
 They never see the banner till un-
 furled.
 What are to them the solitary nights
 Passed pale and anxiously by the
 sickly lamp,
 Till the young poet wins the world at
 last
 To listen to the music long his own?
 The crowd attend the statesman's
 fiery mind
 That makes their destiny; but they
 do not trace
 Its struggle, or its long expectancy.

Hard are life's early steps; and, but
 that youth
 Is buoyant, confident, and strong in
 hope,
 Men would behold its threshold, and
 despair.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

SHE had lost many children — now
 The last of them was gone:
 And day and night she sat and wept
 Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant
 tears
 Were falling with the dew,
 She heard a voice, and lo! her child
 Stood by her, weeping too!

His shroud was damp, his face was
 white;
 He said — "I cannot sleep,
 Your tears have made my shroud so
 wet;
 O mother, do not weep!"

Oh, love is strong! — the mother's
 heart
 Was filled with tender fears;
 Oh, love is strong! — and for her
 child
 Her grief restrained its tears.

One eye a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand —
Her infant in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

“Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more!”
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

The mother went her household
ways —
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

THE POET.

Ah, deeply the minstrel has felt all
he sings,
Every passion he paints his own
bosom has known;
No note of wild music is swept from
the strings,
But first his own feelings have
echoed the tone.

Then say not his love is a fugitive
fire,
That the heart can be ice while the
lip is of flame:
Oh, say not that truth does not dwell
with the lyre:
For the pulse of the heart and the
harp are the same.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT POMPEII.

I SEE the ancient master pale and
worn,
Though on him shines the lovely
southern heaven,
And Naples greets him with festivity.

The dying by the dead: for his great
sake
They have laid bare the city of the
lost:
His own creations fill the silent
streets;
The Roman pavement rings with
golden spurs,
The Highland plaid shades dark Ital-
ian eyes,
And the young king himself is
Ivanhoe.

But there the old man sits, — majes-
tic, wan,
Himself a mighty vision of the past;
The glorious mind has bowed beneath
its toil;
He does not hear his name on foreign
lips
That thank him for a thousand happy
hours:
He does not see the glittering groups
that press
In wonder and in homage to his side;
Death is beside his triumph.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

RUBIES.

OFTEN I have heard it said
That her lips are ruby red.
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men,
Real rubies were they then.

When she kissed me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they,

And less bright were those which
shone
In the palace of the sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kissed by other men.

IN NO HASTE.

NAY, thank me not again for those
Camellias, that untimely rose;
But if, whence you might please the
more,

And win the few unwon before,
I sought the flowers you love to wear,
O'erjoyed to see them in your hair,
Upon my grave, I pray you set
One primrose or one violet.
... Stay ... I can wait a little yet.

ROSE AYLMER.

AH, what avails the sceptred race?
Ah, what the form divine?
What every virtue, every grace?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful
eyes

May weep but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

DEATH OF THE DAY.

MY pictures blacken in their frames
As night comes on,
And youthful maids and wrinkled
dames
Are now all one.

Death of the Day! a sterner Death
Did worse before;
The fairest form, the sweetest breath,
Away he bore.

I WILL NOT LOVE.

I WILL *not* love! These sounds
have often
Burst from a troubled breast;
Rarely from one no sighs could soften,
Rarely from one at rest.

A REQUEST.

THE place where soon I think to lie,
In its old creviced nook hard by,
Rears many a weed:
If parties bring you there, will you
Drop slyly in a grain or two
Of wallflower seed?

I shall not see it, and (too sure!)
I shall not ever hear that your
Light step was there;
But the rich odor some fine day
Will, what I cannot do, repay
That little care.

SIDNEY LANIER.

EVENING SONG.

Look off, dear Love, across the sal-
low sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun
and sea;
How long they kiss in sight of all the
lands!
Ah, longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts
the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy
wine,
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis
done!
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort
heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else un-
lighted sands;
O Night, divorce our sun and moon
apart,—
Never our lips, our hands.

FROM THE FLATS.

WHAT heartache,—ne'er a hill!
Inexorable, vapid, vague and chill,
The drear sand-levels drain my spirit
low,
With one poor word they tell me all
they know;

Whereat their stupid tongues, to
tease my pain,
Do draw it o'er again and o'er again.
They hurt my heart with griefs I
cannot name:
Always the same, the same.

Nature hath no surprise,
No ambuscade of beauty, 'gainst
mine eyes
From brake, or lurking dell, or deep
defile;
No humors, frolic forms,—this mile,
that mile;
No rich reserves or happy-valley
hopes
Beyond the bends of roads, the dis-
tant slopes.
Her fancy fails, her wild is all run
tame:
Ever the same, the same.

Oh! might I through these tears
But glimpse some hill my Georgia
high uprears,
Where white the quartz, and pink
the pebbles shine,
The hickory heavenward strives, the
muscadine
Swings o'er the slope; the oak's far-
falling shade
Darkens the dog-wood in the bottom
glade,

And down the hollow from a ferny
nook
Bright leaps a living brook!

BETRAYAL.

THE sun has kissed the violet sea,
And turned the violet to a rose.
O Sea! wouldst thou not better be
Mere violet still? Who knows?
who knows?
Well hides the violet in the wood:
The dead leaf wrinkles her a hood,
And winter's ill is violet's good;
But the bold glory of the rose,
It quickly comes and quickly goes;
Red petals whirling in white snows,
Ah me!

The sun has burnt the rose-red sea:
The rose is turned to ashes gray.
O Sea! O Sea! mightst thou but be
The violet thou hast been to-day!
The sun is brave, the sun is bright,
The sun is lord of love and light;
But after him it cometh night.
O anguish of the lonesome dark!
Once a girl's body, stiff and stark,
Was laid in a tomb without a mark.
Ah me!

LUCY LARCOM.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful
muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

Not a neighbor,
Passing nod or answer will refuse,

To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any
news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!

For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her
shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos,
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief
brews.

Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek be-
dews.

From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of
Ben?"

Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she
views

Twenty seasons,—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding
shoes.

[From *Hints*.]

THE CURTAIN OF THE DARK.

THE curtain of the dark
Is pierced by many a rent:
Out of the star-wells, spark on spark
Trickles through night's torn tent.

Grief is a tattered tent
Wherethrough God's light doth
shine.

Who glances up, at every rent
Shall catch a ray divine.

UNWEDDED.

BEHOLD her there in the evening
sun,
That kindles the Indian summer
trees
To a separate burning bush, one by
one,
Wherein the Glory Divine she sees!

Mate and nestlings she never had:
Kith and kindred have passed
away;
Yet the sunset is not more gently
glad,
That follows her shadow, and fain
would stay.

For out of her life goes a breath of
bliss,
And a sunlike charm from her
cheerful eye,
That the cloud and the loitering
breeze would miss;
A balm that refreshes the passer-
by.

"Did she choose it, this single life?"
Gossip, she saith not, and who can
tell?

But many a mother, and many a
wife,
Draws a lot more lonely, we all
know well.

Doubtless she had her romantic
dream,
Like other maidens, in May-time
sweet,
That flushes the air with a lingering
gleam,
And goldens the grass beneath her
feet:—

A dream unmoulded to visible form,
That keeps the world rosy with
mists of youth,
And holds her in loyalty close and
warm,
To her fine ideal of manly truth.

"But is she happy, a woman alone?"
Gossip, alone in this crowded
earth,

With a voice to quiet its hourly moan, And a smile to heighten its rarer mirth!	And a wife will follow by faith, not sight, In the chosen footprint, at any hap.
There are ends more worthy than happiness: Who seeks it, is digging joy's grave, we know.	In the comfort of home who is glad- der than she ? Yet, stirred by no murmur of "might have been,"
The blessed are they who but live to bless; She found out that mystery, long ago.	Her heart as a carolling bird soars free, With the song of each nest she has glanced within.
To her motherly, sheltering atmos- phere, The children hasten from icy homes:	Having the whole, she covets no part: Hers is the bliss of all blessed things.
The outcast is welcome to share her cheer; And the saint with a fervent ben- ison comes.	The tears that unto her eyelids start, Are those which a generous pity brings;
For the heart of woman is large as man's; God gave her his orphaned world to hold, And whispered through her His deeper plans To save it alive from the outer cold.	Or the sympathy of heroic faith With a holy purpose, achieved or lost, To stifle the truth is to stop her breath, For she rates a lie at its deadly cost.
And here is a woman who under- stood Herself, her work, and God's will with her, To gather and scatter His sheaves of good, And was meekly thankful, though men demur.	Her friends are good women and faithful men, Who seek for the true, and uphold the right; And who shall proclaim her the weaker, when Her very presence puts sin to flight?
Would she have walked more nobly, think, With a man beside her, to point the way, Hand joining hand in the marriage- link ? Possibly, Yes; it is likelier, Nay.	"And dreads she never the coming years ?" Gossip, what are the years to her ? All winds are fair, and the harbor nears, And every breeze a delight will stir.
For all men have not wisdom and might: Love's eyes are tender, and blur the map;	Transfigured under the sunset trees, That wreathes her with shadowy gold and red, She looks away to the purple seas, Whereon her shallop will soon be sped.

She reads the hereafter by the here:
 A beautiful Now, and a better To
 Be:
 In life is all sweetness, in death no
 fear,—
 You waste your pity on such as
 she.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

HAND in hand with angels,
 Through the world we go;
 Brighter eyes are on us
 Than we blind ones know;
 Tenderer voices cheer us
 Than we deaf will own;
 Never, walking heavenward,
 Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
 In the busy street,
 By the winter hearth-fires,—
 Everywhere,— we meet,
 Though unfledged and songless,
 Birds of Paradise;
 Heaven looks at us daily
 Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels;
 Oft in menial guise;
 By the same strait pathway
 Prince and beggar rise.
 If we drop the fingers,
 Toil-imbrowned and worn,
 Then one link with heaven
 From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels:
 Some are fallen,— alas!
 Soiled wings trail pollution
 Over all they pass.
 Lift them into sunshine!
 Bid them seek the sky!
 Weaker is your soaring,
 When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels;
 Some are out of sight,
 Leading us, unknowing,
 Into paths of light.
 Some dear hands are loosened
 From our earthly clasp,
 Soul in soul to hold us
 With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels,—
 'Tis a twisted chain,
 Winding heavenward, earthward,
 Linking joy and pain.
 There's a mournful jarring,
 There's a clank of doubt,
 If a heart grows heavy,
 Or a hand's left out.

Hand in hand with angels
 Walking every day;—
 How the chain may lengthen,
 None of us can say.
 But we know it reaches
 From earth's lowliest one,
 To the shining seraph,
 Throned beyond the sun.

Hand in hand with angels!
 Blessed so to be!
 Helped are all the helpers;
 Giving light, they see.
 He who aids another
 Strengthens more than one;
 Sinking earth he grapples
 To the Great White Throne.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

I do not own an inch of land,
 But all I see is mine,—
 The orchard and the mowing-fields,
 The lawns and gardens fine.
 The winds my tax-collectors are,
 They bring me tithes divine,—
 Wild scents and subtle essences,
 A tribute rare and free:
 And more magnificent than all,
 My window keeps for me
 A glimpse of blue immensity,—
 A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
 Great fleets and argosies;
 I have a share in every ship
 Won by the inland breeze
 To loiter on yon airy road
 Above the apple-trees.
 I freight them with my untold
 dreams,

Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living
shapes,—

The people of the sky,—
Guests in white raiment coming
down

From heaven, which is close by:
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and
south,

Spread out from morn to night:
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told;
The fringes of eternity,—
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glimmering
sea,

I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious
stones,—

Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kissed.

Out through the utmost gates of
space,

Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child:

The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.

The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad, when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

[From Hints.]

HEAVEN NEAR THE VIRTUOUS.

THEY whose hearts are whole and
strong,

Loving holiness,
Living clean from soil of wrong,
Wearing truth's white dress,—
They unto no far-off height
Wearily need climb;
Heaven to them is close in sight
From these shores of time.

Only the anointed eye

Sees in common things,—
Gleams dropped daily from the sky;
Heavenly blossomings.
To the hearts where light has birth
Nothing can be drear;
Budding through the bloom of earth,
Heaven is always near.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

TO MY SON.

Do you remember, my sweet, absent
son,
How in the soft June days forever
done
You loved the heavens so warm and
clear and high;
And when I lifted you, soft came
your cry —
“Put me 'way up—'way up in the
blue sky?”

I laughed and said I could not; set
you down,
Your gray eyes wonder-filled beneath
that crown
Of bright hair gladdening me as you
raced by.
Another Father now, more strong
than I,
Has borne you voiceless to your dear
blue sky.

NEW WORLDS.

With my beloved I lingered late one
night.
At last the hour when I must leave
her came:
But, as I turned, a fear I could not
name
Possessed me that the long sweet
evening might
Prelude some sudden storm, whereby
delight
Should perish. What if Death, ere
dawn, should claim
One of us? What, though living,
not the same
Each should appear to each in morn-
ing light?

Changed did I find her, truly, the
next day:
Ne'er could I see her as of old
again,
That strange mood seemed to draw a
cloud away,

And let her beauty pour through
every vein
Sunlight and life, part of me. Thus
the lover
With each new morn a new world
may discover.

THE LILY-POND.

SOME fairy spirit with his wand,
I think, has hovered o'er the dell,
And spread this film upon the pond.
And touched it with this drowsy
spell,

For here the musing soul is merged
In moods no other scene can bring,
And sweeter seems the air when
scourged
With wandering wild-bees' mur-
muring.

One ripple streaks the little lake.
Sharp purple-blue; the birches,
thin
And silvery, crowd the edge, yet
break
To let a straying sunbeam in.

How came we through the yielding
wood,
That day, to this sweet-rustling
shore?
Oh, there together while we stood,
A butterfly was wafted o'er,

In sleepy light; and even now
His glimmering beauty doth return
Upon me when the soft winds blow,
And lilies toward the sunlight
yearn.

The yielding wood? And yet 'twas
loth
To yield unto our happy march;
Doubtful it seemed, at times, if both
Could pass its green, elastic arch.

Yet there, at last, upon the marge
We found ourselves, and there, be-
hold,
In hosts the lilies, white and large,
Lay close with hearts of downy
gold!

Deep in the weedy waters spread
The rootlets of the placid bloom:
So sprung my love's flower, that was
bred
In deep still waters of heart's-
gloom.

So sprung; and so that morn was
nursed
To live in light, and on the pool
Wherein its roots were deep immersed
Burst into beauty broad and cool.

Few words were said; a moment
passed;
I know not how it came — that awe
And ardor of a glance that cast
Our love in universal law.

But all at once a bird sang loud,
From dead twigs of the gleamy
beech;
His notes dropped dewy, as from a
cloud,
A blessing on our married speech.

Ah, Love! how fresh and rare, even
now,
That moment and that mood re-
turn
Upon me, when the soft winds blow,
And lilies toward the sunlight
yearn!

SAILOR'S SONG.

THE sea goes up, the sky comes
down.
Oh, can you spy the ancient town, —
The granite hills so hard and gray,
That rib the land behind the bay?
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

Three years? Is it so long that we
Have lived upon the lonely sea?
Oh, often I thought we'd see the
town,
When the sea went up, and the sky
came down.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

Even the winter winds would rouse
A memory of my father's house;
For round his windows and his door
They made the same deep, mouthless
roar.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

And when the summer's breezes
beat,
Methought I saw the sunny street
Where stood my Kate. Beneath her
hand
She gazed far out, far out from land.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

Farthest away, I oftenest dreamed
That I was with her. Then, it
seemed
A single stride the ocean wide
Had bridged and brought me to her
side.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

But though so near we're drawing,
now,
'T is farther off — I know not how.
We sail and sail: we see no home.
Would we into the port were come!
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

At night, the same stars o'er the
mast:
The mast sways round — however fast

We fly—still sways and swings
around
One scanty circle's starry bound.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

Ah, many a month those stars have
shone,
And many a golden morn has flown,
Since that so solemn happy morn,
When, I away, my babe was born.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

And, though so near we're drawing
now,
'Tis farther off—I know not how—
I would not aught amiss had come
To babe or mother there, at home!
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

'Tis but a seeming; swiftly rush
The seas, beneath. I hear the crush
Of foamy ridges 'gainst the prow.
Longing outspeeds the breeze, I know.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

Patience, my mates! Though not
this eve,
We cast our anchor, yet believe,

If but the wind holds, short the run:
We'll sail in with to-morrow's sun.
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!
Fair winds, boys: send her home!
O ye ho!

A FACE IN THE STREET.

POOR, withered face, that yet was
once so fair,
Grown ashen-old in the wild fires
of lust—
Thy star-like beauty, dimmed with
earthly dust,
Yet breathing of a purer native air;
They who, whilom, cursed vultures,
sought a share
Of thy dead womanhood, their
greed unjust
Have satisfied, have stripped and
left thee bare.
Still, like a leaf warped by the au-
tumn gust,
And driving to the end, thou wrapp'st
in flame
And perfume all thy hollow-eyed
decay,
Feigning on those gray cheeks the
blush that Shame
Took with her when she fled long
since away.
Ah God! rain fire upon this foul-
souled city
That gives such death, and spares its
men,—for pity!

EMMA LAZARUS.

[From *Scenes in the Wood*. Suggested by
Robert Schumann.]

PLEASANT PROSPECT.

HAIL, free, clear heavens! above our
heads again,
With white-winged clouds that melt
before the sun:
Hail, good green earth! with blos-
soms, grass and grain:
O'er the soft rye what silvery rip-
ples run!

What tawny shadows! Slowly we
have won
This high hill's top: on the wood's
edge we stand,
While like a sea below us rolls the
land.
The meadows blush with clover, and
the air
Is honeyed with its keen but spicy
smell;
In silence graze the kine, but every-
where

Pipe the glad birds that in the forest dwell;
Where hearths are set curled wreaths of vapor tell;
Life's grace and promise win the soul again;
Hope floods the heart like sunshine after rain.

[From *Scenes in the Wood*. Suggested by
Robert Schumann.]

NIGHT.

WHITE stars begin to prick the wan blue sky,
The trees arise, thick, black and tall: between
Their slim, dark boles, gray, film-winged gnats that fly
Against the failing western red are seen.
The footpaths dumb with moss have lost their green.
Mysterious shadows settle everywhere,
A passionate murmur trembles in the air.
Sweet scents wax richer, freshened with cool dews,
The whole vast forest seems to breathe, to sigh
With rustle, hum and whisper that confuse
The listening ear, blent with the fitful cry
Of some belated bird. In the far sky,
Throbbing with stars, there stirs a weird unrest,
Strange joy, akin to pain, fulfils the breast —
A longing born of fears and promises,
A wild desire, a hope that heeds no bound.
A ray of moonlight struggling through the trees
Startles us like a phantom; on the ground
Fall curious shades; white glory spreads around;

The wood is past, and tranquil meadows wide,
Bathed in bright vapor, stretch on every side.

A MARCH VIOLET.

BLACK boughs against a pale clear sky,
Slight mists of cloud-wreaths floating by:
Soft sunlight, gray-blue smoky air,
Wet thawing snows on hillsides bare;
Loud streams, moist sodden earth; below
Quick seedlings stir, rich juices flow
Through frozen veins of rigid wood,
And the whole forest bestirs in bud.
No longer stark the branches spread
An iron network overhead.
Albeit naked still of green;
Through this soft, lustrous vapor seen
On budding boughs a warm flush glows,
With tints of purple and pale rose.
Breathing of spring, the delicate air
Lifts playfully the loosened hair
To kiss the cool brow. Let us rest
In this bright, sheltered nook, now blest
With broad noon sunshine over all,
Though here June's leafiest shadows fall.
Young grass sprouts here. Look up! the sky
Is veiled by woven greenery.
Fresh little folded leaves — the first,
And goldener than green, they burst
Their thick full buds and take the breeze.
Here, when November stripped the trees.
I came to wrestle with a grief:
Solace I sought not, nor relief.
I shed no tears, I craved no grace
I fain would see Grief face to face,
Fathom her awful eyes at length,
Measure my strength against her strength,
I wondered why the Preacher saith,
"Like as the grass that withereth."

The late, close blades still waved
around;

I clutched a handful from the ground.

"He mocks us cruelly," I said:

"The frail herb lives and she is
dead."

I lay dumb, sightless, deaf as she;

The long slow hours passed over me,

I saw Grief face to face; I know

The very form and traits of Woe.

I drained the galled dregs of the
draught

She offered me: I could have laughed

In irony of sheer despair,

Although I could not weep. The air

Thickened with twilight shadows
dim:

I rose and left. I knew each limb

Of these great trees, each gnarled,
rough root

Piercing the clay, each cone of fruit
They bear in autumn.

What blooms here,

Filling the honeyed atmosphere

With faint, delicious fragrances,

Freighted with blessed memories?

The earliest March violet,

Dear as the image of Regret,

And beautiful as Hope. Again

Past visions thrill and haunt my
brain,

Through tears I see the nodding head,

The purple and the green dispread.

Here, where I nursed despair that
morn,

The promise of fresh joy is born,

Arrayed in sober colors still,

But piercing the gray mould to fill

With vague sweet influence the air,

To lift the heart's dead weight of
care.

Longings and golden dreams to bring

With joyous phantasies of spring.

REMEMBER.

REMEMBER Him, the only One,

Now, ere the years flow by, —

Now, while the smile is on thy lip,

The light within thine eye.

Now, ere for thee the sun have lost

Its glory and its light,

And earth rejoice thee not with
flowers,

Nor with the stars the night.

Now, while thou lovest earth, be-
cause

She is so wondrous fair

With daisies and with primroses,

And sunlit, waving air;

And not because her bosom holds

Thy dearest and thy best,

And some day will thyself infold

In calm and peaceful rest.

Now, while thou lovest violets,

Because mid grass they wave,

And not because they bloom upon
Some early-shapen grave.

Now, while thou lovest trembling
stars,

But just because they shine,

And not because they're nearer one

Who never can be thine.

Now, while thou lovest music's
strains,

Because they cheer thy heart,

And not because from aching eyes

They make the tear-drops start.

Now, whilst thou lovest all on earth

And deemest all will last,

Before thy hope is vanished quite,

And every joy has past;

Remember Him, the only One,

Before the days draw nigh

When thou shalt have no joy in
them,

And praying, yearn to die.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

MINE OWN.

AND oh, the longing, burning eyes!
 And oh, the gleaming hair
 Which waves around me, night and
 day,
 O'er chamber, hall, and stair!

And oh, the step, half-dreamt, half
 heard!

And oh, the laughter low!
 And memories of merriment
 Which faded long ago!

Oh, art thou Sylph,— or truly Self,—
 Or either at thy choice?
 Oh, speak in breeze or beating heart,
 But let me hear thy voice!

"Oh, some do call me Laughter, love;
 And some do call me Sin:"

"And they may call thee what they
 will,
 So I thy love may win."

"And some do call me Wantonness,
 And some do call me Play:"

"Oh, they might call thee what they
 would
 If thou wert mine alway!"

"And some do call me Sorrow, love,
 And some do call me Tears,
 And some there be who name me
 Hope,
 And some that name me Fears."

"And some do call me Gentle Heart,
 And some Forgetfulness:"

"And if thou com'st as one or all,
 Thou comest but to bless!"

"And some do call me Life, sweet-
 heart,
 And some do call me Death;
 And he to whom the two are one
 Has won my heart and faith."

She twined her white arms round his
 neck:—

The tears fell down like rain.

"And if I live or if I die,
 We'll never part again."

JOHN LEYDEN.

ODE TO AN INDIAN COIN.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!

What vanity has brought thee here?

How can I love to see thee shine

So bright, whom I have bought so
 dear?—

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,

For twilight converse, arm in arm;

The jackal's shriek bursts on mine
 ear

Whom mirth and music wont to
 charm.

By Cheral's dark wandering streams,

Where cane-tufts shadow all the
 wild,

Sweet visions haunt my waking
 dreams

Of Teviot loved while still a child,

Of castled rocks stupendous piled

By Esk or Eden's classic wave,

Where loves of youth and friend-
 ship smiled,

Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from mem-
 ory fade!—

The perished bliss of youth's first
 prime,

That once so bright on fancy played,
 Revives no more in after time.

Far from my sacred natal clime,

I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared
sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave,

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire
drear.

A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to
mine:

Her fond heart throbs with many
a fear!

I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!

I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart: the grave
Dark and untimely met my view,—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to
mock

A wanderer's banished heart for-
lorn,

Now that his frame the lightning
shock

Of sun-rays tipt with death has
borne?

From love, from friendship, coun-
try, torn,

To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

THOMAS LODGE.

ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines:

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing
cloud,

That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroud,
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth
grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor
nigh;

Within which bounds she balm en-
closes,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances, every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire
blue,

Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires.
And at her eyes his brand doth
light.

JOHN LOGAN.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!

Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through
the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vail,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the spring.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou
said,

That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of
shame!

All common things, each day's
events,

That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design.
That makes another's virtues less:
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess:

The longing for ignoble things:
The strife for triumph more than
truth;

The hardening of the heart, that
brings

Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill: all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of
ill:

Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled
down

Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert
airs,

When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached
and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions
slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast
eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and
fears

Must ache and bleed beneath your
load ;

I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease, and rest begin.
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands ! that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask ;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires ;
Mine that so long has glowed and
burned,
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires,

O little souls ! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source
divine ;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

THE MEETING.

AFTER so long an absence
At last we meet again ;
Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain ?

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three ber-
ries
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other
In the old familiar tone ;
And we think, though we do not say
it,
How old and gray he is grown !

We speak of a Merry Christmas,
And many a happy New Year ;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their for-
tunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests ;
And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steals over our merriest jests.

STAY, STAY AT HOME, MY HEART, AND REST.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and
rest ;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not
where
Are full of trouble and full of care ;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are bailed and beaten and blown
about
By the winds of the wilderness of
doubt ;
To stay at home is best.



MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.

Then stay at home, my heart, and
rest:
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and
fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky:
To stay at home is best.

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is
o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child
to bed,
Half-willing, half-reluctant to be
led,
And leave his broken playthings on
the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open
door;
Nor wholly reassured and com-
forted
By promises of others in their
stead,
Which, though more splendid, may
not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes
away
Our playthings one by one, and by
the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we
go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or
stay,
Being too full of sleep to under-
stand
How far the unknown transcends
the what we know.

THE TIDES.

I SAW the long line of the vacant
shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon
the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on
every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no
more.

Then heard I, more distinctly than
before,
The ocean breathe, and its great
breast expand;
And hurrying came on the defence-
less land
The insurgent waters with tumul-
tuous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I
said,
Love, laughter, and the exultant
joy of song,
Have ebbed from me forever! Sud-
denly o'er me
They swept again from their deep
ocean-bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and
strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth,
upbore me.

MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village
spire,
With your golden feathers all on
fire,
Tell me, what can you see from your
perch
Above there over the tower of the
church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets be-
low,
And the people moving to and fro,
And beyond, without either roof or
street,
The great salt sea, and the fisher-
man's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
Beyond the headlands and harbor of
Lynn,
And a young man standing on the
deck,
With a silken kerchief round his
neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
And now he is kissing his finger-tips,

And now he is lifting and waving his
hand,
And blowing the kisses toward the
land.

MAIDEN.

Ah! that is the ship from over the sea,
That is bringing my lover back to me,
Bringing my lover so fond and true,
Who does not change with the wind
like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that
blow.
It is only because they made me so,
And people would think it wondrous
strange,
If I, a weathercock, should not
change.

O pretty maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and your
golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-
day
You will thank me for looking some
other way!

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

THE doors are all wide open; at the
gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a
blaze,
And seem to warm the air; a
dreamy haze
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows
like a fate;
And on their margin, with sea-tides
elate,
The flooded Charles, as in the hap-
pier days,
Writes the last letter of his name,
and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled
to wait.
I also wait; but they will come no
more,
Those friends of mine, whose pres-
ence satisfied

The thirst and hunger of my heart.
Ah me!
They have forgotten the pathway to
my door!
Something is gone from nature
since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor
can be.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of
Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morn-
ing broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and
beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the
same,
Alike their features and their robes
of white,
But one was crowned with amaranth
as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes
of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial
way:
Then said I, with deep fear and
doubt oppressed.
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest
thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at
rest!"

And he who wore the crown of as-
phodels,
Descending, at my door began to
knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in
wells
The waters sink before an earth-
quake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the
pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted
me,
And now returned with threefold
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly
 guest,
 And listened, for I thought I heard
 God's voice;
 And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent
 was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to re-
 joice.

Then with a smile, that filled the
 house with light,
 "My errand is not Death, but
 Life," he said;
 And ere he answered, passing out of
 sight,
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not
 at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine
 wreath,
 Pausing, descended, and with voice
 divine,
 Whispered a word that had a sound
 like death:

Then fell upon the house a sudden
 gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair
 and thin;
 And softly from that hushed and
 darkened room,
 Two angels issued, where but one
 went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his
 hand.
 The mists collect, the rain falls
 thick and loud,
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and
 land,
 Lo! He looks back from the de-
 parting cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are
 His;
 Without His leave, they pass no
 threshold o'er;

Who, then, would wish or dare, be-
 lieving this,
 Against His messengers to shut the
 door?

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:
 Whereon shall no man work, but
 play
 Whereon it is enough for me,
 Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
 Through every nerve, through every
 vein,
 I feel the electric thrill, the touch
 Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
 Playing celestial symphonies;
 I see the branches downward bent,
 Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
 The splendid scenery of the sky,
 Where through a sapphire sea, the
 sun
 Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-lands in the
 west,
 Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
 Whose steep sierra far uplifts
 Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all
 the rooms
 The snow-flakes of the cherry-
 blooms!
 Blow, winds! and bend within my
 reach
 The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
 Of thoughts, whose only speech is
 song!
 O heart of man! canst thou not be
 Blithe as the air is, and as free?

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

FROM MIRE TO BLOSSOM.

NOVEMBER.

THE dead leaves, their rich mosaics
Of olive and gold and brown,
Had laid on the rain-wet pavement,
Through all the embowered town.

They were washed by the autumn
tempest,

They were trod by hurrying feet,
And the maids came out with their
besoms

And swept them into the street,

To be crushed and lost forever,
'Neath the wheels in the black
mire lost;

The Summer's precious darlings,
She nurtured at such cost!

O words that have fallen from me!
O golden thoughts and true!
Must I see in the leaves, a symbol
Of the fate which awaiteth you?

APRIL.

Again has come the spring-time,
With the crocus's golden bloom,
With the smell of the fresh-turned
earth-mould,
And the violet's perfume.

O gardener! tell me the secret
Of thy flowers so rare and sweet!
"I have only enriched my garden
With the black mire from the
street!"

RICHARD LOVELACE.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND
THE SEAS.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;

Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swal-
lowing wave.

Though seas and land betwixt us
both,

Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as an-
gels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive in the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes

Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven, their earthly bodies left
behind.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE
WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this Inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore,
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

SAMUEL LOVER.

OH! WATCH YOU WELL BY DAY-LIGHT.

Oh! watch you well by daylight,
 By daylight may you fear,
 But keep no watch in darkness —
 The angels then are near;
 For Heaven the sense bestoweth,
 Our waking life to keep,
 But tender mercy showeth,
 To guard us in our sleep.
 Then watch you well by daylight.
 By daylight may you fear,
 But keep no watch in darkness —
 The angels then are near.

Oh! watch you well in pleasure —
 For pleasure oft betrays,
 But keep no watch in sorrow,
 When joy withdraws its rays:
 For in the hour of sorrow,
 As in the darkness drear,
 To Heaven entrust the morrow.
 For the angels then are near.
 O watch you well by daylight,
 By daylight may you fear,
 But keep no watch in darkness —
 The angels then are near.

THE CHILD AND THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Down by the river's bank I strayed
 Upon an autumn day;
 Beside the fading forest there,
 I saw a child at play.
 She played among the yellow leaves —
 The leaves that once were green,
 And flung upon the passing stream
 What once had blooming been:
 Oh! deeply did it touch my heart
 To see that child at play;
 It was the sweet unconscious sport
 Of childhood with decay.

Fair child, if by this stream you
 stray,
 When after years go by,
 The scene that makes thy childhood's
 sport,
 May wake thy age's sigh:

When fast you see around you fall
 The summer's leafy pride.
 And mark the river hurrying on
 Its ne'er returning tide;
 Then may you feel in pensive mood
 That life's a summer dream;
 And man, at last, forgotten falls —
 A leaf upon the stream.

THE ANGEL'S WING.

WHEN by the evening's quiet light
 There sit two silent lovers.
 They say, while in such tranquil
 plight,
 An angel round them hovers;
 And further still old legends tell, —
 The first who breaks the silent spell,
 To say a soft and pleasing thing,
 Hath felt the passing angel's wing!

Thus, a musing minstrel strayed
 By the summer ocean,
 Gazing on a lovely maid,
 With a bard's devotion: —
 Yet this love he never spoke,
 Till now the silent spell he broke; —
 The hidden fire to flame did spring,
 Fanned by the passing angel's wing!

"I have loved thee well and long,
 With love of heaven's own mak-
 ing! —
 This is not a poet's song,
 But a true heart's speaking, —
 I will love thee, still, untired!"
 He felt — he spoke — as one inspired,
 The words did from Truth's foun-
 tain spring.
 Upwaken'd by the angel's wing.

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
 Her beauty lovelier making: —
 And by her blush, he knew full well
 The dawn of love was breaking.
 It came like sunshine o'er his heart!
 He felt that they should never part,
 She spoke — and oh! — the lovely
 thing
 Had felt the passing angel's wing.

*YIELD NOT, THOU SAD ONE, TO
SIGHS.*

Oh! yield not, thou sad one, to
sighs.

Nor murmur at Destiny's will.
Behold, for each pleasure that flies,
Another replacing it still.

Time's wing, were it all of one feather,
Far slower would be in its flight:

The storm gives a charm to fine
weather,

And day would seem dark without
night.

Then yield not, thou sad one, to
sighs.

When we look on some lake that
repeats

The loveliness bounding its shore,
A breeze o'er the soft surface fleets,
And the mirror-like beauty is o'er.

But the breeze, ere it ruffled the deep,
Pervading the odorous bowers,
Awaken'd the flowers from their
sleep,

And wafted their sweets to be ours.
Then yield not, thou sad one, to
sighs.

Oh, blame not the change nor the
flight

Of our joys as they're passing away,
'Tis the swiftness and change give
delight — stay.

They would pall if permitted to
More gaily they glitter in flying,
They perish in lustre still bright,
Like the hues of the dolphin, in dy-
ing.

Or the humming-bird's wing in its
flight.

Then yield not, thou sad one, to
sighs.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and
gold,

And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the
cold,

Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory
burn,

A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly
earn

A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty
fare;

With sated heart, he hears the
pant

Of toiling hinds, with brown arms
bare,

And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son in-
herit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son in-
herit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble
things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment
springs,

A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By records of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

[From the Vision of Sir Launfal.]

THE GENEROSITY OF NATURE.

EARTH gets its price for what earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;

At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she
to her nest.—
In the nice ear of Nature which song
is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebb'd
away

Comes flooding back with a ripply
cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and
bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop
overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills
it;

No matter how barren the past may
have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the
leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel
right well

How the sap creeps up and the blos-
soms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot
help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is grow-
ing;

The breeze comes whispering in our
ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that

streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house
hard by;

And if the breeze kept the good news
back,

For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's

lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the
year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not
how;

Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be
true

As for grass, to be green or skies to be
blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living:

Who knows whither the clouds have
fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave
no wake;

And the eyes forget the tears they
have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and
ache.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

YES, faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the
world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed and
ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out
And find in the depths of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret;
Immortal away from me!

There's a narrow ridge in the grave-
yard
Would scarce stay a child in his
race,

But to me and my thought, it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of space.



AUF WIEDERSEHEN. (TILL WE MEET AGAIN.)

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearly true;
But, since the earth clashed on *her*
coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made death other than death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it;
That jar of our earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper pas-
sion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me!
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from
dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

[From *Under the Willows.*]

JUNE.

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field
and wood,
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading
tree,
June is the pearl of our New England
year.
Still a surprisal, though expected
long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies
in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth,
draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush
in the sky,
With one great gush of blossom
storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The blue-bird shifting his light load
of song
From post to post along the cheerless
fence,

Was as a rhymer ere the poet come:
But now, O rapture! sunshine-winged
and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm
wild breath of the West,
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy
cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters all
in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the
soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what,
Save *June! Dear June! Now God be
praised for June.*

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the
stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely
dare,
Thinks she,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

'Tis thirteen years; once more I
press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear “*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too
fain,
But these—they drew us heart to
heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

STORM AT APPLIEDORE.

How looks Appledore in a storm ?

I have seen it when its crags
seemed frantic,

Butting against the mad Atlantic,
When surge on surge would heap
enorme,

Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted, and then let
go

A great white avalanche of thunder,
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
Monadnock might have trembled under;

And the island, whose rock-roots
pierce below

To where they are warmed with
the central fire,

You could feel its granite fibres
racked,

As it seemed to plunge with a
shudder and thrill

Right at the breast of the swooping
hill,

And to rise again snorting a cataract
Of rage-froth from every cranny and
ledge,

While the sea drew its breath in
hoarse and deep,

And the next vast breaker curled its
edge,

Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

North, east, and south there are reefs
and breakers

You would never dream of in
smooth weather,

That toss and gore the sea for acres,
Bellowing and gnashing and snarling
together;

Look northward, where Duck Island
lies,

And over its crown you will see arise,
Against a background of slaty skies,

A row of pillars still and white,
That glimmer, and then are out of
sight,

As if the moon should suddenly kiss,
While you crossed the gusty desert
by night,

The long colonnades of Persepolis;
Look southward for White Island
light,

The lantern stands ninety feet o'er
the tide;

There is first a half-mile of tumult
and fight,

Of dash and roar and tumble and
fright,

And surging bewilderment wild and
wide,

Where the breakers struggle left and
right,

Then a mile or more of rushing
sea,

And then the lighthouse slim and
lone;

And whenever the weight of ocean is
thrown

Full and fair on White Island head,
A great mist-jotun you will see

Lifting himself up silently
High and huge o'er the lighthouse
top,

With hands of wavering spray out-
spread,

Groping after the little tower,
That seems to shrink and shorten
and cower,

Till the monster's arms of a sudden
drop,

And silently and fruitlessly
He sinks again into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched
you stand,

Awaken once more to the rush and
roar,

And on the rock-point tighten your
hand,

As you turn and see a valley deep,
That was not there a moment be-
fore,

Suck rattling down between you and a
heap

Of toppling billow, whose instant
Must sink the whole island once
for all;

Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas
Feeling their way to you more and
more;

If they once should clutch you high
as the knees,

They would whirl you down like a
sprig of kelp,

Beyond all reach of hope or help;—
And such in a storm is Appledore.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

ABIDE WITH ME.

<p>ABIDE with me! fast falls the even- tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fail, and com- forts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me! Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me! Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word; But as Thou dwelledst with Thy dis- ciples, Lord, Familiar, condescending, patient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me! Come not in terrors, as the King of kings; But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings; Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea; Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!</p>	<p>Thou on my head in early youth didst smile; And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee. On to the close, O Lord, abide with me! I need Thy presence every passing hour: What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me! I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bit- terness: Where is Death's sting? Where Grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me! Hold, then, Thy cross before my closing eyes! Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies! Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!</p>
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WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

<p>I AM dying, Egypt, dying, Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast, And the dark Plutonian shadows Gather on the evening blast; Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me, Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear; Listen to the great heart-secrets, Thou, and thou alone, must hear.</p>	<p>Though my scarred and veteran le- gions Bear their eagles high no more, And my wrecked and scattered gal- leys Strew dark Actium's fatal shore, Though no glittering guards surround me, Prompt to do their master's will, I must perish like a Roman, Die the great Triumvir still.</p>
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Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'T was no foeman's arm that felled
him, [blow:
'T was his own that struck the
His, who pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commin-
gled, [kings.
Yet shall mount the throne of

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches.
Let his brow the laurel twine:
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's
cry.
They are coming—quick, my fal-
chion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battlè
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

FROM THE LAY OF "HORATIUS."

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting-day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,

Like an eagle's nest hangs on the
crest
Of purple Apennine:

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who always by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand.
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore;

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven!
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.

Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array;
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting-day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following,
To join the muster, came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands,
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hid them to the wall.

They held a council, standing
Before the River-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may
guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go
down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying.
All wild with haste and fear;

"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpets' war-note
proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds

For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame, —
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three:
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, —
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius, —
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Went forth the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party —
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned!
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe.
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;

Wherefore men fight not as they
fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And fathers, mixed with commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below,

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday
light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host with measured
tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns
spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's
head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords
they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and
flew
To win the narrow way.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow:
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall
mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns, when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail!"

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes:
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance,
Halted that mighty mass,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stands savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet
too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his
thigh.
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space,
Then, like a wild-cat mad with
wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped, [out
The good sword stood a handbreadth
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke.
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.

Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all—
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius—
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their
feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once
more;

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,

The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind —
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false
Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Por-
sena,
“Now yield thee to our grace!”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see:
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

“O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb sur-
prise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging
flood
Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sex-
tus —
“Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!”
“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars
Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate.
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till
night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high —
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see, —
Horatius in his harness
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby
dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them spar-
kle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth
and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?
I saw something better than any one
knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and
hands?
Love made itself into bonds and
bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you dar-
ling things?
From the same box as the cherub's
wings.

How did they all just come to be
you?
God thought about me, and so I grew,

But how did you come to us, you
dear?
God thought about you, and so I am
here.

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL.

O LASSIE ayont the hill!
Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
For I want ye sair the nicht,
I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel',
A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht,—
O lassie, come ower the hill!

Gin a body could be a thocht o' grace,
And no a sel' ava!
I'm sick o' my held, and my han's
and my face,
An' my thochts and mysel' and a';
I'm sick o' the warl' and a';
The licht gangs by wi' a hiss;
For thro' my een the sunbeams fa',
But my weary heart they miss.
O lassie ayont the hill!
Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill;
Biden a yont the hill!

For gin ance I saw yer bonnie held,
And the sunlicht o' yer hair,
The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' doun
deid;
I wad be mysel' nae mair.
I wad be mysel' nae mair.
Fille'd o' the sole remeid;
Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer
hair,
Killed by yer body and held.
O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me ever sac sma',
For the sake o' my bonnie dame,
Whan I cam' to life, as she gaed
awa',
I could bide my body and name,
I might bide by mysel, the weary
same;
Aye setting up its held
Till I turn frae the claes that cover
my frame,
As gin they war roun' the deid.
O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,
 I wad ring my ain deid knell;
 Mysel' wad vanish, shot through and
 through
 Wi' the shine o' yer sunny sel',
 By the licht aneath yer broo,
 I wad dee to mysel', and ring my bell,
 And only live in you.

O lassie ayont the hill!
 Come ower the tap o' the hlll,
 Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
 For I want ye sair the nicht,
 I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
 For I'm tired and sick o' mysel',
 A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht,
 O lassie, come ower the hill!

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

EASTER MORNING.

OPEN the gates of the Temple;
 Spread branches of palm and of
 bay;
 Let not the spirits of nature
 Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
 While Spring from her death-sleep
 arises,
 And joyous His presence awaits,
 While morning's smile lights up the
 heavens,
 Open the Beautiful Gates.

He is here! The long watches are
 over,
 The stone from the grave rolled
 away;
 "We shall sleep," was the sigh of the
 midnight,
 "We shall rise!" is the song of to-
 day.
 O Music! no longer lamenting,
 On pinions of tremulous flame,
 Go soaring to meet the Belovèd,
 And swell the new song of His
 fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
 The font is a vase of perfume,
 On pillar and chancel are twining
 Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
 Christ is risen! with glad lips we
 utter,
 And far up the infinite height,
 Archangels the pæan re-echo,
 And crown Him with Lilies of
 Light!

ONLY WAITING.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown,
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown;
 Till the night of earth is faded
 From this heart once full of day,
 Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home.
 For the summer-time hath faded,
 And the autumn winds are come.
 Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,
 The last ripe hours of my heart,
 For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the mystic gate,
 At whose feet I long have lingered,
 Weary, poor, and desolate.
 Even now I hear their footsteps
 And their voices far away —
 If they call me, I am waiting,
 Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown —
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown.
 When from out the folded darkness
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
 By whose light, my soul will gladly
 Wing her passage to the skies.

THE HELIOTROPE.

SOMEWHERE 'tis told that in an Eastern land,
 Clasped in the dull palm of a mummy's hand,
 A few light seeds were found; with wondering eyes
 And words of awe was lifted up the prize.
 And much they marvelled what could be so dear
 Of herb or flower as to be treasured here;
 What sacred vow had made the dying keep
 So close this token for his last, long sleep.
 None ever knew, but in the fresh, warm earth
 The cherished seeds sprang to a second birth,

And, eloquent once more with love and hope,
 Burst into bloom the purple heliotrope,

Embalmed perhaps with sorrow's fiery tears,
 Out of the silence of a thousand years
 It answered back the passion of the past
 With the pure breath of perfect peace at last.

O pulseless heart! as ages pass, sleep well!
 The purple flower thy secret will not tell,
 But only to our eager quest reply —
 "Love, memory, hope, like me can never die!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A LITTLE child, beneath a tree,
 Sat and chanted cheerily
 A little song, a pleasant song,
 Which was, — she sang it all day long, —
 "When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
 But a good God reigns over all!"

There passed a lady by the way,
 Moaning in the face of day:
 There were tears upon her cheek,
 Grief in her heart too great to speak;
 Her husband died but yester-morn,
 And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child.
 That look'd to Heaven, and, singing, smiled;
 And saw not, for her own despair,
 Another lady, young and fair,
 Who, also passing, stopped to hear
 The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she, but few sad days before,
 Had lost the little babe she bore;
 And grief was heavy at her soul,
 As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
 And showed how bright had been the past,
 The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree,
 Listening, soothed, and placidly,
 A youth came by, whose sunken eyes,
 Spake of a load of miseries;
 And he, arrested like the twain,
 Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
 Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:
 Her marriage robes were fitted on,
 Her fair young face with blushes shone,
 When the Destroyer smote her low,
 And left the lover to his woe.

And these three listened to the song
 Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,

Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows, the blossoms
fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unre-
proved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child — if child it
were,
And not a seraph sitting there —
Was seen no more, the sorrowing
three

Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears —
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too:
"When the wind blows, the blossoms
fall.

But a good God reigns over all."

CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath ten thousand acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny, I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape, I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness,
Freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian —
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come — he'll find me
ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
In a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
'Twixt the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants —
Who would change? — Not I.

CLEAR THE WAY!

MEN of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day:
Sow the seed — withdraw the cur-
tain —

Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness chang-
ing

Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper — aid it, type —
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.
 Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
 Clear the way!
 With the Right, shall many more
 Enter, smiling, at the door;
 With the giant Wrong, shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger;
 We'll win our battle by its aid;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And Right, not Might, shall be the
 lord
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule man-
 kind,
 And be acknowledged stronger;
 The proper impulse has been given;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 War, in all men's eyes, shall be
 A monster of iniquity
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger;
 Nonslaughter men for glory's sake;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 Hateful rivalries of creed
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed

In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger;
 And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 And a poor man's family
 Shall not be his misery
 In the good time coming.
 Every child shall be a help,
 To make his right arm stronger;
 The happier he, the more he has;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 Little children shall not toil,
 Under or above the soil,
 In the good time coming;
 But shall play in healthful fields
 Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
 And every one shall read and write;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 The people shall be temperate,
 And shall love instead of hate,
 In the good time coming.
 They shall use, and not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger.
 The reformation has begun;
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger;
 'Twill be strong enough one day;—
 Wait a little longer.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

LATE or early, home returning,
 In the starlight or the rain,
 I beheld that lonely candle
 Shining from his window-pane.

Ever o'er his tattered curtain,
 Nightly looking, I could scan,
 Aye inditing,
 Writing — writing,
 The pale figure of a man;
 Still discern behind him fall
 The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight,
 By dim burning of my oil,
 Filling aye his rapid leaflets,
 I have watched him at his toil;
 Watched his broad and seamy fore-
 head,
 Watched his white industrious hand,
 Ever passing
 And repassing;
 Watched and strove to understand
 What impelled it — gold, or fame —
 Bread, or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked, debating vainly
 In the silence of my mind,
 What the services he rendered
 To his country or his kind;
 Whether tones of ancient music,
 Or the sound of modern gong,
 Wisdom holy,
 Humors lowly,
 Sermon, essay, novel, song,
 Or philosophy sublime,
 Fill'd the measure of his time.

No one sought him, no one knew
 him,
 Undistinguished was his name:
 Never had his praise been uttered
 By the oracles of fame.
 Scanty fare and decent raiment,
 Humble lodging, and a fire —
 These he sought for,
 These he wrought for,
 And he gained his meek desire;
 Teaching men by written word —
 Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him;
 Still might evening twilight fall,
 But no taper lit his lattice —
 Lay no shadow on his wall.
 In the winter of his seasons,
 In the midnight of his day,
 'Mid his writing,
 And inditing,

Death hath beckoned him away.
 Ere the sentence he had planned
 Found completion at his hand.

But this man so old and nameless
 Left behind him projects large,
 Schemes of progress undeveloped,
 Worthy of a nation's charge;
 Noble fancies uncompleted,
 Germs of beauty immatured,
 Only needing
 Kindly feeding
 To have flourished and endured;
 Meet reward in golden store
 To have lived for evermore.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic
 Perish in the active brain?
 What humanity is robbed of,
 Ne'er to be restored again?
 What we lose, because we honor
 Overmuch the mighty dead,
 And dispirit
 Living merit,
 Heaping scorn upon its head?
 Or perchance, when kinder grown,
 Leaving it to die — alone?

O YE TEARS!

O YE tears! O ye tears! that have long
 refused to flow,
 Ye are welcome to my heart — thaw-
 ing, thawing, like the snow;
 I feel the hard clod soften, and the
 early snowdrops spring,
 And the healing fountains gush, and
 the wildernesses sing.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thank-
 ful that ye run;
 Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye
 shall glitter in the sun.
 The rainbow cannot shine if the rain
 refuse to fall,
 And the eyes that cannot weep are
 the saddest eyes of all.

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt you
 on my cheek.
 I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stub-
 born, I was weak.

Ye have given me strength to conquer,
and I stand erect and free,
And know that I am human by the
light of sympathy.

O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me
of my pain;
The barren rock of pride has been
stricken once again:
Like the rock that Moses smote, amid
Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make
gladness in the land.

There is light upon my path, there is
sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall
not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and
the bloom of long ago —
O ye tears! happy tears! I am thank-
ful that ye flow!

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

WHAT to do to make thy fame
Live beyond thee in the tomb?
And thine honorable name
Shine, a star, through history's
gloom?

Seize the Spirit of thy Time,
Take the measure of his height,
Look into his eyes sublime,
And imbue thee with their light.

Know his words ere they are spoken,
And with utterance loud and clear,
Firm, persuasive, and unbroken,
Breathe them in the people's ear.

Think whate'er the Spirit thinks,
Feel thyself whate'er he feels,
Drink at fountains where he drinks,
And reveal what he reveals.

And whate'er thy medium be,
Canvas, stone, or printed sheet,
Fiction, or philosophy,
Or a ballad for the street; —

Or, perchance, with passion fraught,
Spoken words, like lightnings
thrown,

Tell the people all thy thought,
And the world shall be thine own!

EXTRACT FROM "A REVERIE IN THE GRASS."

OH, beautiful green grass! Earth-
covering fair!

What shall be sung of thee, nor bright,
nor rare,

Nor highly thought of? Long green
grass that waves

By the wayside, over the ancient
graves,

Or shoulders of the mountain loom-
ing high,

Or skulls of rocks, bald in their maj-
esty,

Except for thee, that in the crevices
Liv'st on the nurture of the sun and
breeze;

Adorner of the nude rude breast of
hills,

Mantle of meadows, fringe of gush-
ing rills,

Humblest of all the humble, thou
shalt be,

If to none else, exalted unto me,
And for a time, a type of joy on
earth —

Joy unobtrusive, of perennial birth,
Common as light and air, and warmth
and rain,

And all the daily blessings that in vain
Woo us to gratitude: the earliest born
Of all the juicy verdures that adorn
The fruitful bosom of the kindly soil;
Pleasant to eyes that ache and limbs
that toil.

Lo! as I muse, I see the bristling
spears

Of thy seed-bearing stalks, which
some, thy peers,

Lift o'er their fellows, nodding to and
Their lofty foreheads as the wild
winds blow,

And think thy swarming multitudes
a host,

Drawn up embattled on their native
coast,

And officered for war:—the spearmen
free

Raising their weapons, and the mar-
tial bee

Blowing his clarion, while some pop-
py tall

Displays the blood-red banner over
all.

Pleased with the thought, I nurse
 it for a while,
 And then dismiss it with a faint half-
 smile.
 And next I fancy thee a multitude,
 Moved by one breath, obedient to the
 mood
 Of one strong thinker — the resistless
 wind,
 That, passing o'er thee, bends thee to
 its mind.
 See how thy blades, in myriads as
 they grow,
 Turn ever eastward as the west winds
 blow —
 Just as the human crowd is swayed
 and bent,
 By some great preacher, madly elo-
 quent,
 Who moves them at his will, and with
 a breath
 Gives them their bias both in life and
 death.
 Or by some wondrous actor, when he
 draws
 All eyes and hearts, amid a hushed
 applause,
 Not to be uttered, lest delight be
 marred;
 Or, greater still, by hymn of prophet-
 bard,
 Who moulds the lazy present by his
 rhyme,
 And sings the glories of a future time.

And ye are happy, green leaves,
 every one,
 Spread in your countless thousands
 to the sun!
 Unlike mankind, no solitary blade
 Of all your verdure ever disobeyed
 The law of nature: every stalk that
 lifts
 Its head above the mould, enjoys the
 gifts
 Of liberal heaven — the rain, the dew,
 the light;
 And points, though humbly, to the
 Infinite;
 And every leaf, a populous world,
 maintains
 Invisible nations on its wide-stretched
 plains.

So great is littleness! the mind at
 fault
 Betwixt the peopled leaf and starry
 vault,
 Doubts which is grandest, and, with
 holy awe,
 Adores the God who made them, and
 whose law
 Upholds them in Eternity or Time,
 Greatest and least, ineffably sublime.

TELL ME, YE WINGÈD WINDS.

TELL me, ye wingèd winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
 Do ye not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more?
 Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in the west,
 Where, free from toil and pain,
 The weary soul may rest?
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper
 low,
 And sighed for pity as it answered,
 "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
 Whose billows round me play,
 Know'st thou some favored spot,
 Some i-land far away,
 Where weary man may find
 The bliss for which he sighs, —
 Where sorrow never lives,
 And friendship never dies?
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual
 flow,
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to
 answer, — "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
 That, with such lovely face,
 Dost look upon the earth,
 Asleep in night's embrace;
 Tell me, in all thy round
 Hast thou not seen some spot
 Where miserable man
 May find a happier lot?
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew
 in woe,
 And a voice, sweet but sad, respond-
 ed, — "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
 Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
 Is there no resting-place
 From sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot
 Where mortals may be blest,

Where grief may find a balm,
 And weariness a rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons
 to mortals given,
 Waved their bright wings, and whis-
 pered, — "Yes, in heaven."

ANDREW MARVELL.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
 Shed from the bosom of the morn
 Into the blowing roses,
 (Yet careless of its mansion new
 For the clear region where 'twas born)
 Round in itself incloses,
 And in its little globe's extent
 Frames, as it can, its native element.
 How it the purple flower does slight,
 Scarce touching where it lies;
 But gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light,
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from the
 sphere.
 Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure;
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,
 And to the skies exhales it back again.
 So the soul, that drop, that ray,
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be
 seen,

Remembering still its former
 height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blos-
 soms green,
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts,
 express
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away;
 So the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day.
 Dark beneath, but bright above;
 Here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easy hence to go!
 How girt and ready to ascend!
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upward bend.
 Such did the manna's sacred dew dis-
 til,
 White and entire, although congealed
 and chill —
 Congealed on earth, but does, dis-
 solving, run
 Into the glories of th' almighty sun.

GERALD MASSEY.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

JERUSALEM the Golden!
 I weary for one gleam
 Of all thy glory folden
 In distance and in dream!
 My thoughts, like palms in exile,
 Climb up to look and pray
 For a glimpse of thy dear country
 That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden!
 Methinks each flower that blows,
 And every bird a-singing
 Of thee, some secret knows;
 I know not what the flowers
 Can feel, or singers see;
 But all these summer raptures
 Seem prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden!

When sunset's in the west,
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches
Through intermediate gloom
Are waving with our welcome
To thy eternal home!

Jerusalem the Golden!

When loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrow olden
Forever triumphing;
Lowly may be the portal,
And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal —
God's palace for his poor!

Jerusalem the Golden!

There all our birds that flew —
Our flowers but half unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew,
And all the glad life-music
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden!

I toil on day by day;
Heart-sore each night with longing,
I stretch my hands and pray,
That mid thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her nest;
Where the wicked cease from trou-
bling,
The weary are at rest!

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

Ho! ye who in the noble work
Win scorn, as flames draw air,
And in the way where lions lurk
God's image bravely bear;
Ho! trouble-tried and torture torn,
The kingliest kings are crowned with
thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
Still springeth from the cloud;
And soul ne'er soared the starry
seven,
But pain's fire-chariot rode.

They've battled best who've boldest
borne;
The kingliest kings are crowned with
thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn;
And tears that from Love's torn
heart flow,
To pearls of spirit turn.
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born;
The kingliest kings are crowned with
thorn.

As beauty in death's cerement
shrouds,
And stars bejewel night,
God's splendors live in dim heart-
clouds,
And suffering worketh might.
The mirkest hour is mother o' morn;
The kingliest kings are crowned with
thorn.

AND THOU HAST STOLEN A JEWEL.

AND thou hast stolen a jewel, Death,
Shall light thy dark up like a star.
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest
glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord
doth come;
And, ready for the harvest home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled:
A while she sat with folded wings —
Sang round us a few hoverings —
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her;
With heaven's white radiance robed
and crowned,
And all love's purple glory round.
She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land,
serene

She walked betwixt us twain, like
love;

While, in a robe of light above,
Her better angel walked unseen, —

Till life's highway broke bleak and
wild;

Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage
fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward
rolled

To the great ocean; on whose
shore

We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of
old: —

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles —
spread

O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams through life's
wild rents; [death
And through the open door of
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken
bough; plough,
And in the wounds our sufferings
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting;
Waiting for the May. —

Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn bram-
bles,

With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting, —
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May. —

Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belong-
ing

To the summer's day.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May. —
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burn-
ing,

Hopes and flowers that, dead or
dying,

All the winter lay.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throb-
bing,

Throbbing for the May. —

Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;

Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.

Ah! my heart, my heart is throb-
bing,

Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,

Waiting for the May:

Spring goes by with wasted warnings;
Moonlit evenings, sunbright morn-
ings, —

Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;

Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PERSIA.

PERSIA! time-honored land! who
 looks on thee
 A desert, yet a Paradise, will see,
 Vast chains of hills where not a
 shrub appears,
 Wastes where the dews distil their
 diamond tears;
 The only living things foul birds of
 prey,
 That whet their beaks, or court the
 solar ray,
 And wolves that fill with howlings
 midnight's vale,
 Turning the cheek of far-off traveller
 pale; —
 Anon, the ravished eye delighted
 dwells
 On chinar-groves and brightly-
 watered dells.
 Blooming where man and art have
 nothing done,
 Pomegranates hang their rich fruit
 in the sun;
 Grapes turn to purple many a rock's
 tall brow,
 And globes of gold adorn the citron's
 bough;
 Mid rose-trees hid, or perched on
 some high palm.
 The bulbul sings through eve's deli-
 cious calm;
 While girt by planes, or washed by
 cooling streams,
 On some green flat the stately city
 gleams, —
 'Tis as a demon there had cast his
 frown,
 And here an angel breathed a bless-
 ing down;
 As if in nature as the human soul,
 The god of darkness spurned heaven's
 bright control,
 Good struggling hard with Evil's
 withering spell,
 A smiling Eden on the marge of hell.
 Immortal clime! where Zoroaster
 sprung,
 And light on Persia's earlier history
 dung;

Let charity condemn not Iran's sage,
 Who taught, reformed, and human-
 ized his age.
 In him one great as Mecca's prophet,
 see,
 But oh, more gentle, wise, and pure
 than he.

ALEXANDER AT PERSEPOLIS.

HERE, too, came one who bartered
 all for power,
 The dread Napoleon of earth's
 younger hour:
 Ay, the same spot we calmly muse
 on now
 Saw chiefs and kings to Alexander
 bow;
 A conqueror, — yes, men praise and
 bend the knee;
 Who spreads most woe, the greatest
 hero he.
 But lo! that night on fancy casts its
 gloom, [doom,
 That fearful night of revelry and
 When perished all things costly,
 bright, and fair,
 And left, as now, these pillars stern
 and bare.
 The feast is spread; around the mon-
 arch shine
 Those earth-born pomps weak mor-
 tals deem divine;
 High sits he on his throne of gems
 and gold,
 Bright-starred and purple robes his
 limbs enfold;
 No crown adorns his brow, for fes-
 tive hours
 Have wreathed his head with Bac-
 chus' bloomy flowers;
 Lamps, hung in silver chains, a soft-
 ened glow
 Shed on the warrior chiefs that group
 below.
 There prince and noble round the
 board are met,
 Who fought those fights embalmed
 in history yet;

But thoughts of slaughter past, and
 blood-stained fields,
 Mar not the joys that gorgeous ban-
 quet yields;
 Sparkles in cups of gold rich Cyprian
 wine,
 Melts the Greek fig, the grapes of
 Ora shine;
 Pears from fair Bactria vie with Ker-
 man's peach,
 And fruit from climes e'en Greeks
 have failed to reach—
 Hot Indian Isles, to Scythia's moun-
 tain snows, —
 Each luscious orb on plates of crystal
 glows.
 Hark! in the gilded gallery, flute and
 lyre!
 Strains soft as sighs of streaming
 love respire;
 Then harp and sackbut bolder notes
 ring out,
 Like victory's pæan o'er some army's
 rout.
 And thus they revel; mirth and joy
 control
 The sterner thoughts, the high as-
 piring soul;
 And e'en the slaves, in sumptuous
 garments dressed,
 Forget their toils to see their lords
 so blessed.

But what young beauty leans be-
 side the king,
 With form so graceful, air so lan-
 guishing?
 While other maids are glittering down
 that hall,
 A moon mid earth's sweet stars, she
 dims them all.
 Her mask is off, unveiled her radiant
 head,
 A lovelier veil those flower-bound
 tresses spread;
 A spangled zone her Grecian robe
 confines,
 Bright on her breast a costly diamond
 shines,
 But oh, more bright, that eye's en-
 trancing ray
 Melts where it falls, and steals the
 soul away!

Who looks must look again, and
 sighing own
 Earth boasts, than tyrant Love's, no
 mightier throne:
 Woman was born to vanquish, — he,
 the brave,
 The nation-trampler, bowed, her
 veriest slave;
 Yes, beauteous Thais, with Love's
 flag unfurled,
 Conquered the blood-stained con-
 queror of the world!

THE PARADISE OF CABUL.

Oh, who Cabul's sweet region may
 behold,
 When spring laughs out, or autumn
 sows her gold,
 The meadows, orchards, streams
 that glide in light,
 Nor deem lost Irem charms again his
 sight;
 That wondrous garden rivalling
 Eden's bloom,
 Too blessed for man to view, this side
 the tomb?
 Flowers here, of every scent and
 form and dye,
 Lift their bright heads, and laugh
 upon the sky,
 From the tall tulip with her rich
 streaked bell,
 Where throned in state, Queen Mab
 is proud to dwell,
 To lowly wind-flowers gaudier plants
 eclipse. | lips.
 And pensile harebells with their dewy
 There turns the heliotrope to court
 the sun,
 And up green stalks the starry jas-
 mines run:
 The hyacinth in tender pink outvies
 Beauty's soft cheek, and violets
 match her eyes;
 Sweet breathe the henna flowers that
 harem girls
 So love to twine among their glossy
 curls;
 And here the purple pansy springs to
 birth,
 Like some gay insect rising from the
 earth.

<p>One sheet of bloom the level green- sward yields, And simple daisies speak of England's fields; Drawn by sweet odor's spell, in hum- ming glee, Flits round the gloomy stock, the rob- ber-bee, While to the gorgeous musk-rose, all night long, The love-sick bulbul pours his melt- ing song; Then, too, the fruits through months that hang and glow. Tempting as those which wrought our mother's woe. Soft shines the mango on its stem so tall, Rich gleams beneath, the melon's golden ball; How feasts the eye upon the bell- shaped pear! Bright cherries look like corals strung in air; The purple plum, the grape the hand may reach,</p>	<p>Vie with the downy-skinned and blushing peach; Though small, its place the luscious strawberry claims, Mid snowy flowers the radiant orange flames; To quench the thirst the cooling guava see, And ripe pomegranates melting on the tree. And here, too, England's favorite fruit is seen, The red-cheeked apple, veiled by leaves of green: Ah! at the sight, sweet thoughts of home awake, And foreign lands are welcomed for its sake. Thrice genial clime! O favored sweet Cabul! Well art thou named the blessed, the beautiful! With snow-peaked hills around thee, —guarding arms! Ah! would thy sons were worthy of thy charms!</p>
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WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's-satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on
My stockin's pearlie blue;

It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as
slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thrav their necks
about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,

For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his
speech,

His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't

As he comes up the stair, —
And will I see his face again ?

And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave:

And gin I live to keep him sae
I'm blest aboon the lave:

And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a' ;

There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

ABRAHAM PERRY MILLER.

[From Consolation.]

REFUGE FROM DOUBT.

O LOVING God of Nature! who
through all

Hast never yet betrayed me to a
fall, —

While following creeds of men I went
astray,

And in distressing mazes lost my way;
But turning back to Thee, I found

Thee true,
And sweet as woman's love, and
fresh as dew, —

Henceforth on Thee, and Thee alone
I rest,

Nor warring sects shall tear me from
Thy breast.

While others doubt and wrangle o'er
their creeds,

I rest in Thee and satisfy my needs.

[From Consolation.]

TURN TO THE HELPER.

As when a little child returned from
play,

Finds the door closed and latched
across its way,

Against the door, with infant push
and strain,

It gathers all its strength and strives
in vain!

Unseen, within, a loving father stands
And lifts the iron latch with easy
hands;

Then, as he lightly draws the door
aside,

He hides behind it, while with baby
pride, —

And face aglow, in struts the little one,
Flushed and rejoiced to think what

it has done, —
So, when men find, across life's rug-
ged way,

Strong doors of trouble barred from
day to day,

And strive with all their power of
knees and hands,

Unseen within the heavenly Father
stands,

And lifts each iron latch, while men
pass through,

Flushed and rejoiced to think what
they can do!

Turn to the Helper, unto whom thou
art

More near and dear than to thy
mother's heart, —

Who is more near to thee than is the
blood

That warms thy bosom with its pur-
ple flood —

Who by a word can change the men-
tal state

And make a burden light, however
great!

O loving Power! that, dwelling deep
within,

Consoles our spirits in their woe and
sin, —

When days were dark and all the
 world went wrong,
 Nor any heart was left for prayer and
 song, —
 When bitter memory, o'er and o'er
 again,
 Revolved the wrongs endured from
 fellow-men;
 And showed how hopes decayed and
 bore no fruit,
 And He who placed us here was deaf
 and mute! —
 If then we turned on God in angry
 wise,
 And scorned his dealings with re-
 proachful eyes
 Questioned his goodness, and in fool-
 ish wrath,
 Called hope a lie and ridiculed our
 faith, —
 Did we not find, in such an evil hour,
 That far within us dwelt this loving
 Power?
 No wrathful God within, to smite us
 down, [frown;
 Or turn his face away with angry
 But in the bitter heart, a smile began,
 Grew, all at once, within, and up-
 ward ran,
 Broke out upon the face — and, for
 awhile,
 Despite all bitterness, we had to
 smile!
 Because God's spirit that within us
 lay, [away!
 Simply rose up, and smiled our wrath

This love endures through all things,
 without end,
 And every soul has one Almighty
 Friend,
 Whose angels watch and tend it from
 its birth,
 And heaven becomes the servant of
 the earth! [move
 Whate'er befall, our spirits live and
 In one vast ocean of Eternal Love!

[From *Consolation*.]

KEEP FAITH IN LOVE.

KEEP faith in Love, the cure of every
 curse —
 The strange, sweet wonder of the
 universe!
 God loves a lover, and while time
 shall roll,
 This wonder, Love, shall save the
 human soul.
 Love is the heart's condition: youth
 and age
 Alike are subject to its tender rage:
 Age crowns the head with venerable
 snow,
 But Life and Love forever mated go;
 Along life's far frontier, the aged
 move,
 One foot beyond, and nothing left
 but Love!
 And when the soul its mortal fears
 resigns, [shines!
 The perfect world of love around it

JOHN MILTON.

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out
 thy race, [hours,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping
 Whose speed is but the heavy plum-
 met's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb
 devours,
 Which is no more than what is false
 and vain,

And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou
 hast entombed,
 And last of all thy greedy self con-
 sumed,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our
 bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,

When every thing that is sincerely
 good
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall
 ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, to whose happy-making sight
 alone
 When once our heavenly-guided soul
 shall climb,
 Then, all this earthy grossness quit,
 Attired with stars, we shall forever
 sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance,
 and thee, O Time.

—
L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight
 born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks,
 and sights unholy!
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads
 his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings;
 There under ebon shades and low-
 browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever
 dwell.
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the
 spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washed in
 dew,
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek,
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides,
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with
 thee

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door.
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and
 horn

Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing
 shrill:

Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries
 dight;

While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new
 pleasures

Whilst the landskip round it meas-
 ures;

Russet lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest,

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis
 dresses:

And then in haste her bower, she
 leaves,

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade;
 And young and old come forth to
 play

On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinched and pulled, she
 said,

And he by friar's lanthorn led;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of
 morn,

His shadowy flail had threshed the
 corn,

That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber
 fiend,

And, stretched out all the chimney's
 length.

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they
 creep,

By whispering winds soon lulled
 asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons
 bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs
 hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright
 eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all com-
 mend.

There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With masque and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,
 On summer eves, by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's
 child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the melting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cun-
 ning,

The melting voice through mazes
 running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may leave his
 head

From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the
 ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free

His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly, without father
 bred!

How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your
 toys!

Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
possess,

As thick and numberless,

As the gay notes that people the
sunbeams,

Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'
train.

But hail, thou goddess, sage and
holy!

Hail, divinest Melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view

O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's
hue:

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's sister might be-
seem,

Or that starred Ethiop queen, that
strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their powers
offended:

Yet thou art higher far descended;

Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore

To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign

Such mixture was not held a stain).

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades

He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,

Sober, steadfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,

Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cypress lawn,

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,

With even step and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the
skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:

There, held in holy passion still,

Forget thyself to marble, till

With a sad leaden downward cast,

Thou fix them on the earth as fast;

And join with thee calm peace and
quiet,

Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth
diet,

And hears the Muses in a ring

Aye round about Jove's altar sing;

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleas-
ure;

But first and chiefest with thee bring,

Him that yon soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,

'The cherub Contemplation;

And the mute Silence hist along,

'Less Phillomel will deign a song,

In her sweetest, saddest plight,

Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,

While Cynthia checks her dragon
yoke,

Gently o'er the accustomed oak;

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
folly,

Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chantress, oft the woods
among,

I woo to hear thy even-song;

And missing thee, I walk unseen

On the dry smooth-shaven green,

To behold the wandering moon,

Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been led astray

'Through the heavens' wide pathless
way;

And oft, as if her head she bowed,

Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground

I hear the far-off curfew sound,

Over some wide-watered shore,

Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,

Some still, removed place will fit,

Where glowing embers through the
room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;

Far from all resort of mirth,

Save the cricket on the hearth,

Or the bellman's drowsy charm,

To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour

Be seen on some high lonely tower,

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,

With thrice-great Hermes, or un-
sphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold

What worlds, or what vast regions
hold

The immortal mind, that hath ^{look} for-
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;

And of those demons that are found

In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did
seek;

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and
glass;

And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the
ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale
career,
'Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownc'd as she was
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the
eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arch'd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan
loves,

Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heav'd
stroke

Was never heard, the Nymphs to
daunt,

Or fright them from their hallowed
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep:
And let some strange mysterious
dream

Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid:

And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embow'd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through
mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine
eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's
harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and
leads with her
The flowery May, who from her
green lap throws
The yellow crowslip, and the pale
primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

STANZAS FROM "HYMN ON THE
 NATIVITY."

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude man-
 ger lies;
 Nature in awe to Him
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sym-
 patize:

It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty
 paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with inno-
 cent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to
 throw,
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul
 deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
 She, crowned with olives green,
 came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous
 clouds dividing,
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through
 sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around:

The idle spear and shield were high
 up hung,
 The hooked chariot stood,
 Unstained with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the
 armed throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sov-
 eign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth
 began:
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild
 ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on
 the charmed wave.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is
 spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark
 world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death
 to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though
 my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and
 present
 My true account, lest he returning
 chide:
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light
 denied?"
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to pre-
 vent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God
 doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts;
 who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him
 best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding
 speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean with-
 out rest;
 They also serve who only stand and
 wait."

ON REACHING TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labor up the hill of heavenly truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween.
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,

And hope that reaps not shame.
 Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
 Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

[From *Paradise Lost*.]

THE BOWER OF ADAM AND EVE.

THE roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic: under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth; with rich inlay
 Brodered the ground, more colored than with stone
 Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none:
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed.
 And heavenly choirs the Hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorned,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods

Endowed with all their gifts: and oh!
 too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she
 ensnared
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be
 avenged
 On him who had stole Jove's authen-
 tic fire.

[From *Paradise Lost*.]

APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven
 first-born,
 Or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed? since
 God is Light,
 And never but in unapproachèd
 light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in
 thee, [create.
 Bright effluence of bright essence in-
 Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal
 stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Be-
 fore the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at
 the voice [vest
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst in-
 The rising world of waters dark and
 deep,
 Won from the void and formless in-
 finite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though
 long detained

In that obscure sojourn, while in
 my flight
 Through utter and through middle
 darkness borne
 With other notes than, to the Orphe-
 an lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal night,
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to ven-
 ture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-
 ascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit
 safe,
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp:
 but thou
 Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in
 vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find
 no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched
 their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not
 the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses
 haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sun-
 ny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song;
 but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks
 beneath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and
 warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in
 fate, [nown,
 So were I equalled with them in re-
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

STANZAS FROM "CASA WAPPY." *

THY bright brief day knew no de-
 cline—
 'T was cloudless joy;
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,
 Belovèd boy! [gay;
 This morn beheld thee blithe and
 That found thee prostrate in decay:
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our heart, our household pride.
 Earth's undefiled,
 Could love have saved, thou hadst
 not died,
 Our dear, sweet child!
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
 Yet had we hoped that Time should
 see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy!

* The pet name of Moir's son.

Methinks thou smil'st before me
now,

With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full
brow

In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed
bright,

Thy clasping arms so round and
white,

Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,

Thy cloak and bonnet, club and
ball,

But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair;
Thy playthings, idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word —
To glad — to grieve —

Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;

In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst
fade,

Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind,
blank night

The chamber fills;

We pine for thee, when morn's first
light

Reddens the hills;

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All — to the wall-flower and wild-
pea —

Are changed; we saw the world
through thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may
gleam

Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;

We miss thy small step on the stair; —
We miss thee at thine evening

prayer:

All day we miss thee — everywhere —
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst
go,

In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below —
The silent tomb.

But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and the busy bee,
Return — but with them bring not
thee,

Casa Wappy!

Farewell then — for a while fare-
well —

Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.

Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark howe'er life's night may
be,

Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the
pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world
beside;

Where brighter suns dispense serener
light,

And milder moons emparadise the
night:

A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age and love-exalted
youth:

The wandering mariner, whose eye
explores
The wealthiest isles, the most en-
chanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and
fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles
to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar
grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely
blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the
rest:
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts
aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and
pride,
While in his softened looks benignly
blend
The sire, the son, the husband,
father, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother,
daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow
way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful
eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces
lie;
Around her knees domestic duties
meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her
feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of*
earth be found?"
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look
around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy foot-
steps roam.
That land **THY COUNTRY**, and that
spot **THY HOME!**"

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that
reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hath
trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man; and who was
he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died un-
known:
His name has perished from the
earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
 Alternate triumphed in his breast;
 His bliss and wo — a smile, a tear!
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

He suffered — but his pangs are o'er;
 Enjoyed — but his delights are fled;
 Had friends — his friends are now no more;
 And foes — his foes are dead.

He loved — but whom he loved the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
 Oh, she was fair! but naught could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen:
 Encountered all that troubles thee;
 He was — whatever thou hast been;
 He is — what thou shall be.

The rolling seasons — day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this — there lived a man!

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb,
 Up to the mount of glory,
 That our names may live through time
 In our country's story:

Happy when her welfare calls,
 He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
 In the mines of knowledge:
 Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
 Win from school and college;
 Delve we there for richer gems
 Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
 Through the path of duty;
 Virtue is true happiness,
 Excellence, true beauty.
 Minds are of celestial birth;
 Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where our fireside comforts sit
 In the wildest weather;
 Oh! they wander wide who roam,
 For the joys of life, from home.

FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end:
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond this flight of time —
 Beyond the reign of death, —
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown:
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone:
 And faith beholds the dying, here,
 Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are past away,
 As morning high and higher shines,
 To pure and perfect day;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

"For ever with the Lord!"

Amen! so let it be:

Life from the dead is in that word:

'T is immortality!

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

"For ever with the Lord!"

Father, if 't is Thy will,

The promise of Thy gracious word,

Even here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand:

So shall I never fail;

Uphold Thou me and I shall stand;

Help, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath

Shall rend the veil in twain,

By death I shall escape from death,

And life eternal gain.

Knowing "as I am known,"

How shall I love that word,

And oft repeat before the throne,

"For ever with the Lord."

THOMAS MOORE.

[*From Lalla Rookh.*]

ESTRANGEMENT THROUGH TRIFLES.

ALAS—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had
tried

And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves
were rough,

Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships, that have gone down at
sea,

When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something light as air—a look,

A word unkind or wrongly taken—

Oh! love that tempests never shook,

A breath, a touch like this hath
shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words be-
gin;

And eyes forget the gentle ray

They wore in courtship's smiling day;

And voices lose the tone that shed

A tenderness round all they said;

Till fast declining, one by one,

The sweetnesses of love are gone,

And hearts, so lately mingled, seem

Like broken clouds,—or like the
stream,

That smiling left the mountain's
brow,

As though its waters ne'er could
sever,

Yet e'er it reached the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part forever.

O you, that have the charge of love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound!

As in the fields of bliss above

He sits, with flowerets fettered
round;

Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings

For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their
light.

Like that celestial bird,—whose nest

Is found beneath far eastern skies,

Whose wings, though radiant when
at rest,

Lose all their glory when he flies.

[*From Lalla Rookh.*]

RECOGNITION OF A CONGENIAL SPIRIT.

Oh! there are looks and tones that
dart

An instant sunshine through the
heart,—

As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had
sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then.

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and
shone
New, as if brought from other
spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor
flies

Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and
light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her
flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs; —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way;
Thy freedom in her wings!

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound
me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURN- ER'S TEAR.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's
tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends, who in our sunshine
live,
When winter comes, are flown:
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken
heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded
part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or
cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy
doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the
gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the
 morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move glori-
 ously on;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach
 was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the
 waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's
 early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy
 we have known;
 Each wave that we danced on at
 morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak
 shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely
 adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve
 of our night:—
 Give me back, give me back the wild
 freshness of morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth
 evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that
 moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new
 life through his frame?
 And his soul,—like the wood that
 grows precious in burning;
 Gave out all its sweets to love's ex-
 quisite flame!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you
 languish,
 Come, at the shrine of God fervent-
 ly kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts,
 here tell your anguish—
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven
 cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
 ing,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless
 and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's
 name saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven
 cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel what boon he
 brings us,
 What charm for aching hearts he
 can reveal,
 Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope
 sings to us—
 "Earth has no sorrow that God
 cannot heal."

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening
 bells!
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet
 time
 When last I heard their soothing
 chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
 And many a heart that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening
 bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—
 That tuneful peal will still ring on;
 While other bards shall walk these
 dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening
 bells.

THOU ART, O GOD.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from
 Thee.
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are
 Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, de-
lays

Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze

Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's de-
cline

So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry
gloom,

O'ershadows all the earth and
skies,

Like some dark, beauteous bird,
whose plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered
eyes;—

That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are
Thine.

When youthful spring around us
breathes,

Thy spirit warms her fragrant
sigh;

And every flower the summer
wreathes

Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are
Thine.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP,

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,

Her trembling pennant still looked
back

To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanished
years

We talk, with joyous seeming.—
With smiles, that might as well be
tears,

So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchan'ing,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and
sweet,

And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our
bliss,

If heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing.—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough:

In youth it sheltered me

And I'll protect it now,

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot;

There, woodman, let it stand,

Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,

And wouldst thou hew it down!

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!

'Cut not its earth-bound ties;

Oh, spare that aged oak,

Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy,
 Here, too, my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father press'd my hand:
 Forgive this foolish tear, —
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing;
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave that spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[From the *Earthly Paradise*.]

FEBRUARY.

Noon, — and the northwest sweeps
 the empty road,
 The rain-washed fields from hedge
 to hedge are bare;
 Beneath the leafless elms some hind's
 abode
 Looks small and void, and no smoke
 meets the air
 From its poor hearth: one lonely rook
 doth dare
 The gale, and beats about the unseen
 corn,
 Then turns, and whirling down the
 wind is borne.
 Shall it not hap that on some dawn
 of May
 Thou shalt awake, and, thinking of
 days dead,
 See nothing clear but this same dreary
 day,
 Of all the days that have passed o'er
 thine head?
 Shalt thou not wonder, looking from
 thy bed,
 Through green leaves on the windless
 east a-fire,
 That this day, too, thine heart doth
 still desire.
 Shalt thou not wonder that it liveth
 yet,
 The useless hope, the useless craving
 pain,
 That made thy face, that lonely noon-
 tide, wet

With more than beating of the chilly
 rain?
 Shalt thou not hope for joy new-born
 again,
 Since no grief ever born can ever die
 Through changeless change of sea-
 sons passing by?

[From the *Earthly Paradise*.]

MARCH.

SLAYER of winter, art thou here
 again?
 O welcome, thou that bring'st the
 summer nigh!
 The bitter wind makes not thy vic-
 tory vain,
 Nor will we mock thee for thy faint
 blue sky.
 Welcome, O March! whose kindly
 days and dry
 Make April ready for the throstle's
 song,
 Thou first redresser of the winter's
 wrong!
 Yea, welcome, March! and though I
 die ere June,
 Yet for the hope of life I give thee
 praise, [tune
 Striving to swell the burden of the
 That even now I hear thy brown
 birds raise,
 Unmindful of the past or coming
 days; [gun!
 Who sing, "O joy! a new year is be-
 What happiness to look upon the
 sun!"

Oh, what begetteth all this storm of
 bliss,
 But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,
 Even from the heart of sweet forgetfulness,
 Bids us, "Rejoice! lest pleasureless
 ye die.
 Within a little time must ye go by.
 Stretch forth your open hands, and,
 while ye live,
 Take all the gifts that Death and
 Life may give?"

[From the Earthly Paradise.]

APRIL.

O FAIR midspring, besung so oft and
 oft,
 How can I praise thy loveliness
 enow?
 Thy sun that burns not and thy
 breezes soft
 That o'er the blossoms of the orchard
 blow,
 The thousand things that 'neath the
 young leaves grow,
 The hopes and chances of the grow-
 ing year,
 Winter forgotten long and summer
 near. [rose,
 When summer brings the lily and the
 She brings no fear; her very death
 she brings
 Hid in her anxious heart, the forge
 of woes;
 And dull with fear, no more the
 mavis sings.
 But thou! thou diest not, but thy
 fresh life clings
 About the fainting autumn's sweet
 decay,
 When in the earth the hopeful seed
 they lay.
 Ah! life of all the year, why yet do I,
 Amid thy snowy blossoms' fragrant
 drift,
 Still long for that which never draw-
 eth nigh,
 Striving my pleasure from my pain
 to sift,

Some weight from off my fluttering
 mirth to lift?
 — Now when far bells are ringing,
 "Come again,
 Come back, past years! why will ye
 pass in vain?"

[From the Earthly Paradise.]

DECEMBER.

DEAD lonely night, and all streets
 quiet now,
 Thin o'er the moon the hindmost
 cloud swims past
 Of that great rack that brought us up
 the snow;
 On earth, strange shadows o'er the
 snow are cast;
 Pale stars, bright moon, swift cloud,
 make heaven so vast,
 That earth, left silent by the wind of
 night,
 Seems shrunken 'neath the gray un-
 measured height.
 Ah! through the hush the looked-for
 midnight clangs!
 And then, e'en while its last stroke's
 solemn drone
 In the cold air by unlit windows
 hangs,
 Out break the bells above the year
 foredone,
 Change, kindness lost, love left un-
 loved alone;
 Till their despairing sweetness makes
 thee deem
 Thou once wert loved, if but amidst
 a dream. [love,
 Oh, thou who clingest still to life and
 Though naught of good, no God thou
 mayst discern,
 Though naught that is, thine utmost
 woe can move,
 Though no soul knows wherewith
 thine heart doth yearn,
 Yet, since thy weary lips no curse
 can learn, [away,
 Cast no least thing thou lovedst once
 Since yet, perchance, thine eyes shall
 see the day.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

LAST VERSES.

[Given to a Friend a day or two before the
Writer's Death.]

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth
am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er.

Will there for me be any bright eye
weeping

That I'm no more?

Will there be any heart still memory
keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leaf-
less forests rushing

Sad music make;

When the swollen streams, o'er crag
and gully gushing,

Like full hearts break, —

Will there then one, whose heart
despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot
is shining,

With purest ray,

And the small flowers, their buds and
blossoms twining,

Burst through that clay, —

Will there be one still on that spot
repining

Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye
of glory

On that low mound,

And wintry storms have, with their
ruins hoary,

Its loneliness crowned, —

Will there be then one, versed in
misery's story,

Pacing it round?

It may be so, — but this is selfish
sorrow

To ask such meed, —

A weakness and a wickedness to
borrow,

From hearts that bleed,

The wallings of to-day for what to-
morrow

Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow
dwelling,

Thou gentle heart;

And though thy bosom should with
grief be swelling,

Let no tear start:

It were in vain, — for Time hath long
been knelling, —

“Sad one, depart!”

—

*MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND,
WILLIE.*

MY heid is like to rend, Willie.

My heart is like to break;

I'm wearin' off my feet, Willie,

I'm dyin' for your sake!

O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,

Your hand on my brierst-bane, —

O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,

When I am dead and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,

Sair grief maun ha'e its will;

But let me rest upon your brierst

To sab and greet my fill,

Let me sit on your knee, Willie,

Let me shed by your hair,

And look into the face. Willie,

I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,

For the last time in my life, —

A pulr heart-broken thing, Willie!

A mither, yet nae wife.

Ay, press your hand upon my heart

And press it mair and mair;

Or it will burst the silken twine,

Sae strang is its despair!

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,

When we thegither met, —

O, wae's me for the time, Willie,

That our first tryst was set!

O wae's me for the loanin' green

Where we were wont to gae, —

And wae's me for the destinie

That gart me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie,
 I downa seek to blame:
 But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a warld's shame!
 Hot tears are hailin' ower your
 cheek,
 And hailin' ower your chin:
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see,
 I cannot live as I ha'e lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine,
 And kiss ance mair the white, white
 cheek
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Wil-
 lie,
 A sair stoun' through my heart;
 Oh, haud me up and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we two part.
 Anither, and anither yet!—
 How fast my life-strings break!—
 Fareweel! fareweel! through yon
 kirk-yard
 Step lightly for my sake!

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
 That lits far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abuse the clay-cauld deid;
 And this green turf we're sittin'
 on,
 Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee
 As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
 On land where'er ye be;
 And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
 And oh! think on the cauld, cauld
 mools
 That file my yellow hair,
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the
 chin
 Ye never shall kiss mair!

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED,—a steed of matchless
 speed!
 A sword of metal keen!
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.
 The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come;
 And oh! the thundering press of
 knights,
 Whenas their war-cries swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount! then mount! brave
 gallants all,
 And don your helms amain:
 Death's couriers, fame and honor,
 call
 Us to the field again.
 No shrewish tear shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand:
 Heart-whole, we'll part, and no whit
 sigh'
 For the fairest of the land;
 Let piping swain and craven wight
 Thus weep, and puling cry,
 Our business is like men to fight;
 And hero-like to die!

JEANIE MORRISON.

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered
 west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never can forget
 The luvie o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luvie grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison.
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my
 path,
 And blind my een with tears:
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut
 tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,

As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at
scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'T was then we sat on ae laigh
bink
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were
shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in
loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid
page,
Wi' ae bulk on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
When'er the scule-weans laughin'
said,
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The schule then skail't at noon)
When we ran off to speel the
braes, —
The brooiny braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush
back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh mornin' love!
Oh, lightsome days and lang!
When hinnied hopes around our
hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?

The simmer leaves hung o'er our
heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickle down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelin's forth,
Unsyllabled, unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me!
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne!

I've wandered east, I've wandered
west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this
heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day,

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me!

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
 They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers,
 Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling care and care aside;
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
 It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee:
 And mark how with thine own thin locks — they now are silvery gray —
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,
 But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody:
 Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;
 And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.
 God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth,
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, — from yonder wood it came!
 The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name; —
 Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,
 Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again, — his notes are void of art;
 But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,
 To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!
 To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy
 Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now — I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to think
 That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink: —
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm unclouded sky,
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
 When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse, — a heart that hath waxed old!

LADY CAROLINE NAIRN.
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,	There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
Like shaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean;	There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'	The day's aye fair
To the Land o' the Leal.	I' the Land o' the Leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean:
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
 And, oh! we grudged her sair
 To the Land o' the Leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean —
 And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean, —
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the Land o' the Leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, Jean,
 Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the Land o' the Leal.

Oh, dry your glistening e'e, Jean!
 My soul langts to be free, Jean;
 And angels beckon me
 To the Land o' the Leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, Jean!
 Your day it's wearin' through, Jean;
 And I'll welcome you
 To the Land o' the Leal.
 Now, fare-ye-well, my ain Jean,
 This world's cares are vain, Jean;
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the Land o' the Leal.

WILLIAM NEWELL.

SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL.

"SERVE God and be cheerful." The
 motto
 Shall be mine, as the bishop's of
 old;
 On my soul's coat-of-arms, I will
 write it
 In letters of azure and gold.

"Serve God and be cheerful," self-
 balanced,
 Whether Fortune smile sweetly or
 frown.
 Christ stood king before Pilate.
 Within me
 I carry the sceptre and crown.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Make
 brighter
 The brightness that falls to your
 lot;
 The rare or the daily-sent blessing,
 Profane not with gloom and with
 doubt.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Each
 sorrow
 Is — with your will in God's — for
 the best,
 O'er the cloud hangs the rainbow.
 To-morrow
 Will see the blue sky in the west.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The
 darkness
 Only masks the surprises of dawn;
 And the deeper and grimmer the
 midnight,
 The brighter and sweeter the morn.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The
 winter
 Rolls round to the beautiful spring,
 And in the green grave of the snow-
 drift
 The nest-building robins will sing.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Look
 upward! [gloom;
 God's countenance scatters the
 And the soft summer light of His
 heaven
 Shines over the cross and the tomb.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The
 wrinkles
 Of age we may take with a smile;
 But the wrinkles of faithless fore-
 boding [guile.
 Are the crow's feet of Beelzebub's

"Serve God and be cheerful." Relig-
 ion
 Looks all the more lovely in white;
 And God is best served by His servant
 When, smiling, he serves in the
 light;

And lives out the glad tidings of
Jesus
In the sunshine He came to im-
part,
For the fruit of His word and His
Spirit
"Is love, joy and peace" in the
heart.

“Serve God and be cheerful.” Live nobly,
Do right and do good. Make the best
Of the gifts and the work put before you,
And to God, without fear, leave the rest.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

WEEP not for me;—
 Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with
 gloom
 The stream of love that circles home,
 Light hearts and free!
 Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty
 lends;
 Nor miss my face, dear friends!

I still am near; —
Watching the smiles I prized on
earth; mirth;
Your converse mild, your blameless
Now, too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale com-
plete,
Low prayers and music sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread: — its pure still
 glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,

Share, in the bosom of our rest.
God's knowledge, and are blessed.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts
control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be
done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor
bears,
When hearts and wills are weighed.
Than highest transport's choicest
prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

ANDREWS NORTON.

SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE rain is o'er. How dense and
bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue
sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;

The wind blows cool; the scented
ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous
pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest, to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel
there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the
scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is
hung.

Now gaze on nature, — yet the same;
Glowing with life, by breezes
fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own
hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below,
above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms
of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And mid this living light expire.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his lifeblood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land:
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars, —
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline, —
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, — not a sister: in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning, —
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison), —
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidently, in mine, —
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his grasp was childish weak, —
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead;
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yet calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-
trees,

In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts,

But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where
slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together.
Oh, what shall part us now ?



THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

TO THE
HONORABLE

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

PEACE AND PAIN.

The day and night are symbols of
creation,

And each has part in all that God
has made:

There is no ill without its compen-
sation,

And life and death are only light
and shade.

There never beat a heart so base and
sordid

But felt at times a sympathetic
glow; [ed,

There never lived a virtue unreward-
Nor died a vice without its meed of
woe.

In this brief life despair should never
reach us;

The sea looks wide because the
shores are dim;

The star that led the Magi still can
teach us

The way to go if we but look to Him.

And as we wade, the darkness clos-
ing o'er us,

The hungry waters surging to the
chin,

Our deeds will rise like stepping-
stones before us —

The good and bad — for we may
use the sin.

A sin of youth, atoned for and for-
given,

Takes on a virtue, if we choose to
find:

When clouds across our onward path
are driven,

We still may steer by its pale light
behind.

A sin forgotten is in part to pay for,
A sin remembered is a constant

gain:

Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought
to pray for,

As next to peace we profit most
from pain.

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester
town;

No song of a time that shook the
earth

With the nation's throe at a nation's
birth:

But the song of a brave man, free
from fear

As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free
from strife,

And its promise of glorious pay — his
life!

The peaceful valley has waked and
stirred,

And the answering echoes of life are
heard:

The dew still clings to the trees and
grass,

And the early toilers smiling pass,

As they glance aside at the white-
walled homes,

Or up the valley where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond
rills

As the sun comes over the Hamp-
shire hills.

What was it that passed like an omi-
nous breath —

Like a shiver of fear or a touch of
death?

What was it? The valley is peace-
ful still,

And the leaves are afire on top of the
hill.

It was not a sound — nor a thing of
sense —

But a pain, like the pang of the
short suspense [see

That thrills the being of those who
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill:
The workers pause at the door of the
mill;

The housewife, keen to the shiver-
ing air

Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-
love,

And thinks of the sleeping ones
above.

Why start the listeners? Why does
the course

Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a
horse—

Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they
say—

That gallops so wildly Williamsburg
way!

God! what was that, like a human
shriek

From the winding valley? Will no-
body speak?

Will nobody answer those women
who cry

As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And
now they hear

The sound of the galloping horse-
hoofs near;

They watch the trend of the vale,
and see [ingly,

The rider who thunders so menac-
With waving arms and warning
scream

To the home-filled banks of the val-
ley stream. [street

He draws no rein, but he shakes the
With a shout and the ring of the gal-

loping feet;
And this the cry he flings to the
wind:

“To the hills for your lives! The
flood is behind!”

He cries and is gone: but they know
the worst—

The breast of the Williamsburg dam
has burst!

The basin that nourished their happy
homes

Is changed to a demon. It comes!
it comes!

A monster in aspect, with shaggy
front,

Of shattered dwellings, to take the
brunt

Of the homes they shatter—white-
maned and hoarse,

The merciless Terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing

raves,
With Death on the first of its hissing

• waves, [mill
Till cottage and street and crowded

Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard

The galloping horse and the warning
word.

Thank God! the brave man's life is
spared!

From Williamsburg town he nobly
dared

To race with the flood and take the
road

In front of the terrible swath it
mowed.

For miles it thundered and crashed
behind,

But he looked ahead with a steadfast
mind;

“They must be warned!” was all he
said,

As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the
crown

To this Yankee rider: send him down
On the stream of time with the Cur-

tius old;
His deed as the Roman's was brave

and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill

awake,
For he offered his life for the people's

sake.

FOREVER.

THOSE we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memo-

rial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and

death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love
can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler
lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear
one dead;
A friend he has whose face will never
change —
A dear companion that will not grow
strange;
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving
breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through
weary years,
For her who died long since, ah!
waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,
With face still radiant with the light
of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the
scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death!

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

THE kindly words that rise within
the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic
tone
But die ere spoken, fall to play their
part,
And claim a merit that is not their
own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin,
A sin that wraps itself in purest
guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting,
looks within,
That not in speech, but thought,
the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so: another heart may
thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in
the wild —

Poor banished Hagar!—prayed a well
might burst
From out the sand to save her
parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the
mind
Will watch the expected movement
of the lip:
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence
wind
Around that heart, and scathe it
like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the
mine,
Are valueless until we give them
birth:
Like unfound gold their hidden beau-
ties shine,
Which God has made to bless and
gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's
hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voice-
less lute!
But oh! what pain when, at God's
own command,
A heartstring thrills with kind-
ness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the
soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with
kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry, — to hearts that
would rejoice.
Oh! let the symphony of kindly
words
Sound for the poor, the friendless,
and the weak;
And He will bless you, — He who
struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn
you seek.

HIDDEN SINS.

FOR every sin that comes before the
light,
And leaves an outward blemish on
the soul,

How many, darker, cower out of
sight,
And burrow, blind and silent, like
the mole.
And like the mole, too, with its busy
feet

That dig and dig a never-ending
cave,
Our hidden sins gnaw through the
soul, and meet
And feast upon each other in its
grave.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

PAUSE not to dream of the future
before us;

Pause not to weep the wild cares
that come o'er us;

Hark, how Creation's deep, musical
chorus,

Unintermitting, goes up into
heaven!

Never the ocean wave falters in flow-
ing;

Never the little seed stops in its
growing;

More and more richly the rose heart
keeps glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is
riven.

"Labor is worship!" — the robin is
singing;

"Labor is worship!" — the wild bee
is ringing;

Listen! that eloquent whisper, up-
springing,

Speaks to thy soul from out Na-
ture's great heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-
giving shower;

From the rough sod blows the soft-
breathing flower;

From the small insect, the rich coral
bower;

Only man shrinks, in the plan,
from his part.

Labor is life! — 'Tis the still water
faileth;

Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark
rust assaileth!

Flowers droop and die in the still-
ness of noon.

Labor is glory! — the flying cloud
lightens;

Only the waving wing changes and
brightens;

Idle hearts only the dark future
frightens;

Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou
keep them in tune!

Labor is rest, — from the sorrows that
greet us;

Rest from all petty vexations that
meet us,

Rest from sin-promptings that ever
entreat us,

Rest from world-sirens that lure us
to ill.

Work, — and pure slumbers shall
wait on thy pillow;

Work, — thou shalt ride over Care's
coming billow:

Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's
weeping-willow!

Work with a stout heart and reso-
lute will!

Labor is health, — lo! the husband-
man reaping,

How through his veins goes the life-
current leaping!

How his strong arm in his stalwart
pride sweeping,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle
guides.

Labor is wealth, — in the sea the
pearl groweth:

Rich the queen's robe from the frail
cocoon floweth;

From the fine acorn the strong forest
bloweth;

Temple and statue the marble
block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and
anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that
hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling be-
yond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness,
—a clod!

Work — for some good, be it ever so
slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so
lowly:
Labor! — all labor is noble and
holy:
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer
to thy God.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

BEFORE THE PRIME.

You think you love me, Marguerite,
Because you find Love's fancy sweet;
So, zealously, you seek a sign
To prove your heart is wholly mine.

Ah, were it so! But listen, dear!
Bethink you how, this very year,
With fond impatience you were fain
To watch the earth grow green again;

When April's violets, here and there,
Surprised the unexpectant air,
You searched them out, and brought
me some,
To show, you said, that spring was
come.

But, sweetheart, when the lavish May
Rained flowers and fragrance round
your way,
You had no thought her bloom to
bring,
To prove the presence of the spring!

Believe me, when Love's April-time
Shall ripen to its perfect prime,
You will not need a sign to know
What every glance and breath will
show!

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars
again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober
pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sun-
ny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling
foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the
meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-
path damp.

Across the clover, and through the
wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose
grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hur-
rying feet, [him.
And the blind bat's flitting startled

Thrice since then had the lanes been
white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-
bloom;
And now, when the cows came back
at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely
farm
That three were lying where two
had lain;

<p>And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm Could never lean on a son's again.</p> <p>The summer day grew cool and late, He went for the cows when the work was done; But down the lane, as he opened the gate, He saw them coming one by one, —</p> <p>Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess, Shaking their horns in the evening wind; Cropping the buttercups out of the grass, — hind? But who was it following close be-</p> <p>Loosely swung in the idle air The empty sleeve of army blue;</p>	<p>And worn and pale, from the crisping hair, Looked out a face that the father knew.</p> <p>For southern prisons will sometimes yawn, And yield their dead unto life again; And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn In golden glory at last may wane.</p> <p>The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes; For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb; And under the silent evening skies Together they followed the cattle home.</p>
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ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.

I FOUND a fellow-worker when I deemed I toiled alone:
 My toil was fashioning thought and sound, and his was hewing stone;
 I worked in the palace of my brain, he in the common street;
 And it seemed his toil was great and hard, while mine was great and sweet.

I said, "O fellow-worker, yea, for I am a worker too,
 The heart nigh falls me many a day, but how is it with you?
 For while I toil, great tears of joy will sometimes fill my eyes,
 And when I form my perfect work, it lives and never dies.

"I carve the marble of pure thought until the thought takes form,
 Until it gleams before my soul and makes the world grow warm;
 Until there comes the glorious voice and words that seem divine,
 And the music reaches all men's hearts and draws them into mine.

"And yet for days it seems my heart shall blossom never more,
 And the burden of my loneliness lies on me very sore:
 Therefore, O hewer of the stones that pave base human ways,
 How canst thou bear the years till death, made of such thankless days?"

Then he replied: "Ere sunrise, when the pale lips of the day
 Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at warmth of the first ray,
 A great thought rose within me, how, while men asleep had lain,
 The thousand labors of the world had grown up once again.

"The sun grew on the world, and on my soul the thought grew too, —
 A great appalling sun, to light my soul the long day through.
 I felt the world's whole burden for a moment, then began
 With man's gigantic strength to do the labor of one man.

"I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a hundred men,
The worker with the chisel and the worker with the pen, —
The restless toilers after good, who sow and never reap.
And one who maketh music for their souls that may not sleep.

"Each passed me with a dauntless look, and my undaunted eyes
Were almost softened as they passed with tears that strove to rise
At sight of all those labors, and because that every one,
Ay, the greatest, would be greater if my little were undone.

"They passed me, having faith in me, and in our several ways,
Together we began to-day as on the other days:
I felt their mighty hands at work, and, as the days wore through,
Perhaps they felt that even I was helping somewhat too.

"Perhaps they felt, as with those hands they lifted mightily
The burden once more laid upon the world so heavily,
That while they nobly held it as each man can do and bear,
It did not wholly rattle my side as though no men were there.

"And so we toil together many a day from morn till night,
I in the lower depths of life, they on the lovely height;
For though the common stones are mine, and they have lofty cares,
Their work begins where this leaves off, and mine is part of theirs.

"And 't is not wholly mine or theirs, I think of through the day,
But the great, eternal thing we make together, I and they;
Far in the sunset I behold a city that man owns,
Made fair with all their nobler toil, built of my common stones.

"Then noonward, as the task grows light with all the labor done,
The single thought of all the day becomes a joyous one;
For, rising in my heart at last where it has lain so long,
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and grows almost a song.

"But when the evening comes, indeed, the words have taken wing,
The thought sings in me still, but I am all too tired to sing:
Therefore, O you my friend, who serve the world with minstrelsy,
Among our fellow-workers' songs make that one song for me.

REBECCA S. PALFREY.

WHITE UNDERNEATH.

INTO a city street,	It seemed that no pure thing
Narrow and noisome, chance had led	Its whiteness here would ever dare to
my feet;	bring;
Poisonous to every sense; and the	Yet even into this dark place and
sun's rays	low,
Loved not the unclean place.	God had sent down his snow.

THOMAS PARNELL.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting Peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly-born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming
sea

To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the
vales,

Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge
rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more per-
ceived

The branches whisper as they waved;

It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of her grace.
When thus she spoke — "Go rule thy
will,

Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God — and bring thy heart to
know

The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and
prayer;

Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my
sight,

With all the colors of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature,
sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day:
The moon that shines with borrowed
light;

The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that spreads its shady
leaves;

The field whose ears conceal the
grain,

The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

HUDSON RIVER.

RIVERS that roll most musical in song
Are often lovely to the mind alone:
The wanderer muses, as he moves along
Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams,
He leaves his own, far countries to survey,
Oft must he think, in greeting foreign streams,
"Their names alone are beautiful, not they."

If chance he mark the dwindled Arno pour
A tide more meagre than his native Charles;
Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er,
Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles:

Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling
His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,
Oft to his thought must partial memory bring
More noble waves, without renown, at home.

Now let him climb the Catskill, to behold
The lordly Hudson, marching to the main,
And say what bard, in any land of old,
Had such a river to inspire his strain.

Along the Rhine gray battlements and towers
Declare what robbers once the realm possessed;
But here Heaven's handiwork surpasseth ours,
And man has hardly more than built his nest.

No storied castle overawes these heights;
Nor antique arches check the current's play;
Nor mouldering architrave the mind invites
To dream of deities long passed away.

No Gothic buttress, or decaying shaft
Of marble, yellowed by a thousand years,
Lifts a great landmark to the little craft, —
A summer cloud: that comes and disappears.

But cliffs, unaltered from their primal form
Since the subsiding of the deluge, rise
And hold their savins to the upper storm,
While far below, the skiff securely plies.

Farms, rich not more in meadows than in men
Of Saxon mould, and strong for every toil,
Spread o'er the plain, or scatter through the glen,
Bœotian plenty on a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of cultivation ends,
Again the charming wilderness begins:
From steep to steep one solemn wood extends,
Till some new hamlet's rise, the bosage thins.

And these deep groves forever have remained
Touched by no axe, — by no proud owner nursed;
As now they stand they stood when Pharaoh reigned,
Lineal descendants of creation's first.

No tales, we know, are chronicled of thee
In ancient scrolls; no deeds of doubtful claim
Have hung a history on every tree,
And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror trod,
Nor grim invaders from barbarian climes;
No horrors feigned of giant or of god
Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields laid waste,
The ravished harvest and the blasted fruit,
The cottage ruined and the shrine defaced,
Tracked the foul passage of the feudal brute.

"Yet, O Antiquity!" the stranger sighs;
"Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the view;
The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,
Where all is fair indeed, — but all is new."

False thought! is age to crumbling walls confined?
To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
More than old fortresses and sculptured stones?

Call not this new which is the only land
That wears unchanged the same primeval face
Which, when just dawning from its Maker's hand,
Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
Glide past green Eden towards the unknown south,
Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth.
And kissed the ocean with his nameless mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges, and the Nile!
Thebes and the pyramids to thee are young;
Oh! had thy waters burst from Britain's isle,
Till now perchance they had not flowed unsung.

*THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS
MISTRESS.*

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of Fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the Destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
Aimed their glances at the bride;
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside
her;
One was dark, and one was fair;

But nor fair nor dark the other,
Save her Arab eyes and hair;
Neither dark nor fair, I call her.
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsmen—shall I own it?
Yes, to thee, and only thee—
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought: "How blest the
bridal
Where the bride were such as she!"

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the churchman
Dwelt upon his holy text,
Which of all who heard his lesson
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;
Or, who knows?—it may be mine:
What if 't were—forgive the fancy—
What if 't were both mine and
thine?

COVENTRY PATMORE.

[From *The Betrothal*.]

SWEET MEETING OF DESIRES.

I GREW assured before I asked.
That she'd be mine without reserve,
And in her unclaimed graces basked
At leisure, till the time should
serve,—
With just enough of dread to thrill
The hope, and make it trebly dear;
Thus loath to speak the word, to kill
Either the hope or happy fear.

Till once, through lanes returning
late,
Her laughing sisters lagged behind;
And ere we reached her father's gate,
We paused with one presentient
mind;
And, in the dim and perfumed mist,
Their coming stayed; who blithe
and free,

And very women, loved to assist
A lover's opportunity.

Twice rose, twice died, my trembling
word;
To faint and frail cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touched me where I
stood;
The warmth of her confided arm;
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood;
Her pleasure in her power to charm;

Her look, her love, her form, her
touch!
The least seemed most by blissful
turn,—
Blissful but that it pleased too
much,
And taught the wayward soul to
yearn.

It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew;
And oh, sweet meeting of desires!
She, answering, owned that she
loved too.

WOULD WISDOM FOR HERSELF
BE WOODED.

WOULD Wisdom for herself be wooed,
And wake the foolish from his
dream,
She must be glad as well as good,
And must not only be, but seem.
Beauty and joy are hers by right;
And, knowing this, I wonder less
That she's so scorned, when falsely
dight
In misery and ugliness.
What's that which Heaven to man
endears,
And that which eyes no sooner see

Than the heart says, with floods of
tears,

"Ah! that's the thing which I
would be?"

Not childhood, full of fears and frets:
Not youth, impatient to disown
Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have
known.

Not these; but souls found here and
here,

Oases in our waste of sin,
When everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline;
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognize;
And ridicule, against it hurled,
Drops with a broken sting and dies.
They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds but
wings.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

[From *Prometheus*, Part II.]

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

CENTRE of light and energy! thy way
Is through the unknown void; thou
hast thy throne,
Morning, and evening, and at noon
of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone;
Ere the first-wakened airs of earth
had blown,
On thou didst march, triumphant in
thy light;
Then thou didst send thy glance,
which still hath flown
Wide through the never-ending
worlds of night,
And yet thy full orb burns with flash
as keen and bright.

Thy path is high in Heaven;—we
cannot gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy
car;

There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
Which bear thy pure divinity afar,
To mingle with the equal light of
star;

For thou, so vast to us, art in the
whole

One of the sparks of night, that fire
the air,

And as around thy centre planets
roll,

So thou too hast thy path around the
Central Soul.

Age o'er thee has no power;—thou
bring'st the same

Light to renew the morning, as when
first, [flame,

If not eternal, thou, with front of
On the dark face of earth in glory

burst,

And warmed the seas, and in their
bosom nursed

The earliest things of life, the worm
and shell;

Till through the sinking ocean, mountains pierced,
And then came forth the land whereon we dwell,
Reared like a magic fane above the watery swell.

Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles;
Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;
Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
When through their heaven thy changing car is borne;
Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the woods are shorn
Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;
All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,
And in their maddening rush, the crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow;
Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow
Of all the power that brooded in the urn
Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn
All bands that would confine, and give to air
Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
When on a dewy morn thou dartest there
Rich waves of gold to wreath with fairer light the fair.

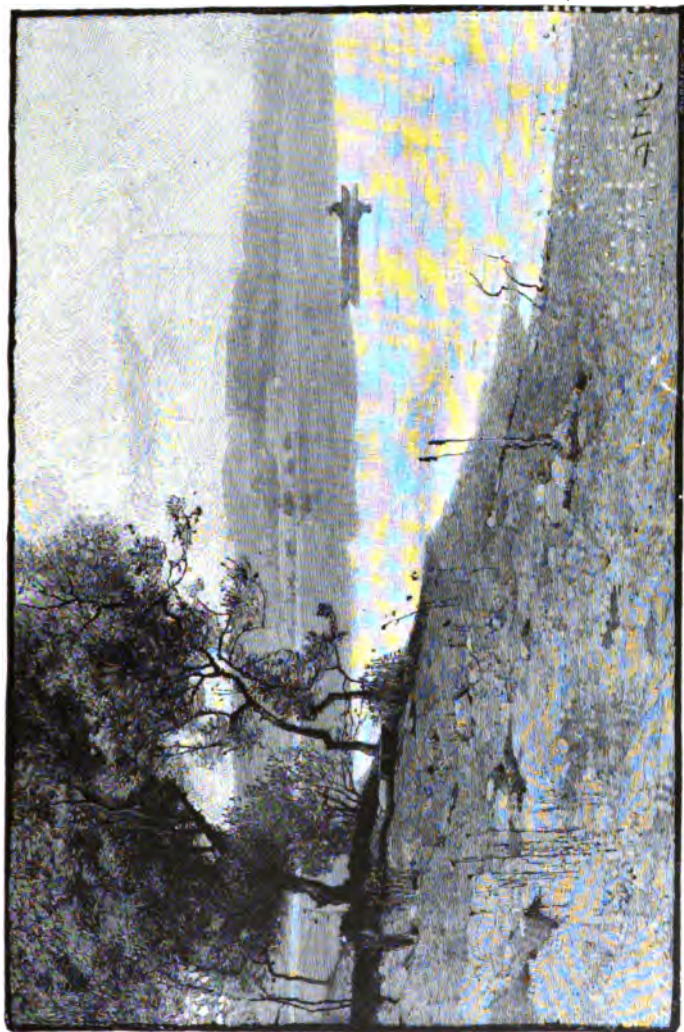
Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift
Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift
Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by;

Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie
Dazzling but cold; thy farewell glance looks there,
And when below thy hues of beauty die
Girt round them as a rosy belt, they bear
Into the high dark vault a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues
Are pencilled by thee; when thou bendest low,
Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues
Their waving fold with such a perfect glow
Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain
Hung round the verge of Heaven, that as a bow
Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain
All tints to the deep gold, that flashes in thy train.

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,
The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,
Where the spent storm is hasting on its march;
And there the glories of thy light combine,
And form with perfect curve a lifted line,
Striding the earth and air;—man looks and tells
How peace and mercy in its beauty shine,
And how the heavenly messenger impels
Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal; thou dost sway
His waves to thy dominion, and they go,
Where thou in Heaven dost guide them on their way,



SENECA LAKE.

2024

Rising and falling in eternal flow;
 Thou lookest on the waters, and they
 glow,
 They take them wings and spring
 aloft in air,
 And change to clouds, and then,
 dissolving, throw
 Their treasures back to earth, and
 rushing, tear
 The mountain and the vale, as
 proudly on they bear.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet and gold-
 fish rove,
 Where the sea-flower spreads its
 leaves of blue,
 That never are wet with falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty
 shine, [brine.
 Far down in the green and glassy
 The floor is of sand, like the moun-
 tain drift,
 And the pearl-shells spangle the
 flinty snow;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and
 billows flow;
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent
 there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars
 that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air:
 There with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the si-
 lent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is
 seen
 To blush, like a banner bathed in
 slaughter:
 There with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the
 clear deep sea;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of
 ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland
 lea:
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of
 stone,

And is safe when the wrathful spirit
 of storms
 Has made the top of the wave his
 own;
 And when the ship from his fury
 flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean
 roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the
 murky skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck
 on shore;
 Then far below in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
 Through the bending twigs of the
 coral grove.

TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake!
 The wild swan spreads his snowy
 sail,
 And round his breast the ripples
 break,
 As down he bears before the gale.
 On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
 The dipping paddle echoes far,
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
 And bright reflects the polar star.
 The waves along thy pebbly shore,
 As blows the north-wind, heave their
 foam,
 And curl around the dashing oar;
 As late the boatman hies him home.
 How sweet, at set of sun, to view
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
 And see the mist of mantling blue
 Float round the distant mountain's
 side.
 At midnight hour, as shines the
 moon,
 A sheet of silver spreads below,
 And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest
 snow.
 On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
 Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,
 When early birds at morning wake,
 And evening tells us, toll is o'er.

NORA PERRY.

AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful
hair,

Their long bright tresses, one by
one,
As they laughed and talked in the
chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and qua-
drille:

Idly they laughed like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place.
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of
white,

The prettiest nightgowns under
the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the
night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown
and gold,

Till the fire is out in the chamber
there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then, out of the gathering winter
chill,

All out of the bitter St. Agnes
weather,

While the fire is out and the house is
still,

Maud and Madge together, —

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the
sun.

Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done! —

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,

While a thousand lustres shimmering
stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of
laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk;
Men and women with beautiful faces
And eyes of tropical dusk, —

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of
each,
And one voice sweeter than others
are,
Breaking into silvery speech, —

Telling, through lips of bearded
bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks be-
side,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on to-
gether,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for
the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden
tress,
There 'll be only one of you left for
the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press, —

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal
white,
For you the revel has just begun:

But for her who sleeps in your arms
to-night
The revel of life is done!

But, robed and crowned with your
saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the
sun,
O beautiful Maud, you' ll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

IN AN HOUR.

I.

ANTICIPATION.

"I'LL take the orchard path," she
said,

Speaking lowly, smiling slowly:
The brook was dried within its bed,
The hot sun flung a flame of red
Low in the west as forth she sped.

Across the dried brook-course she
went,

Singing lowly, smiling slowly;
She scarcely felt the sun that spent
Its fiery force in swift descent,
She never saw the wheat was bent,

The grasses parched, the blossoms
dried;

Singing lowly, smiling slowly,
Her eyes amidst the drouth espied
A summer pleasance far and wide,
With roses and sweet violets pied.

II.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

But homeward coming all the way,
Sighing lowly, pacing slowly.
She knew the bent wheat withering
lay,
She saw the blossoms' dry decay,
She missed the little brooklet's play.

A breeze had sprung from out the
south,

But, sighing lowly, pacing slowly,
She only felt the burning drouth;
Her eyes were hot and parched her
mouth,
Yet sweet the wind blew from the
south.

And when the wind brought welcome
rain,

Still sighing lowly, pacing slowly,
She never saw the lifting grain,
But only — a lone orchard lane,
Where she had waited all in vain.

TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER
CHIN.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the
hill,

Where the wind comes blowing merry
and chill;

And it blew the curls a frolicsome
race,

All over her happy peach-colored
face,

Till, scolding and laughing, she tied
them in,

Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the
bloom

Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing
plume,

All over the cheeks of the prettiest
girl

That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still

The western wind blew down, and
played

The wildest tricks with the little
maid,

As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was
fair,

To play such tricks with her floating
hair?

To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's
 breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dim-
pled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her
 chin!

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

SOME day; some day of days, threat-
 ning the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus
 may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from
 skies of May,

Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill.
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on
 that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will
 all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care;
Once more my perfect youth will
 nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how
 't will be,—
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to
 hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silences and tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that
 meeting.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

ALL THE RIVERS.

"ALL the rivers run into the sea."
Like the pulsing of a river,
The motion of a song,
Wind the olden words along
The tortuous turnings of my thoughts
 whenever
I sit beside the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."
O you little leaping river
Laugh on beneath your breath!
With a heart as deep as death,
Strong stream, go patient, grave, and
 hasting never,—
I sit beside the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."
Why the passion of a river?
The striving of a soul?

Calm the eternal waters roll
Upon the eternal shore. At last,
 whatever
Seeks it — finds the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."
O thou bounding, burning river,
Hurrying heart! I seem
To know (so one knows in a dream)
That in the waiting heart of God
 forever,
Thou too shalt find the sea.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A LILY rooted in a sacred soil,
Arrayed with those who neither spin
 nor toil;
Dinah, the preacher, through the
 purple air,

Forever, in her gentle evening prayer,
Shall plead for her—what ear too
deaf to hear?—

“As if she spoke to some one very
near.”

And he of storied Florence, whose
great heart

Broke for its human error; wrapped
apart, [flame

And scorching in the swift, prophetic
Of passion for late holiness and
shame

Than untried glory grander, gladder,
higher—

Deathless, for her, he “testifies by
fire.”

A statue, fair and firm, on marble
feet,

Womanhood’s woman, Dorothea,
sweet

As strength, and strong as tender-
ness, to make

A “struggle with the dark” for
white light’s sake,

Immortal stands, unanswered speaks.
Shall they,

Of her great hand the moulded,
breathing clay,

Her fit, select, and proud survivors
be?—

Possess the life eternal, and not *she*?

DESERTED NESTS.

I’d rather see an empty bough,—
A dreary, weary bough that hung
As boughs will hang within whose
arms

No mated birds had ever sung;
Far rather than to see or touch
The sadness of an empty nest
Where joy has been, but is not now;
Where love has been, but is not blest.

There is no sadness in the world,
No other like it here or there,—
The sadness of deserted homes
In nests, or hearts, or anywhere.

A LETTER.

Two things love can do,

Only two:

Can distrust, or can believe;

It can die, or it can live,

There is no syncope

Possible to love or me,

Go your ways!

Two things you can do,

Only two:

Be the thing you used to be,

Or be nothing more to me.

I can but joy or grieve,

Can no more than die or live.

Go your ways!

So far I wrote, my darling, drearily,
But now my sad pen falls down wear-
ily

From out my trembling hand.

I did not, do not, cannot mean it,
dear!

Come life or death, joy, grief, or
hope, or fear,

I bless you where I stand!

I bless you where I stand, excusing
you,

No speech nor language for accusing
you

My laggard lips can learn.

To you—be what you are, or can, to
me,—

To you or blessedly or fatefully
My heart must turn!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

READING THE MILESTONE.

I STOPPED to read the milestone here,
A laggard school-boy, long ago;
I came not far — my home was near —
But ah, how far I longed to go!

Behold a number and a name,
A finger, westward, cut in stone:
The vision of a city came,
Across the dust and distance shown.

Around me lay the farms asleep
In hazes of autumnal air,
And sounds that quiet loves to keep
Were heard, and heard not, every-
where.

I read the milestone, day by day:
I yearned to cross the barren bound,
To know the golden Far-away,
To walk the new Enchanted
Ground!

TWO PATRONS.

"WHAT shall I sing?" I sighed,
and said,
"That men shall know me when
my name
Is lost with kindred lips, and dead
Are laurels of familiar fame?"

Below, a violet in the dew
Breathed through the dark its
vague perfume;
Above, a star in quiet blue
Touched with a gracious ray the
gloom.

"Sing, friend, of me," the violet
sighed,
"That I may haunt your grave
with love;"
"Sing, friend, of me," the star re-
plied,
"That I may light the dark above."

THE SIGHT OF ANGELS.

THE angels come, the angels go,
Through open doors of purer air;

Their moving presence oftentimes
we know,
It thrills us everywhere.

Sometimes we see them; lo! at night,
Our eyes were shut, but opened
seem:
The darkness breathed a breath of
wondrous light,
And then it was a dream!

THE LOVE-LETTER.

I GREET thee, loving letter —
Unopened, kiss thee free,
And dream her lips within thee
Give back the kiss to me!

The fragrant little rose-leaf,
She sends by thee, is come:
Ah, in her heart was blooming
The rose she stole it from!

THE GOLDEN HAND.

Lo, from the city's heat and dust
A golden hand forever thrust,
Uplifting from a spire on high
A shining finger in the sky!

I see it when the morning brings
Fresh tides of life to living things,
And the great world awakes: behold,
That lifted hand in morning gold!

I see it when the noontide beats
Pulses of fire in busy streets;
The dust flies in the flaming air:
Above, that quiet hand is there.

I see it when the twilight clings
To the dark earth with hovering
wings:
Flashing with the last fluttering ray,
That golden hand remembers day.

The midnight comes — the holy hour:
The city like a giant flower
Sleeps full of dew: that hand, in light
Of moon and stars, how weirdly
bright!

Below, in many a noisy street
Are toiling hands and striving feet;
The weakest rise, the strongest fall;
That equal hand is over all.

Below, in courts to guard the land,
Gold buys the tongue and binds the
hand;
Stealing in God's great scales the
gold;
That awful hand, above, behold!

Below, the Sabbaths walk serene
With the great dust of days between;
Preachers within their pulpits stand:
See, over all, that heavenly hand!

But the hot dust, in crowded air
Below, arises never there:
O speech of one who cannot speak!
O Sabbath-witness of the Week!

A SONG OF CONTENT.

THE eagle nestles near the sun;
The dove's low nest for me! —
The eagle's on the crag: sweet one,
The dove's in our green tree.
For hearts that beat like thine and
mine,
Heaven blesses humble earth;
The angels of our Heaven shall shine
The angels of our hearth!

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

TO-DAY.

AH, real thing of bloom and breath,
I cannot love you while you stay;
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!

Let empty flower-dust at my feet
Remind me of the buds you wear;
Let the bird's quiet show how sweet
The far-off singing made the air;
And let your dew through frost
look fair.

In mourning you I shall rejoice.
Go: for the bitter word may be
A music — in the vanished voice;
And on the dead face I may see
How bright its frown has been to
me.

Then in the haunted grass I'll sit,
Half-tearful in your withered place,
And watch your lovely shadow flit
Across To-morrow's sunny face,
And vex her with your perfect
grace.

So, real thing of bloom and breath,
I weary of you while you stay.
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!

LAST WORDS.

GOOD-NIGHT, pretty sleepers of
mine —

I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow or shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

In your small dreaming-dresses of
white,
With the wild-bloom you gathered
to-day
In your quiet shut hands, from the
light
And the dark, you will wander
away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted
grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky,
Shall take you as yet, you will
pass,
With this kiss through these tear-
drops. Good-by!

With less gold and more gloom in
their hair,
When the buds near have faded to
flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair —
But older than yours are, by
hours!

CALLING THE DEAD.

My little child, so sweet a voice
might wake
So sweet a sleeper for so sweet a
sake. [you,
Calling your buried brother back to
You laugh and listen — till I listen
too!

Why does he listen? It may be to
hear
Sounds too divine to reach my
troubled ear.
Why does he laugh? It may be he
can see
The face that only tears can hide
from me.

Poor baby faith — so foolish or so
wise:
The name I shape out of forlornest
cries
He speaks as with a bird's or blos-
som's breath.
How fair the knowledge is that
knows not Death!
Ah, fools and blind — through all the
piteous years
Searchers of stars and graves — how
many seers,
Calling the dead, and seeking for a
sign,
Have laughed and listened, like this
child of mine?

THE FLOWERS IN THE GROUND.

UNDER the coffin-lid there are roses:
They bud like dreams in the sleep
of the dead;
And the long, vague dark that around
them closes
Is flushed and sweet with their
glory of red.

From the buried seeds of love they
blossom,
All crimson-stained from its blood
they start;
And each sleeper wears them on his
bosom,
Clasped over the pallid dust of his
heart.

When the Angel of Morning shall
shake the slumber
Away from the graves with his
lighted wings,
He will gather those roses, an infi-
nite number,
And bear them to Heaven, the
beautiful things!

ASKING FOR TEARS.

OH, let me come to Thee in this wild
way,
Fierce with a grief that will not
sleep, to pray
Of all thy treasures, Father, only
one,
After which I may say — Thy will be
done.

Nay, fear not thou to make my time
too sweet;
I nurse a Sorrow, — kiss its hands
and feet,
Call it all piteous, precious names,
and try,
Awake at night, to hush its helpless
cry.

The sand is at my moaning lip, the
glare
Of the uplifted desert fills the air;
My eyes are blind and burning, and
the years
Stretch on before me. Therefore,
give me tears!

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE Pilgrim Fathers — where are they ?

The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,

As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,

When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,

And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,

Still brood upon the tide;
And the rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,

To stay its waves of pride.

But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,

When the heavens looked dark, is gone; —

As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,

Is seen and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile — sainted name! —
The hill, whose icy brow

Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,

In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night

On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head; —

But the Pilgrim — where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:

When summer is throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,

Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day,

On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,

Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:

It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,

With the holy stars by-night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,

And shall guard this ice-bound shore,

Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,

Shall foam and freeze no more.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!

His fair sunshiny head

Is ever bounding round my study chair;

Yet, when my eyes, now dim

With tears, I turn to him,

The vision vanishes — he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor,

And, through the open door,

I hear a footfall on the chamber stair,

I'm stepping toward the hall,

To give the boy a call;

And then bethink me that — he is not there:

I thread the crowded street,

A satchelled lad I meet,

With the same beaming eyes and colored hair:

And, as he's running by,

Follow him with my eye,

Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I know his face is hid

Under the coffin lid:

Closed are his eyes: cold is his forehead fair;

My hand that marble felt:

O'er it in prayer I knelt

Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there.

I cannot make him dead!
 When passing by the bed,
 So long watched over with parental
 care,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek him inquiringly,
 Before the thought comes that — he
 is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morn-
 ing air,
 My soul goes up, with joy,
 To Him who gave my boy;
 Then comes the sad thought that —
 he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose, [prayer,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our
 Whate'er I may be saying.
 I am in spirit praying
 For our boy's spirit, though — he is
 not there!

Not there! — Where then is he?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to
 wear.

The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked; — he is
 not there!

He lives! — In all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair;
 In dreams I see him now;
 And, on his angel brow,
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me
 there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
 FATHER, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to
 bear,
 That, in the spirit-land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 'T will be our heaven to find that —
 he is there!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you
 may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee;
 And this maiden she lived with no
 other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea:
 But we loved with a love that was
 more than love —
 I and my Annabel Lee;
 With a love that the winged seraphs
 of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long
 ago,
 In the kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of the cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;
 So that her highborn kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in
 heaven,
 Went envying her and me —
 Yes! — that was the reason (as all
 men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud
 by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel
 Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far
 than the love
 Of those that were older than we —
 Of many far wiser than we —
 And neither the angels in heaven
 above,

Nor the demons down under the
sea.
Can ever dissever my soul from the
soul

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without
bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel
the bright eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down
by the side

Of my darling — my darling — my
life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —

From the jingling and the tinkling
of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens,
while she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony volumi-
nously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells.

Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of
the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulent
tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy
of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf
and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor

Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and
roar!

What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating
air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,

And the clanging.

How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling,
And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the
anger of the bells —

Of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —

In the clamor and the clangor of
the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their
monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their
tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in their rolling

On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human;

They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls

A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!

And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of
the bells.

TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the heavens
above,

The angels, whispering to one
another,

Can find, among their burning terms
of love,

None so devotional as that of
“Mother,”

Therefore by that dear name I long
have called you—

You who are more than mother
unto me,

And fill my heart of hearts, where
death installed you

In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who

died early, ^{you}
Was but the mother of myself; but

Are mother to the one I loved so
dearly,

And thus are dearer than the
mother I knew

By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-
life.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for ever more.

And the silken, sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened wide the door; —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!" —
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven.
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath
sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is there* balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—
 “Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”
 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

ROBERT POLLOK.

[From The Course of Time.]

LORD BYRON.

HE touched his harp, and nations
 heard, entranced.
 As some vast river of unfailing
 source,
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his num-
 bers flowed,
 And oped new fountains in the hu-
 man heart.
 Where Fancy halted, weary in her
 flight,
 In other men, his, fresh as morning,
 rose
 And soared untrodden heights, and
 seemed at home,
 Where angels bashful looked. Oth-
 ers, though great
 Beneath their argument seemed
 struggling whiles;
 He from above descending stooped to
 touch
 The loftiest thought; and proudly
 stooped, as though
 It scarce deserved his verse. With
 Nature's self
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free
 to jest
 At will with all her glorious majesty.
 He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's
 mane,"
 And played familiar with his hoary
 locks; [ennines,
 Stood on the Alps. stood on the Ap-
 And with the thunder talked, as
 friend to friend;
 And wove his garland of the light-
 ning's wing,
 In sportive twist, the lightning's
 fiery wing,
 Which, as the footsteps of the dread-
 ful God,
 Marching upon the storm in ven-
 geance, seemed;

Then turned, and with the grass-
 hopper, who sung
 His evening song beneath his feet,
 conversed.
 Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds,
 his sisters were;
 Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and
 winds, and storms,
 His brothers, younger brothers, whom
 he scarce
 As equals deemed. All passions of
 all men,
 The wild and tame, the gentle and
 severe;
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and
 profane;
 All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eter-
 nity;
 All that was hated, all too, that was
 dear;
 All that was hoped, all that was
 feared, by man;
 He tossed about, as tempest-with-
 ered leaves,
 Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck
 he made.
 With terror now he froze the cower-
 ing blood,
 And now dissolved the heart in ten-
 derness;
 Yet would not tremble, would not
 weep himself;
 But back into his soul retired,
 alone,
 Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contempt-
 uously
 On hearts and passions prostrate at
 his feet.
 So Ocean from the plains his waves
 had late
 To desolation swept, retired in
 pride,
 Exulting in the glory of his might.
 And seemed to mock the ruin he had
 wrought.

ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM "ELOISA TO ABELARD."
 IN these deep solitudes and awful
 cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive Contempla-
 tion dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a vestal's
 veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this
 last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgot-
 ten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it
 came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
 Dear fatal name! rest ever unre-
 vealed,
 Nor pass these lips, in holy silence
 sealed: [disguise,
 Hide it, my heart, within that close
 Where, mixed with God's, his loved
 idea lies:
 O write it not, my hand—the name
 appears [tears!
 Already written—wash it out, my
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand
 obeys.
 Relentless walls! whose darksome
 round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees
 have worn:
 Ye grots and caverns shagged with
 horrid thorn!
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed
 virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues
 learn to weep!
 Though cold like you, unmoved and
 silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 All is not Heaven's while Abelard
 has part,
 Still rebel nature holds out half my
 heart;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn
 pulse restrain, [vain.
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in

Soon as thy letters trembling I un-
 close,
 That well-known name awakens all
 my woes.
 Oh, name, for ever sad! for ever
 dear!
 Still breathed in sighs, still ushered
 with a tear.
 I tremble, too, whene'er my own I
 find;
 Some dire misfortune follows close
 behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'er-
 flow,
 Led through a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now withering in
 my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
 There stern religion quenched the
 unwilling flame,
 There died the best of passions, love
 and fame.
 Yet write, oh! write me all, that I
 may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs
 to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this power
 away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than
 they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need
 not spare,
 Love but demands what else were
 shed in prayer;
 No happier task these faded eyes
 pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can
 do.
 Then share thy pain, allow that
 sad relief;
 Ah, more than share it! give me all
 thy grief.
 Heaven first taught letters for some
 wretch's aid,
 Some banished lover, or some cap-
 tive maid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe
 what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to
 its fires,

The virgin's wish without her fears
 impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all
 the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul
 to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the
 Pole.

[From *An Essay on Man*.]

MAN.

Know then thyself, presume not
 God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is Man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle
 state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely
 great;
 With too much knowledge for the
 sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the stoic's
 pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act or
 rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a god, or
 beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but
 to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too
 much;
 Chaos of thought and passion, all
 confused
 Still by himself abused, or disabused;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to
 all;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error
 hurled:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the
 world!

[From *An Essay on Man*.]

SUBMISSION TO SUPREME WIS-
 DOM.

WHAT if the foot, ordained the
 dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the
 head?

What if the head, the eye, or ear re-
 pinned
 To serve mere engines to the ruling
 mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this general frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks
 or pains,
 The great directing Mind of All
 ordains.
 All are but parts of one stupendous
 whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the
 soul;
 That, changed through all, and yet
 in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal
 frame, [breeze,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in
 the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends
 through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our
 mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that
 mourns,
 As the rapt seraph, that adores and
 burns;
 To Him no high, no low, no great,
 no small;
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and
 equals all.
 Cease then, nor order imperfec-
 tion name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we
 blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this
 due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven be-
 stows on thee.
 Submit. — In this, or any other
 sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst
 bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing
 power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to
 thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou
 canst not see;

All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good:
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's
 spite,
 One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is*
 right.

[From *An Essay on Man.*]

**CHARITY, GRADUALLY PERVA-
 SIVE.**

God loves from whole to parts;
 but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the
 whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous
 mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful
 lake;
 The centre moved, a circle straight
 succeeds,
 Another still, and still another
 spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbor, first It will
 embrace;
 His country next, and next all human
 race;
 Wide, and more wide, the o'erflow-
 ings of the mind
 Take every creature in, of every
 kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless
 bounty blest,
 And heaven beholds its image in his
 breast.

[From *An Essay on Man.*]

TRUE NOBILITY.

HONOR and shame from no condi-
 tion rise;
 Act well your part, there all the
 honor lies.
 Fortune in men has some small dif-
 ference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in
 brocade;
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson
 gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch
 crowned.

"What differ more (you cry) than
 crown and cowl!"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and
 a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts
 the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be
 drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of
 it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.

[From *An Essay on Man.*]

**VIRTUE, THE SOLE UNFAILING
 HAPPINESS.**

Know then this truth (enough for
 man to know),
 "Virtue alone is happiness below."
 The only point where human bliss
 stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall
 to ill; [ceives,
 Where only merit constant pay re-
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it
 gives;
 The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so blest,
 And but more relished as the more
 distressed:
 The broadest mirth, unfeeling Folly
 wears, [tears:
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very
 Good, from each object, from each
 place acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired;
 Never elated, while one man's op-
 pressed;
 Never dejected, while another's
 blessed;
 And where no wants, no wishes can
 remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to
 gain.
 See the sole bliss, Heaven could on
 all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but
 thinks can know:
 Yet poor with fortune, and with
 learning blind,
 The bad must miss; the good, un-
 taught, will find;

Slave to no sect, who takes no private
road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the
immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal
and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can
know,
But touches some above, and some
below;
Learns from this union of the rising
whole,
The first, last purpose of the human
soul:
And knows where faith, law, morals,
all began,
All end, in *love of God and love of
man.*

[From *An Essay on Criticism.*]

TRUTH TO NATURE.

FIRST follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still
the same;
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal
light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all
impart,
At once the source, and end, and
test of art.

[From *An Essay on Criticism.*]

JUST JUDGMENT.

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece
to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor
e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's
end,
Since none can compass more than
they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is
due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men
of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less
commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic
lays,
For not to know some trifles is a
praise.

[From *An Essay on Criticism.*]

WIT.

TRUE wit is nature to advantage
dressed;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so
well expressed:
Something, whose truth, convinced
at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our
mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend
the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly
wit.
For works may have more wit than
does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of
blood.

[From *An Essay on Criticism.*]

EXCESSIVE PRAISE OR BLAME.

AVOID extremes; and shun the
fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too
much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or
little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not
sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can
digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture
move:
For fools admire, but men of sense
approve:
As things seem large which we
through mist descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,

Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate.
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE OLD STORY.

By the pleasant paths we know
All familiar flowers would grow,
Though we two were gone;
Moon and stars would rise and set,
Dawn the laggard night forget,
And the world move on.

Spring would carol through the wood,
Life be counted sweet and good,
Winter storms would prove their
While the seasons sped; [might,
Winter frosts make bold to bite,
Clouds lift overhead.

Still the sunset lights would glow,
Still the heaven-appointed bow
In its place be hung;
Not one flower the less would bloom,
Though we two had met our doom,
No song less be sung.

Other lovers through the dew
Would go, loitering, two and two,
When the day was done;
Lips would pass the kiss divine,
Hearts would beat like yours and
mine,—
Hearts that beat as one.

TO-DAY.

TO-DAY the sunshine freely showers
Its benediction where we stand;
There's not a passing cloud that
lowers

Above this pleasant summer land;
Then let's not waste the sweet to-
day, —

To-morrow, who can say ?

Perhaps, to-morrow we may be, —
Alas! alas! the thought is pain, —
As far apart as sky and sea,
Sundered to meet no more again;
Then let us clasp thee, sweet to-
day, —

To-morrow, who can say ?

The daylight fades; a purple dream
Of twilight hovers overhead,

While all the trembling stars but seem
Like sad tears yet unshed;
Oh, sweet to-day, so soon away!
To-morrow, who can say ?

ASLEEP.

SOUND asleep! no sigh can reach
Him who dreams the heavenly
dream;

No to-morrow's silver speech
Wake him with an earthly theme.
Summer rains, relentlessly,
Patter where his head doth lie.
There the wild rose and the brake
All their summer leisure take.
Violets, blinded by the dew,
Perfume lend to the sad rue,
Till the day break fair and clear,
And no shadow doth appear.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

EQUIPOISE.

JUST when we think we've fixed the
golden mean, —

The diamond point, on which to
balance fair

Life and life's lofty issues, weigh-
ing there,

With fractional precision, close and
keen,

Thought, motive, word and deed, —
there comes between

Some wayward circumstance, some
jostling care,

Some temper's fret, some mood's
unwise despair,

To mar the equilibrium, unforeseen,
And spoil our nice adjustment! —

Happy he,
Whose soul's calm equipoise can
know no jar,

Because the unwavering hand that
holds the scales,

Is the same hand that weighed each
steadfast star, —

Is the same hand that on the sa-
cred tree [nails!

Bore, for his sake, the anguish of the

OURS.

Most perfect attribute of love, that
knows

No separate self, — no conscious
mine nor *thine*;

But mystic union, closer, more di-
vine [close.

Than wedded soul and body can dis-
No flush of pleasure on thy forehead

glows,
No mist of feeling in thine eyes can

shine,
No faintest pain surprise thee, but

there goes
The lightning-spark along love's

viewless line,
Bearing with instant message to

my heart,
Responsive recognition. Suns or

showers
May come between us; silences

may part;
The rushing world know not, nor

care to know; —
Yet back and forth the flashing

secrets go,
Whose sacred, only sesame is, *ours*!

NATURE'S LESSON.

PAIN is no longer pain when it is
past;
And what is all the mirth of yester-
terday,
More than the yester flush that
paled away,
Leaving no trace across the landscape
cast

Whereby to prove its presence
there? The blast
That bowed the knotted oak beneath
its sway,
And rent the lissome ash, the forest
may
Take heed of longer, since strewn
leaves outlast
Strewn sunbeams even. Be thou like
Nature then,
Calmly receptive of all sweet de-
lights,
The while they soothe and strengthen
thee: and when
The wrench of trial comes with
swirl and strain,
Think of the still progressive days
and nights,
That blot with equal sweep, both
joy and pain.

GOD'S PATIENCE.

OF all the attributes whose starry
rays
Converge and centre in one focal
light
Of luminous glory such as angels'
sight
Can only look on with a blenched
amaze,
None crowns the brow of God with
purer blaze,
Nor lifts His grandeur to more infi-
nite height,
Than His exhaustless patience. Let
us praise
With wondering hearts, this strangest
tenderest grace,
Remembering, awe-struck, that the
avenging rod
Of justice must have fallen, and mer-
cy's plan

Been frustrate, had not Patience
stood between,
Divinely meek: And let us learn
that man,
Toiling, enduring, pleading, — calm,
serene,
For those who scorn and slight, is
likeliest God.

THE SHADOW.

IT comes betwixt me and the ame-
thyst
Of yon far mountain's billowy
range; — the sky,
Mild with sun-setting calmness, to
my eye
Is curtained ever by its haunting
mist;
And oftentimes when some dear
brow I've kissed,
My lips grow tremulous as it sweeps
me by.
With stress of overmastering agony
That faith and reason all in vain
resist.
It blurs my fairest books; it dims the
page
Of the divinest lore; and on my
tongue
The broken prayer that inward
strength would crave,
Dissolves in sobs no soothing can as-
suage;
And this penumbral gloom, — this
heart-cloud flung
Around me is, the memory of a grave.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE.

A SIMPLE, sodded mound of earth,
Without a line above it;
With only daily votive flowers
To prove that any love it:
The token flag that silently
Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
The hero's dreamless slumbers.
No name? — no record? Ask the
world;
The world has read his story: —

If all its annals can unfold
 A prouder tale of glory;
 If ever merely human life
 Hath taught diviner moral, —
 If ever round a worthier brow
 Was twined a purer laurel!

A twelvemonth only, since his sword
 Went flashing through the battle, —
 A twelvemonth only, since his ear
 Heard war's last deadly rattle, —
 And yet, have countless pilgrim feet
 The pilgrim's guerdon paid him,
 And weeping women come to see
 The place where they have laid
 him.

Contending armies bring in turn,
 Their meed of praise or honor.
 And Pallas here has paused to bind
 The cypress-wreath upon her:
 It seems a holy sepulchre,
 Whose sanctities can waken
 Alike the love of friend or foe —
 Of Christian or of pagan.

But who shall weigh the wordless
 grief

That leaves in tears its traces,
 As round their leader crowd again
 The bronzed and veteran faces?
 The "Old Brigade" he loved so
 well —

The mountain men, who bound
 him

With bays of their own winning, ere
 A tardier fame had crowned him;

The legions who had seen his glance
 Across the carnage flashing
 And thrilled to catch his ringing
 "charge"

Above the volley crashing; —
 Who oft had watched the lifted hand,
 The inward trust betraying,
 And felt their courage grow sublime,
 While they beheld him praying!

Rare fame! rare name! — If chanted
 praise,

With all the world to listen, —
 If pride that swells a nation's soul, —
 If foemen's tears that glisten, —

If pilgrim's shrining love, — if grief
 Which naught may soothe or
 sever, —

If *these* can consecrate, — this spot
 Is sacred ground forever!

THERE'LL COME A DAY.

THERE'LL come a day when the
 supremest splendor
 Of earth, or sky, or sea,
 Whate'er their miracles, sublime or
 tender,
 Will wake no joy in me.

There'll come a day when all the as-
 piration,
 Now with such fervor fraught,
 As lifts to heights of breathless exal-
 tation,
 Will seem a thing of naught.

There'll come a day when riches,
 honor, glory,
 Music and song and art,
 Will look like puppets in a worn-out
 story,
 Where each has played his part.

There'll come a day when human
 love, the sweetest
 Gift that includes the whole
 Of God's grand giving — sovereign-
 est, completest —
 Shall fail to fill my soul.

There'll come a day — I will not care
 how passes
 The cloud across my sight,
 If only, lark-like, from earth's nested
 grasses,
 I spring to meet its light.

THE TYRANNY OF MOOD.

I. MORNING.

IT is enough: I feel, this golden
 morn,
 As if a royal appanage were mine,
 Through Nature's queenly warrant
 of divine [born,
 Investiture. What princess, palace-

Hath right of rapture more, when
 skies adorn
 Themselves so grandly; when the
 mountains shine
 Transfigured; when the air exalts
 like wine;
 When pearly purples steep the yel-
 lowing corn?
 So satisfied with all the goodness
 Of God's good world, — my being
 to its brim
 Surcharged with utter thankfulness
 no less | glad
 Than bliss of beauty, passionately
 Through rush of tears that leaves the
 landscape dim, —
 "Who dares," I say, "in such a
 world be sad?"

II. NIGHT.

I PRESS my cheek against the win-
 dow-pane,
 And gaze abroad into the blank,
 black space

Where earth and sky no more have
 any place,
 Wiped from existence by the expung-
 ing rain;
 And as I hear the worried winds
 complain,
 A darkness, darker than the mirk
 whose trace
 Invades the curtained room, is on my
 face,
 Beneath which, life and life's best
 ends seem vain.
 My swelling aspirations viewless
 sink
 As yon cloud-blotted hills: hopes
 that shone bright
 As planets yester-eve, like them to-
 night
 Are gulfed, the impenetrable mists
 before:
 "O weary world!" I cry, "how
 dare I think
 Thou hast for me one gleam of
 gladness more?"

THOMAS PRINGLE.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by
 my side,
 When the sorrows of life the soul
 o'ercast,
 And, sick of the present, I cling to
 the past;
 When the eye is suffused with regret-
 ful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former
 years;
 And shadows of things that have
 long since fled
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of
 the dead;
 Bright visions of glory that vanished
 too soon;
 Day-dreams that departed ere man-
 hood's noon; | left;
 Attachments by fate or falsehood
 Companions of early days lost or
 left —

And my native land — whose magi-
 cal name
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
 The home of my childhood: the
 haunts of my prime:
 All the passions and scenes of that
 rapturous time
 When the feelings were young, and
 the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden un-
 folding to view;
 Ah — all now forsaken — forgotten —
 foregone! | none —
 And I — a lone exile remembered of
 My high aims abandoned — my good
 acts undone —
 A weary of all that is under the sun, —
 With that sadness of heart which no
 stranger may scan,
 I fly to the desert afar from man.
 Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by
 my side,

When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife —
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear —
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear —
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bond-man's sigh —
 Oh! then there is freedom, and joy and pride,
 Afar in the desert alone to ride!
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand —
 The only law of the desert land!

 Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,
 Away — away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
 By valleys remote where the oriby plays
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartbeest graze,
 And the kudû and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine!
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood.
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

 Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,

O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
 In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

 Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side.
 Away — away — in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
 And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;

Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling
fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning
sky, [round,
And the blank horizon, round and
Spread — void of living sight or
sound.

And here, while the night-winds
round me sigh,

And the stars turn bright in the mid-
night sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through
the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful
child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath,
and fear, —
Saying — Man is distant, but God is
near!

MATTHEW PRIOR.

[From Solomon.]

THE WISE MAN IN DARKNESS.

HAPPY the mortal man, who now at
last
Has through the doleful vale of mis-
ery passed;
Who to his destined stage has carried
on
The tedious load, and laid his bur-
dens down;
Whom the cut brass or mounded mar-
ble shows
Victor o'er life and all her train of
woes.
He happier yet, who, privileged by
fate
To shorter labor, and a lighter
weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of
breath,
Ordered to-morrow to return to
death.
But oh! beyond description, happiest
he
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumul-
tuous sea;
Who with blessed freedom from the
general doom
Exempt, must never force the teem-
ing womb,

Nor see the sun, nor sink into the
tomb.
Who breathes must suffer; and who
thinks must mourn;
And he alone is blest who ne'er was
born.

[From Solomon.]

THE WISE MAN IN LIGHT.

SUPREME, all-wise, eternal Poten-
tate!
Sole Author, sole Dispenser of our
fate!
Enthroned in light and immor-
tality!
Whom no man fully sees, and none
can see!
Original of beings! Power divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is
Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect. Let Thy com-
mand
Restore, great Father, Thy instructed
son;
And in my act, may Thy great will
be done!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee.
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won
field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and
yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling
grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his
wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and
see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of
pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

THANKFULNESS.

MY God, I thank Thee who hast
made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast
made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our
guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how
soon

Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
kept

The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our
souls

Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast!

A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

TOO LATE.

HUSH! speak low; tread softly;
Draw the sheet aside;—
Yes, she does look peaceful;
With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Even now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,
Was her bitter part;—
Now,—how still the violets
Lie upon her heart!

She who toiled and labored
For her daily bread;
See the velvet hangings
Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her;
Brought her home at last;
Strove to cover over
Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and home, and pride,
To see her just look happy
Once before she died!

They strove hard to please her,
But, when death is near,
All you know is deadened,
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And besides, one sorrow
Deeper still,—one pain
Was beyond them: healing
Came to-day,—in vain!

If she had but lingered
Just a few hours more;
Or had this letter reached her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day;
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him:—
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened;
It was long ago.

I have read the letter;
Many a weary year,
For one word she hungered,—
There are thousands here.

If she could but hear it,
Could but understand;
See,—I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,
Do not stir her rest;
Well, I should not murmur,
For God judges best.

She needs no more pity,—
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

CLEANSING FIRES.

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright,
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light;
And thy gold shall return more pre-
cious,
Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!

In the cruel fire of sorrow,
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wall;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail:
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in lov-
ing,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, forever;
Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain!

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to
thee?

Does there within thy dimmest
dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth
breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now,—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone,—
But shield my heart against thy
own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one
day
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou,—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but
thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my fate,—
Whatever on my heart may fall,—
Remember, I *would* risk it all!

INCOMPLETENESS.

NOTHING resting in its own complete-
ness

Can have worth or beauty: but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther
sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the
meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue
hours;
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of
flowers.

Dawn is fair, because the mists fade
slowly
Into day, which floods the world
with light;

Twilight's mystery is so sweet and
holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious
graces borrow
From strife, that in a far-off future
lies;
And angel glances (veiled now by
life's sorrow)
Draw our hearts to some beloved
eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it lead-
eth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Learn the mystery of progression
duly:
Do not call each glorious change, de-
cay;
But know we only hold our treasures
truly,
When it seems as if they passed
away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for in-
completeness;
In that want their beauty lies: they
roll
Towards some infinite depth of love
and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant
soul.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE: yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to
grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance van-
ished,
And a shadow upon its brow;

Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,

May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful
tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

LIFE.

WE are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil — through pain and wrong;
We fight — and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere
long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O Life! is all thy song!
“Endure and — die!”

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently — as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three —
(One is lost — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LOVE ME IF I LIVE.

LOVE me if I live!
Love me if I die!
What to me is life or death,
So that thou be nigh?

Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor;
Ah! what is there I could not
For thy sake endure?

Kiss me for my love!
Pay me for my pain!
Come! and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st again!

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions
round!
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the
skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue
below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;

If a storm should come and awake
the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the
moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and
more,
And backward flew to her billowy
breast, [nest;
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's
And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the
morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the por-
poise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs
of gold; [wild
And never was heard such an outcry
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and
strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to
range,
But never have sought nor sighed for
change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded
sea!

HISTORY OF A LIFE.

DAY dawned:—within a curtained
room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed;—a child had seen the
light;
But, for the lady fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose; the lady's grave was
green;
And near it, oftentimes, was seen
A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.

Years fled;—he wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough
race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then he died! Behold before ye
Humanity's poor sum and story;
Life,—Death,—and all that is of
glory.

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

SEND down Thy wingèd angel, God!
Amid this night so wild;
And bid him come where now we
watch,
And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth not to weep.

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the
night,
To aid, when need may be;
We hope—and have despaired, at
times;
But now we turn to Thee!

Send down Thy sweet-souled angel,
God!
Amid the darkness wild;
And bid him soothe our souls to-night.
And heal our gentle child!

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?

Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Someweight of thought, though loath,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears, — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget; —
All else is flown!

Ah! — With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low
Like pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
Gentle death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!
She hath seen her happy day, —
She hath had her bud and blossom;

Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies, — sweet love!

Good she was, and fair in youth;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, forevermore, —
Forever — evermore, —

I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love! The ground
Not panteth so for summer rain,
As I for one soft look of thine;
And yet, — I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now;
Each one, perhaps, surpassing me;
But who doth feel a thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look,
Who round the wild world laugh
and rove;
I only think how sweet 'twould be
To die for thy sweet love!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

*BUT HEAVEN, O LORD, I CAN-
NOT LOSE.*

Now summer finds her perfect prime!
Sweet blows the wind from western calms;
On every bower red roses climb;
The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream, nor bank the wayside by,
But lilies float and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.

O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and hill.
Alike to me, fall frosts and dews;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose! .
Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share:

And, over hope's horizon line,
The future dawns, serenely fair;
Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
I know the rapture will not stay;
Some wind of grief or doubt will
rise

And turn my rosy sky to gray.
I shall awake, in rainy morn,
To find my heart left lone and
drear;

Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,
I let my life burn on as clear
Though friends grow cold or fond
love woos;

But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours, the angel Peace
Comes down and broods me with
her wings:

I gain from sorrow sweet release;
I mate me with divinest things;
When shapes of guilt and gloom
arise

And far the radiant angel flees, —
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
My wine of triumph left but lees,
In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin:
Earth's passion-flowers I still must
twine,

Nor braid one beauteous lily in.
Ah! is it good or ill I choose?
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

So wait I. Every day that dies
With flush and fragrance born of
June,

I know shall more resplendent rise
Where summer needs nor sun nor
moon,

And every bud on love's low tree,
Whose mocking crimson flames and
falls,

In fullest flower I yet shall see
High blooming by the jasper walls.
Nay, every sin that dims my days,

And wild regrets that veil the
sun,
Shall fade before those dazzling
rays,

And my long glory be begun!
Let the years come to bless or bruise;
Thy heaven, O Lord, I shall not
lose!

CONTOOCOOK RIVER.

Of all the streams that seek the sea
By mountain pass, or sunny lea,
Now where is one that dares to vie
With clear Contoocook, swift and
shy?

Monadnock's child, of snow-drifts
born,

The snows of many a winter morn,
And many a midnight dark and still,
Heaped higher, whiter, day by day,
To melt, at last, with suns of May,
And steal in tiny fall and rill,
Down the long slopes of granite gray:
Or, filter slow through seam and cleft,
When frost and storm the rock have
reft,

To bubble cool in sheltered springs
Where the lone red-bird dips his
wings,

And the tired fox that gains its brink
Stoops, safe from hound and horn, to
drink.

And rills and springs, grown broad
and deep,

Unite through gorge and glen to
sweep

In roaring brooks that turn and take
The over-floods of pool and lake,
Till, to the fields, the hills deliver
Contoocook's bright and brimming
river!

O have you seen, from Hillsboro'
town

How fast its tide goes hurrying down,
With rapids now, and now a leap

Past giant boulders, black and steep,
Plunged in mid water, fain to keep

Its current from the meadows green?
But, flecked with foam, it speeds
along;

And not the birch trees' silvery sheen,
Nor the soft hush of whispering pines,

Nor hermit thrushes, fluting low,
Nor ferns, nor cardinal flowers that
glow

Where clematis, the fairy, twines,
Can stay its course, or still its song;

Ceaseless it flows till, round its bed,
The vales of Henniker are spread,

Their banks all set with golden grain,
Or stately trees whose vistas gleam —

A double forest in the stream;

And, winding 'neath the pine-
crowned hill
That overhangs the village plain,
By sunny reaches, broad and still,
It nears the bridge that spans its
tide—

The bridge whose arches low and wide
It ripples through—and should you
lean

A moment there, no lovelier scene
On England's Wye, or Scotland's Tay,
Would charm your gaze a summer's
day.

And on it glides, by grove and glen,
Dark woodlands and the homes of
men,

With now a ferry, now a mill:
Till, deep and calm, its waters fill
The channels round that gem of isles
Sacred to captives' woes and wiles,
And, gleeful half, half eddying back.
Blend with the lordly Merrimac:
And Merrimac whose tide is strong
Rolls gently, with its waves along,
Monadnock's stream that, coy and
fair,

Has come, its larger life to share,
And, to the sea, doth safe deliver
Contocook's bright and brimming
river!

DAILY DYING.

Not in a moment drops the rose
That in a summer garden grows:
A robin sings beneath the tree
A twilight song of ecstasy,
And the red, red leaves at its fragrant
heart,

Trembling so in delicious pain,
Fall to the ground with a sudden
start,

And the grass is gay with a crim-
son stain;

And a honey-bee, out of the fields
of clover,

Heavily flying the garden over,
Brushes the stem as it passes by,
And others fall where the heart-
leaves lie,

And air and dew, ere the night is
done,

Have stolen the petals, every one.

And sunset's gleam of gorgeous dyes
Ne'er with one shadow fades away,
But slowly o'er those radiant skies
There steals the evening cold and
gray,

And amber and violet linger still
When stars are over the eastern hill.

The maple does not shed its leaves
In one tempestuous scarlet rain,
But softly, when the south wind
grieves,

Slow-wandering over wood and
plain,

One by one they waver through
The Indian Summer's hazy blue,
And drop, at last, on the forest
mould,

Coral and ruby and burning gold.

Our death is gradual, like to these:
We die with every waning day;
There is no waft of sorrow's breeze
But bears some heart-leaf slow
away!

Up and on to the vast To Be
Our life is going eternally!

Less of earth than we had last year
Throbs in your veins and throbs in
mine,

But the way to heaven is growing
clear,

While the gates of the city fairer
shine,

And the day that our latest treas-
ures flee,

Wide they will open for you and
me!

HEROES.

THE winds that once the Argo bore
Have died by Neptune's ruined
shrines,

And her hull is the drift of the deep
sea-floor,

Though shaped of Pelion's tallest
pines.

You may seek her crew on every isle
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
But, out of their rest, no charm can
wile

Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more
By windy Ilion's sea-built walls;
Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
Shouts, "O ye Gods! 'tis Hector
falls!"

On Ida's mount is the shining snow,
But Jove has gone from its brow
away;

And red on the plain the poppies
grow

Where the Greek and the Trojan
fought that day.

Mother Earth! Are the heroes
dead?

Do they thrill the soul of the years
no more?

Are the gleaming snows and the pop-
pies red [yore?

All that is left of the brave of
Are there none to fight as Theseus
fought?

Far in the young world's misty
dawn?

Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor
taught?

Mother Earth! are the heroes
gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise;
Dead? We may clasp their hands
in ours; [eyes,

And catch the light of their clearer
And wreath their brows with im-
mortal flowers.

Wherever a noble deed is done
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is
stirred;

Wherever Right has a triumph won
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan
fiercely trod;

For Freedom's sword is the blade
they wield,

And the light above is the smile of
of God.

So, in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the heroes live and the sky is
bright,

And the world is a braver world
to-day.

TO MOSCOW.

Across the steppe we journeyed,
The brown, fir-darkened plain
That rolls to east and rolls to west,
Broad as the billowy main,
When lo! a sudden splendor
Came shimmering through the air,
As if the clouds should melt and leave
The heights of heaven bare,—

A maze of rainbow domes and spires
Full glorious on the sky,
With wafted chimes from many a
tower

As the south-wind went by,
And a thousand crosses lightly hung
That shone like morning stars,—

'Twas the Kremlin wall! 'Twas Mos-
cow,—

The jewel of the Czars!

SUNSET IN MOSCOW.

O THE splendor of the city,
When the sun is in the west!
Ruddy gold on spire and belfry,
Gold on Moskwa's placid breast;
Till the twilight soft and sombre
Falls on wall and street and square,
And the domes and towers in shadow
Stand like silent monks at prayer.

'Tis the hour for dream and legend:
Meet me by the Sacred Gate!
We will watch the crowd go by us;
We will stories old relate;
Till the bugle of the barracks
Calls the soldier to repose,
And from off the steppe to northward
Chill the wind of midnight blows.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE WORLD.

SHE's empty: hark! she sounds: there's nothing there
 But noise to fill thy ear;
 Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
 A blast of murmuring wind:
 It is a cask that seems as full as fair,
 But merely tunned with air.
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds;
 The soul that vainly founds
 Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

She's empty: hark! she sounds; there's nothing in't:
 The spark-engendering flint
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
 Dissolve and quench thy thirst,
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
 With smooth-faced calms of rest.
 Thou mayst as well expect meridian light
 From shades of black-mouthed night,
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's empty: hark! she sounds: 'tis void and vast;
 What if some flattering blast
 Of fatuous honor should perchance be there,
 And whisper in thine ear?
 It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
 And vanisheth like mist.
 Poor honor earth can give! What generous mind
 Would be so base to bind
 Her heaven-bred soul, a slave to serve a blast of wind?

She's empty; hark! she sounds: 'tis but a ball
 For fools to play withal;
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
 That's lined with silken trouble.
 It is a world whose work and recreation
 Is vanity and vexation;
 A hag, repaired with vice-complexioned paint,
 A quest-house of complaint.
 It is a saint, a fiend; worse fiend when most a saint.

She's empty: hark! she sounds: 'tis vain and void.
 What's here to be enjoyed
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
 Drawn now and crossed to-morrow?
 Or, what are men but puffs of dying breath,
 Revived with living death?
 Fond youth, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
 Than what dull flesh propounds:
 Trust not this hollow world; she's empty: hark! she sounds.

ON MAN.

At our creation, but the Word was
said;
And we were made;
No sooner were, but our false hearts
did swell
With pride, and fell:
How slight is man! At what an easy
cost
He's made and lost!

GRIEF FOR THE LOSS OF THE
DEAD.

I must lament, Nature commands it
so:
The more I strive with tears, the
more they flow;
These eyes have just, nay, double
cause of moan;
They weep the common loss, they
weep their own.
He sleeps indeed; then give me leave
to weep
Tears, fully answerable to his sleep.

ON SIN.

How, how am I deceived! I thought
my bed
Had entertained a fair, a beauteous
bride:
Oh, how were my believing thoughts
misled
To a false beauty lying by my side!
Sweet were her kisses, full of choice
delight; [night:
My fancy found no difference in the
I thought they were true joys that
thus had led

My darkened soul, but they were
false alarms;
I thought I'd had fair Rachel in my
bed,
But I had blear-eyed Leah in my
arms;
How seeming sweet is sin when
clothed in light,
But, when discovered, what a
loathed delight.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

Our life is nothing but a winter's
day;
Some only break their fasts, and so,
away:
Others stay dinner, and depart full
fed;
The deepest age but sups and goes to
bed:
He's most in debt that lingers out
the day;
Who dies betimes, has less; and less
to pay.

ON DOVES AND SERPENTS.

We must have doves and serpents in
our heart;
But how they must be marshalled,
there's the art.
They must agree, and not be far
asunder;
The dove must hold the wily serpent
under;
Their natures teach what places they
must keep,
The dove can fly; the serpent only
creep.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE LIE.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand;
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give them all the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
 And shines like painted wood;
 Go, tell the church it shows
 What's good, but does no good.
 If court and church reply.
 Give court and church the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
 Acting, but oh! their actions
 Not loved, unless they give;
 Not strong, but by their factions.
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their purpose is ambition;
 Their practice only hate.
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell those that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who, in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending.
 And if they make reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
 Tell love it is but lust;
 Tell time it is but motion;
 Tell flesh it is but dust:
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
 Tell honor how it alters;
 Tell beauty that it blasteth;
 Tell favor that she falters;
 And as they do reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In fickle points of niceness;
 Tell wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness:
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
 Tell skill it is pretension;
 Tell charity of coldness;
 Tell law it is contention:
 And if they yield reply,
 Then give them still the lie,

Tell fortune of her blindness;
 Tell nature of decay;
 Tell friendship of unkindness;
 Tell justice of delay:
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have not soundness,
 But vary by esteeming:
 Tell schools they lack profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
 Tell how the country erreth;
 Tell manhood shakes off pity;
 Tell virtue, least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lie,
 Deserves no less than stabbing;
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are likened best to floods
 and streams,
 The shallow murmur, but the deep
 are dumb;

So, when affection yields discourse,
 It seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence
 they come;
 They that are rich in words, must
 needs discover
 They are but poor in that which
 makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my
 heart,
 The merit of true passion;
 With thinking that he feels no smart
 That sues for no compassion,

Since, if my complaints were not to ap-
 prove
 The conquest of thy beauty,
 It comes not from defect of love,
 But fear to exceed my duty.

For knowing not I sue to serve
 A saint of such perfection
 As all desire, but none deserve
 A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief
 Than venture the revealing;
 Where glory recommends the grief,
 Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty;
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
 My love for secret passion;
 He smarteth most who hides his
 smart
 And sues for no compassion.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the south at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder
 bore,
 Like a herald in haste, to the chief-
 tain's door,
 The terrible grumble and rumble and
 roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar;
 And louder yet into Winchester
 rolled

The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold
 As he thought of the stake in that
 fiery fray,
 With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester
 town,
 A good, broad highway, leading
 down;

And there, through the flash of the
 morning light,
 A steed as black as the steeds of night
 Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
 As if he knew the terrible need,
 He stretched away with the utmost
 speed;
 Hills rose and fell, — but his heart
 was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs,
 thundering south
 The dust, like smoke from the can-
 non's mouth;
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping
 faster and faster, [disaster.
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of
 The heart of the steed and the heart
 of the master
 Were beating, like prisoners assault-
 ing their walls, [calls;
 Impatient to be where the battle-field
 Every nerve of the charger was
 strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind,
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with
 furnace ire,
 Swept on, with his wild eyes full of
 fire;
 But, lo! he is nearing his heart's
 desire,
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roar-
 ing fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away:
 The first that the General saw were
 the groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating
 troops;
 What was done, — what to do, — a
 glance told him both,
 And, striking his spurs with a terri-
 ble oath,
 He dashed down the line mid a storm
 of huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its
 course there, because
 The sight of the master compelled it
 to pause.
 With foam and with dust the black
 charger was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and his nos-
 trils' play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to
 say,
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the
 way
 From Winchester down, to save the
 day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on
 high,
 Under the dome of the Union sky. —
 The American soldier's Temple of
 Fame, —
 There with the glorious General's
 name
 Be it said in letters both bold and
 bright:
 "Here is the steed that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester, — twenty miles
 away!"

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN the sober realm of leafless
 trees,
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy
 air;
 Like some tanned reaper, in his hour
 of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown
 and bare.

The gray barns looking from their
 hazy hills,
 O'er the dun waters widening in
 the vales,
 Sent down the air a greeting to the
 mills
 On the dull thunder of alternate
 falls.

All sights were mellowed and all
 sounds subdued,
 The hills seemed further and the
 stream sang low,
 As in a dream the distant woodman
 hewed
 His winter log with many a muffled
 blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed
 with gold,
 Their banners bright with every
 martial hue,
 Now stood like some sad, beaten host
 of old,
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest
 blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held
 his flight;
 The dove scarce heard its sighing
 mate's complaint;
 And, like a star slow drowning in the
 light,
 The village church-vane seemed to
 pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside
 crew, —
 Crew thrice, — and all was stiller
 than before;
 Silent, till some replying warden blew
 His alien horn, and then was heard
 no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's
tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her
unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her sway-
ing nest,
By every light wind like a censer
swung;—

Where sang the noisy martens of the
eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever
near,—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind be-
lieves,
An early harvest and a plenteous
year;—

Where every bird which charmed the
vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its
wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east:—
All now was sunless, empty, and
forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the
quail,
And croaked the crow through all
the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the
vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage
loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon
the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin
shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of
flowers,
Sailed slowly by, — passed noiseless
out of sight.

Amid all this — in this most cheerless
air,
And where the woodbine shed upon
the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year
stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted
torch, —

Amid all this, the centre of the
scene,
The white-haired matron with mo-
notonous tread
Plied the swift wheel, and with her
joyless mien
Sat, like a fate, and watched the
flying thread.

She had known Sorrow, — he had
walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter
ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard
the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the
dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with
summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she
gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his
sable plume, —
Re-gave the swords to rust upon
the wall.

Re-gave the swords, but not the hand
that drew
And struck for Liberty the dying
blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country
true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading
foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel
went on;
Like the low murmur of a hive
at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of
the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and
tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped; her
head was bowed;
Life dropt the distaff through his
hands serene:
And loving neighbors smoothed her
careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the
autumn scene.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

THE maid who binds her warrior's
sash

With smile that well her pain dis-
sembles,

The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and
trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the [tear,
And Fame shall never know her
story,

Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's
sword,

Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering
word,

What though her heart be rent
asunder,

Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him
rattle,

Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she
presses,

Then breathes a few brave words and
brief,

Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs
upon her,

Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of
honor!

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,

Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;

My winged boat,

A bird afloat,

Swims round the purple peaks re-
mote:—

Round purple peaks

It sails, and seeks

Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,

Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim
The mountains swim;
While, on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring
keel.

Over the rill
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never
dies,—
O'erwelled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling
kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand be-
guiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

In lofty lines,
Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and
sings.

RICHARD REALF.

MY SLAIN.

THIS sweet child that hath climbed
upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered
little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troub-
leth me,
With her low prattle maketh me
afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and
nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not
see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which
I sigh
For the dear babe I killed so long
ago.
I tremble at the touch of your
caress:
I am not worthy of your innocent
faith;
I, who with whetted knives of
worldliness,
Did put my own child-heartedness to
death;

Beside whose grave I pace forever-
more,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked
shore.

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to
leap up

When June winds kiss me, when an
apple-bough

Laughs into blossoms, or a butter-
cup

Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas!
alas!

The meaning of the daisies in the
grass

I have forgotten; and if my cheeks
are wet,

It is not with the blitheness of the
child,

But with the bitter sorrow of sad
years.

O moaning life! with life irrecon-
ciled;

O backward-looking thought! O pain!
O tears!

For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from
the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the
bookish lore

Which makes men mummies;
weighs out every grain

Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with
the scoffing brain;

Woe worth the peering, analytic
days

That dry the tender juices in the
breast,

And put the thunders of the Lord
to test, [praise,

So that no marvel must be, and no
Nor any God except Necessity.

What can ye give my poor stained
life in lieu

Of this dead cherub which I slew
for ye!

Take back your doubtful wisdom and
renew [dunce,

My early foolish freshness of the
Whose simple instincts guessed the
heavens at once.

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

AMENDS.

THINK not your duty done when, sad
and tearful,

Your heart recounts its sins,
And praying God for pardon, weak
and fearful,
Its better life begins,

Nor rest content when, braver grown
and stronger,

Your days are sweet and pure,
Because you follow evil ways no
longer,
In Christ's defence secure.

Bethink you then, but not with fruit-
less ruing,

—That bids the past be still,
But what your life has wrought to
men's undoing,
By influence for ill.

Go forth, and dare not rest until the
morrow,

But, lest it be too late,
Seek out the hearts whose weight of
sin and sorrow
Through you has grown more
great.

Take gifts to all of love and repara-
tion,

Or if it may not be,

Pray Christ, with ceaseless lips, to
send salvation
Till each chained soul be free.

WORSHIP.

BRAVE spirit, that will brook no in-
tervention,

But thus alone before thy God dost
stand,

Content if he but see thy heart's in-
tention, —

Why spurn the suppliant knee and
outstretched hand?

Sweet soul, that kneelest in the sol-
emn glory

Of yon cathedral altar, while the
prayer

Of priest or bishop tells thine own
heart's story, —

Why think that they alone heaven's
keys may bear?

Man worships with the heart; for
wheresoever

One burning pulse of heartfelt hom-
age stirs,

There God shall straightway find his
own, and never

In church or desert, miss his wor-
shippers.

PATIENCE.

If, when you labor all the day,
You see its minutes slip away
With joy unfound, with work undone,
And hope descending with the sun,

Then cheerily lie down to rest:
The longest work shall be the best;
And when the morrow greets your
eyes,
With strong and patient heart arise.

For Patience, stern and leaden-eyed,
Looks far where future joys abide;
Nor sees short sadness at her feet,
For sight of triumph long and sweet.

IMITATION.

WHERE shall we find a perfect life,
whereby
To shape our lives for all eternity?

This man is great and wise; the world
reveres him,
Reveres, but cannot love his heart
of stone;
And so it dares not follow, though it
fears him,
But bids him walk his mountain
path alone.

That man is good and gentle; all men
love him,
Yet dare not ask his feeble arm for
aid;
The world's best work is ever far
above him,
He shrinks beneath the storm-
capped mountain shade.

O loveless strength! O strengthless
love! the Master
Whose life shall shape our lives is
not as thou:
Sweet Friend in peace, strong Saviour
in disaster,
Our heart of hearts enfolds thine
image now!

Be Christ's the fair and perfect life
whereby
We shape our lives for all eternity.

JUSTICE.

A HUNDRED noble wishes fill my
heart,
I long to help each soul in need of
aid;
In all good works my zeal would have
its part,
Before no weight of toil it stands
afraid.

But noble wishes are not noble
deeds,
And he does least who seeks to do
the whole;
Who works the best, his simplest
duties heeds,
Who moves the world, first moves
a single soul.

Then go, my heart, thy plainest work
begin,
Do first not what thou canst, but
what thou must;
Build not upon a corner-stone of sin,
Nor seek great works until thou
first be just.

SARAH ROBERTS.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping
everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,

In every shady brook,
I come creeping, creeping every-
where.
Here I come creeping, smiling every-
where;
All around the open door,

Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part —
Silently creeping, creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
More welcome than the flowers

In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
When you're numbered with the
dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home —
Creeping, silently creeping every-
where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-
where;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping every-
where.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Six Poems entitled by the author, "Reflections."

THE PERVERSION OF GREAT GIFTS.

ALAS, to our discomfort and his own,
Oft are the greatest talents to be found
In a fool's keeping. For what else
is he,

However worldly wise and worldly
strong,

Who can pervert and to the worst
abuse

The noblest means to serve the no-
blest ends?

Who can employ the gift of elo-
quence,

That sacred gift, to dazzle and de-
lude;

Or, if achievement in the field be his,
Climb but to gain a loss, suffering
how much,

And how much more inflicting!
Every where,

Cost what they will, such cruel freaks
are played;

And hence the turmoil in this world
of ours,

The turmoil never ending, still be-
ginning,

The wailing and the tears.—When
Cæsar came,

He who could master all men but
himself,

Who did so much and could so well
record it; [part,

Even he, the most applauded in his
Who, when he spoke, all things

summed up in him,
Spoke to convince, nor ever, when

he fought,
Fought but to conquer,— what a life

was his,
Slaying so many, to be slain at last;

A life of trouble and incessant toil,
And all to gain what is far better

missed!

HEART SUPERIOR TO HEAD.

THE heart, they say, is wiser than
the schools:
And well they may. All that is great
in thought,
That strikes at once as with electric
fire,
And lifts us, as it were, from earth
to heaven,
Comes from the heart; and who con-
fesses not
Its voice as sacred, nay, almost di-
vine,
When inly it declares on what we
do,
Blaming, approving? Let an erring
world
Judge as it will, we care not while
we stand
Acquitted there; and oft, when
clouds on clouds
Compass us round and not a track
appears,
Oft is an upright heart the surest
guide,
Surer and better than the subtlest
head;
Still with its silent counsels through
the dark
Onward and onward leading.

ON A CHILD.

THIS child, so lovely and so cherub-
like,
(No fairer spirit in the heaven of
heavens)
Say, must he know remorse? Must
passion come,
Passion in all or any of its shapes,
To cloud and sully what is now so
pure?
Yes, come it must. For who, alas!
has lived,
Nor in the watches of the night re-
called
Words he has wished unsaid and
deeds undone?
Yes, come it must. But if, as we
may hope,
He learns ere long to discipline his
mind,

And onward goes, humbly and cheer-
fully,
Assisting them that faint, weak
though he be,
And in his trying hours trusting in
God,—
Fair as he is, he shall be fairer still;
For what was innocence will then be
virtue.

MAN'S RESTLESSNESS.

MAN to the last is but a froward
child;
So eager for the future, come what
may,
And to the present so insensible!
Oh, if he could in all things as he
would,
Years would as days, and hours as
moments, be;
He would, so restless is his spirit
here,
Give wings to time, and wish his life
away!

THE SELFISH.

OH, if the selfish knew how much
they lost,
What would they not endeavor, not
endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his power
employs
In making others happy!

EXHORTATION TO MARRIAGE.

HENCE to the altar and with her
thou lov'st,
With her who longs to strew thy way
with flowers;
Nor lose the blessed privilege to give
Birth to a race immortal as your-
selves,
Which trained by you, shall make a
heaven on earth,
And tread the path that leads from
earth to heaven.

[From *Human Life*.]

THE PASSAGE FROM BIRTH TO AGE.

AND such is Human Life; so, gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,

Stretched in the desert round their evening fire; -
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!

Born in a trance, we wake, observe, inquire;
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.

Of elfin-size,—for ever as we run,
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!

We grow in stature, and in wisdom too!

And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,
Think nothing done while aught remains to do.

Yet, all forgot, how oft the eyelids close,
And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose!

How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,

While many an emmet comes with curious eye;

And on her nest the watchful wren sits by!

Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see;

So like what once we were, and once again shall be!

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,

The boy at sunrise carolled as he went,

An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,

Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;

The man himself how altered, not the scene!

Now journeying home with nothing but the name;

Wayworn and spent, another and the same!

No eye observes the growth or the decay.

To-day we look as we did yesterday;
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day.

[From *Human Life*.]

TRUE UNION.

THEN before all they stand,—the holy vow

And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,

Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,

And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,

His house she enters,—there to be a light

Shining within, when all without is night;

A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,

Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;

Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,

From a vain world we love, alas, too long,

To fireside happiness, and hours of ease

Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.

How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind

To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;

Still subject,—ever on the watch to borrow

Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,

Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;

And feeling hearts,—touch them but
rightly,—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

[From *Human Life*.]

AGE.

AGE has now
Stamped with its signet that ingenu-
ous brow;
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climbed so oft, he sits
and sees
His children's children playing round
his knees:
Then happiest, youngest, when the
quoit is flung,
When side by side the archers' bows
are strung;
His to prescribe the place, adjudge
the prize, [energies
Envyng no more the young their
Than they an old man when his
words are wise;
His a delight how pure . . . with-
out alloy;
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in
their joy! [repay
Now in their turn assisting, they
The anxious cares of many and many
a day;
And now by those he loves relieved,
restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops
and talks,
While they look up! Their questions,
their replies,
Fresh as the welling waters, round
him rise,
Gladdening his spirit; and, his theme
the past,
How eloquent he is! His thoughts
flow fast;
And, while his heart (oh, can the
heart grow old?
False are the tales that in the world
are told!)
Swell in his voice, he knows not
where to end;
Like one discoursing of an absent
friend.

But there are moments which he
calls his own.
Then, never less alone than when
alone,
Those whom he loved so long and
sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead,—
but gone before,
He gathers round him; and revives
at will
Scenes in his life,—that breathe en-
chantment still,—
That come not now at dreary inter-
vals,—
But where a light as from the blessed
falls,
A light such guests bring ever,—pure
and holy,—
Lapping the soul in sweetest melan-
choly!
—Ah, then less willing (nor the
choice condemn)
To live with others than to think of
them!

[From *The Pleasures of Memory*.]

MEMORY.

THOU first, best friend that heaven
assigns below
To soothe and sweeten all the cares
we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each
vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets
to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to
thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's
song.
What softened views thy magic glass
reveals,
When o'er the landscape time's meek
twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of
day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres
play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness
resigned
Glance on the darkened mirror of
the mind.

Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaust-
less mine
From age to age unnumbered treas-
ures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy
call obey,
And place and time are subject to
thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel, when
most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our
own.
Lighter than air, hope's summer
visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the
sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts
away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of
power
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent
hour?
These, when the trembling spirit
wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of liv-
ing light;
And gild those pure and perfect
realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons
are blest!

[From *The Pleasures of Memory*.]

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THE school's lone porch, with rev-
erend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where
it lay.

Mute is the bell that rung at peep of
dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the
lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the
noon-tide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to
care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a
tear,
Some little friendship formed and
cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trem-
bling teems
With golden visions and romantic
dreams!

[From *The Pleasures of Memory*.]

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

OFT may the spirits of the dead
descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a
friend;
To hover round his evening walk
unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky
green;
To hail the spot where first their
friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to
their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful
hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests de-
light to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in
life so well!

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the
way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole
long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-
place?
A roof for when the slow dark
hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my
face?
You cannot miss that Inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just
in sight?

They will not keep you standing at
that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and
weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all
who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

REMEMBER.

REMEMBER me when I am gone
away,

Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by
the hand,

Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by
day

You tell me of our future that you
planned;

Only remember me; you under-
stand [pray.

It will be late to counsel then or
Yet if you should forget me for a
while

And afterwards remember, do not
grieve: [leave

For if the darkness and corruption
A vestige of the thoughts that once
I had,

Better by far you should forget and
smile

Than that you should remember
and be sad.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

I WONDER if the sap is stirring yet.
If wintry birds are dreaming of a
mate,

If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the
sun

And crocus fires are kindling one by
one;

Sing, robin, sing;

I still am sore in doubt concerning
spring.

I wonder if the springtide of this
year

Will bring another spring both lost
and dear;

If heart and spirit will find out their
spring,

Or if the world alone will bud and
sing;

Sing, hope, to me;

Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for
memory.

The sap will surely quicken soon or
late,

The tardiest bird will twitter to a
mate;

So spring must dawn again with
warmth and bloom,

Or in this world, or in the world to
come:

Sing, voice of spring,

Till I too blossom, and rejoice and
sing.

SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,

Sing no sad songs for me;

Plant thou no roses at my head,

Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me

With showers and dewdrops wet;

And if thou wilt, remember,

And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,

I shall not feel the rain;

I shall not hear the nightingale

Sing on, as if in pain:

And dreaming through the twilight

That doth not rise nor set,

Haply I may remember,

And haply may forget.

SOUND SLEEP.

SOME are laughing, some are weep-
ing;

She is sleeping, only sleeping.

Round her rest wild flowers are
creeping;

There the wind is heaping, heaping,
Sweetest sweets of summer's keeping,
By the cornfields ripe for reaping.

There are lilies, and there blushes
The deep rose, and there the thrushes
Sing till latest sunlight flushes
In the west; a fresh wind brushes
Through the leaves while evening
hushes.

There by day the lark is singing
And the grass and weeds are spring-
ing;

There by night the bat is winging;
There for ever winds are bringing
Far-off chimes of church-bells ringing.

Night and morning, noon and even,
Their sound fills her dreams with
Heaven:

The long strife at length is striven:
Till her grave-bands shall be riven,
Such is the good portion given
To her soul at rest and shriven.

WIFE TO HUSBAND.

PARDON the faults in me,
For the love of years ago:
Good-bye.

I must drift across the sea,
I must sink into the snow,
I must die.

You can bask in this sun,
You can drink wine, and eat:
Good-bye.

I must gird myself and run,
Though with unready feet:
I must die.

Blank sea to sail upon,
Cold bed to sleep in:
Good-bye.

While you clasp I must be gone
For all your weeping:
I must die.

A kiss for one friend,
And a word for two, —
Good-bye:—

A lock that you must send,
A kindness you must do:
I must die.

Not a word for you,
Not a lock or kiss,
Good-bye.

We, one, must part in two;
Verily death is this:
I must die.

AT HOME.

WHEN I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much-frequented
house;

I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange
boughs;

From hand to hand they pushed the
wine,

They sucked the pulp of plum and
peach;

They sang, they jested, and they
laughed,

For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat:

Said one: "To-morrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of
sea."

Said one: "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."

Said one: "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with
hope,

And dwelt upon the pleasant way:

"To-morrow," cried they one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.

Their life stood full at blessed noon;
I, only I, had passed away:

"To-morrow and to-day" they cried:

I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast

No chill across the tablecloth;

I all-forgotten shivered, sad

To stay, and yet to part how loth:

I passed from the familiar room,

I who from love had passed away,

Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime;
Time's self it is, made audible, —
The murmur of the earth's own
shell,

Secret continuance sublime
Is the era's end. Our sight may
pass

No furlong farther. Since time
was,
This sound hath told the lapse of
time.

No quiet which is death's, — It hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.

As the world's heart of rest and
wrath,

Its painful pulse is on the sands.
Lost utterly, the whole sky stands
Gray and not known along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee.

Hark where the murmurs of
thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge
again, —

Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach,
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech,
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art;
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were
seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a
day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers:
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward
thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames;

And still she bowed herself and
stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she
saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze
still strove
Within the gulf to pierce

Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven? —
on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect
strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She
ceased.

The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their
path

Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

LOST DAYS.

THE lost days of my life until to-day.
What were they, could I see them on
the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears
of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into
clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still
to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty
feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams
must cheat
The throats of men in hell, who thirst
alway?
I do not see them here; but after
death
God knows I know the faces I shall
see,
Each one a murdered self, with low
last breath:
"I am thyself, what hast thou done
to me?"
"And I — and I — thyself" — lo, each
one saith —
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day [mind
The words unkind would trouble my
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and
tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh
words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the
stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'T were a cruel fate, were the night
too late
To undo the work of the morn!

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

BECAUSE in a day of my days to
come
There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my
lips be dumb
In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
Like a pulse-beat threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare
refrain

From delight in the pure and true ?

In the harvest fields shall I cease to
glean

Since the summer bloom has sped ?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noon-
day sheen [fled ?

Since the dew of the morn hath

Nay, phantom ill with the warning
hand

Nay, ghosts of the weary past,

Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand,
You may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may
fall,

But as bright the sun shall shine,
For I walk in a light ye cannot
pall,

The light of the King Divine.

And whatever the shades from day to
day,

I am sure that His name is Love,
And He never will let me lose my
way

To my rest in His home above.

EPES SARGENT.

SOUL OF MY SOUL.

SOUL of my soul, impart
Thy energy divine!
Inform and fill this languid heart,
And make Thy purpose mine.
Thy voice is still and small,
The world's is loud and rude;
Oh, let me hear Thee over all,
And be, through love, renewed.

Give me the mind to seek
Thy perfect will to know;
And lead me, tractable and meek,
The way I ought to go.
Make quick my spirit's ear
Thy faintest word to hear;
Soul of my soul! be ever near
To guide me in my need.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abaft,
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free;—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come
down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters
rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

FORGET ME NOT.

"FORGET me not?" Ah, words of
useless warning
To one whose heart is henceforth
memory's shrine!
Sooner the skylark might forget the
morning,
Than I forget a look, a tone of
thine.

Sooner the sunflower might forget
to waken
When the first radiance lights the
eastern hill,
Than I, by daily thoughts of thee
forsaken,
Feel, as they kindle, no expanding
thrill.

Oft, when at night the deck I'm pac-
ing lonely
Or when I pause to watch some
fulgent star,
Will Contemplation be retracing only
Thy form, and fly to greet thee,
though afar.

When storms unleashed, with fearful
clangor sweeping,
Drive our strained bark along the
hollowed sea,
When to the clouds the foam-topped
waves are leaping,
Even then I'll not forget, beloved
one, thee!

Thy image in my sorrow-shaded
hours,
Will, like a sunburst on the waters,
shine; [flowers
'Twill be as grateful as the breath of
From some green island wafted
o'er the brine.

And O sweet lady, when, from home
departed,
I count the leagues between us with
a sigh, —
When, at the thought, perchance a
tear has started,
May I not dream in heart thou'rt
sometimes nigh?

Ay, thou wilt, sometimes, when the
wine-cup passes,
And friends are gathering round in
festal glee,
While bright eyes flash, as flash the
brimming glasses,
Let silent Memory pledge one
health to me.

Farewell! My fatherland is disap-
pearing [sight;
Faster and faster from my bailed

The winds rise wildly, and thick
clouds are rearing
Their ebon flags, that hasten on
the night,

Farewell! The pilot leaves us; sea-
ward gliding,
Our brave ship dashes through the
foamy swell;
But Hope, forever faithful and abid-
ing,
Hears distant welcomes in this last
farewell!

A THOUGHT OF THE PAST.

I WAKED from slumber at the dead
of night,
Moved by a dream too heavenly
fair to last —
A dream of boyhood's season of de-
light;
It flashed along the dim shapes of
the past;
And, as I mused upon its strange
appeal,
Thrilling me with emotions unde-
fined,
Old memories, bursting from Time's
icy seal,
Rushed, like sun-stricken fountains
on my mind.
Scenes where my lot was cast in life's
young day;
My favorite haunts, the shores, the
ancient woods,
Where, with my schoolmates, I was
wont to stray;
Green, sloping lawns, majestic soli-
tudes —
All rose to view, more beautiful than
then; —
They faded, and I wept — a child
again!

THE SPRING-TIME WILL RETURN.

THE birds are mute, the bloom is fled,
Cold, cold, the north winds blow;
And radiant summer lieth dead
Beneath a shroud of snow.
Sweet summer! well may we regret
Thy brief, too brief sojourn;

But, while we grieve, we'll not forget,
The spring-time will return!

Dear friend, the hills rise bare and
bleak

That bound thy future years;
Clouds veil the sky, no golden streak,
No rainbow light appears;
Mischance has tracked thy fairest
schemes,

To wreck—to whelm—to burn;
But wintry-dark though Fortune
seems,

The spring-time will return!

Beloved one! where no sunbeams
shine

Thy mortal frame we laid;
But oh, thy spirit's form divine
Waits no sepulchral shade!

No, by those hopes which, plumed
with light,

The sod, exulting, spurn,
Love's paradise shall bloom more
bright—

The Spring-time will return!

A SUMMER NOON AT SEA.

A HOLY stillness, beautiful and deep,
Reigns in the air and broods upon
the ocean;

The worn-out winds are quieted to
sleep,

And not a wave is lifted into mo-
tion.

The sea-bird skims along the glassy
tide,

With sidelong flight and wing of
glittering whiteness,

Or floats upon the sea, outstretching
wide

A sheet of gold in the meridian
brightness.

Our vessel lies, unstirred by wave or
blast,

As she were moored to her dark
shadow seeming,

Her pennon twined around the taper-
ing mast,
And her loose sails like marble
drapery gleaming.

How, at an hour like this, the unruf-
fled mind

Partakes the quiet that is shed
around us!

As if the Power that chained the im-
patient wind

With the same fetter of repose had
bound us!

TROPICAL WEATHER.

Now we're afloat upon the tropic sea:
Here Summer holdeth a perpetual
reign.

How flash the waters in their bound-
ing glee!

The sky's soft purple is without a
stain.

Full in our wake the smooth, warm
trade-winds blowing,

To their unvarying goal still faith-
ful run;

And, as we steer, with sails before
them flowing,

Nearer the zenith daily climbs the
sun,

The startled flying-fish around us
skim,

Glossed like the humming-bird,
with rainbow dyes;

And, as they dip into the water's
brim,

Swift in pursuit the preying dol-
phin hies.

All, all is fair; and gazing round, we
feel

Over the yielding sense the torrid
languor steal.

CUBA.

WHAT sounds arouse me from my
slumbers light?

"Land ho! all hands, ahoy!"

—I'm on the deck:

'Tis early dawn: the day-star yet is
bright;

A few white vapory bars the zenith
fleck;
And lo! along the horizon, bold and
high,
The purple hills of Cuba! Hail, all
hail!
Isle of undying verdure, with thy
sky
Of purest azure! Welcome, odor-
ous gale!

O scene of life and joy! thou art
arrayed
In hues of unimagined loveliness.
Sing louder, brave old mariner! and
aid
My swelling heart its rapture to
express; [more
For, from enchanted memory, never
Shall fade this dawn sublime, this
fair, resplendent shore.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

PESCADERO PEBBLES.

WHERE slopes the beach to the set-
ting sun,
On the Pescadero shore,
For ever and ever the restless surf
Rolls up with its sullen roar.

And grasping the pebbles in white
hands,
And chafing them together,
And grinding them against the cliffs
In stormy and sunny weather,

It gives them never any rest;
All day, all night, the pain
Of their long agony sobs on,
Sinks, and then swells again.

And tourists come from every clime
To search with eager care,
For those whose rest has been the
least:

For such have grown most fair.

But yonder, round a point of rock,
In a quiet, sheltered cove,
Where storm ne'er breaks, and sea
ne'er comes,
The tourists never rove.

The pebbles lie 'neath the sunny sky
Quiet forevermore;
In dreams of everlasting peace
They sleep upon the shore.

But ugly, and rough, and jagged still,
Are they left by the passing years;

For they miss the beat of angry
storms,
And the surf that drips in tears.

The hard turmoil of the pitiless sea
Turns the pebble to beauteous gem,
They who escape the agony
Miss also the diadem.

LIFE IN DEATH.

New being is from being ceased;
No life is but by death;
Something's expiring everywhere
To give some other breath.

There's not a flower that glads the
spring
But blooms upon the grave
Of its dead parent seed, in which
Its forms of beauty wave.

The oak, that like an ancient tower
Stands massive on the heath,
Looks out upon a living world.
But strikes its roots in death.

The cattle on a thousand hills
Clip the sweet buds that grow
Rank from the soil enriched by herds
Sleeping long years below.

To-day is but a structure built
Upon dead yesterday;
And Progress hews her temple-stones
From wrecks of old decay.

Then mourn not death; 'tis but a stair
Built with divinest art,
Up which the deathless footsteps
climb
Of loved ones who depart.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

THERE'S never an always cloudless
sky,
There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie
In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhuing the day,
And flung its shadows down,
But on the heaven-side gleamed some
ray
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side;
Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east-winds blow
From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting
sun,

When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dim,
And the golden light stream
through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will
make

Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
Where shine the eternal stars.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE OLD MAN'S MOTTO.

"GIVE me a motto," said a youth
To one whom years had rendered
wise;

"Some pleasant thought, or weighty
truth,

That briefest syllables comprise;
Some word of warning or of cheer
To grave upon my signet here.

"And, reverend father," said the
boy,

"Since life, they say, is ever made
A mingled web of grief and joy;
Since cares may come and pleas-
ures fade, —

Pray, let the motto have a range
Of meaning matching every change."

"Sooth!" said the sire, "methinks
you ask

A labor something over-nice,
That well a finer brain might task.

What think you, lad, of this device
(Older than I, though I am gray).

'Tis simple, — 'This will pass away.'

"When wafted on by Fortune's
breeze,

In endless peace thou seem'st to
glide,

Prepare betimes for rougher seas,
And check the boast of foolish
pride;

Though smiling joy is thine to-day,
Remember, 'This will pass away!'

"When all the sky is draped in black,
And, beaten by tempestuous gales,

Thy shuddering ship seems all a-
wrack,

Then trim again thy tattered sails;
To grim Despair be not a prey;
Bethink thee, 'This will pass away.'

"Thus, O my son, be not o'er-proud,
Nor yet cast down; judge thou
aright;

When skies are clear, expect the
cloud;

In darkness, wait the coming light;
Whatever be thy fate to-day,
Remember, 'This will pass away!'"

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away;
 My nights are blest with sweetest
 sleep;
 I feel no symptoms of decay;
 I have no cause to mourn nor weep;
 My foes are impotent and shy;
 My friends are neither false nor
 cold,
 And yet, of late, I often sigh, —
 I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
 My growing thirst for early news,
 My growing apathy to rhymes,
 My growing love of easy shoes,
 My growing hate of crowds and noise,
 My growing fear of taking cold,
 All whisper, in the plainest voice,
 I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
 I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
 I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
 I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
 I'm growing careless of my dress;
 I'm growing frugal of my gold;
 I'm growing wise; I'm growing, —
 yes, —
 I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;
 I see it in my changing hair;
 I see it in my growing waist;
 I see it in my growing hair;
 A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
 As plain as truth was ever told,
 That, even in my vaunted youth
 I'm growing old.

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
 The tale in my reluctant ears,
 And every boon the Hours bequeath
 But makes me debtor to the Years!
 E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
 The secret she would fain withhold,
 And tells me in "How young you
 are!"
 I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years! — whose rapid
 flight
 My sombre Muse too sadly sings;

Thanks for the gleams of golden
 light
 That tint the darkness of their
 wings;
 The light that beams from out the
 sky,
 Those heavenly mansions to unfold
 Where all are blest, and none may
 sigh,
 "I'm growing old!"

SOMEWHERE.

SOMEWHERE — somewhere a happy
 clime there is,
 A land that knows not unavailing
 woes,
 Where all the clashing elements of
 this
 Discordant scene are hushed in
 deep repose.
 Somewhere — somewhere (ah me,
 that land to win!)
 In some bright realm, beyond the
 farthest main,
 Where trees of knowledge bear no
 fruit of sin,
 And buds of pleasure blossom not in
 pain.
 Somewhere — somewhere an end of
 mortal strife
 With our immortal yearnings; nev-
 ermore
 The outer warring with the inner life
 Till both are wretched! Ah, that
 happy shore!
 Where shines for aye the soul's reful-
 gent sun,
 And life is love, and love and joy are
 one!

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

BENEATH the hill you may see the
 mill
 Of wasting wood and crumbling
 stone;
 The wheel is dripping and clattering
 still,
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and
 gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter
weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the
gate,
And mill and miller grew old to-
gether.

"Little Jerry!" — 'twas all the
same, —
They loved him well who called
him so;
And whether he'd ever another name,
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas, "Little Jerry, come grind my
rye";
And "Little Jerry, come grind my
wheat";
And "Little Jerry" was still the
cry,
From matron bold and maiden
sweet.

'Twas, "Little Jerry" on every
tongue,
And so the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was
young,
And Jerry was little when he was
old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as
long.

Always busy, and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may
know;
One autumn day the rumor came,
"The brook and Jerry are very
low."

And then 'twas whispered, mourn-
fully,
The leech had come, and he was
dead;

And all the neighbors flocked to see;
"Poor little Jerry!" was all they
said.

They laid him in his earthly bed, —
His miller's coat his only shroud;
"Dust to dust," the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill.
Of wasting wood and crumbling
stone; [still,
The wheel is dripping and clattering
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and
gone.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

A MADRIGAL.

I KNOW a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow;
She lives, — ah! well,
I must not tell, —
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less
One little tress. —
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue!)
And dazzling in their glow;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam, —
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely wed,
Like roses ere they blow;
What lover sips
Those dewy lips, —
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies fair
When lilies fairest grow;
Whose hand they press
With fond caress, —
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snow-flakes on the snow;
And where it goes
Beneath the rose, —
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name
That language can bestow.
'Twould break the spell
If I should tell, —
Wouldn't you like to know?

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

EVERY coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished, upon earth,
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth;
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase were but
small;

It has perished with the using;
We have had it, — that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again
(Though our avarice may blind us),
We have gathered quite in vain;
Since we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in other worlds expect it;
What we hoarded, we have lost.

But each merciful oblation —
(Seed of pity wisely sown),
What we gave in self-negation,
We may safely call our own;
For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in Heaven
What is lent unto the Lord!

TO MY LOVE.

"Da mi basia." — CATULLUS.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me
low;

Malice has ever a vigilant ear;
What if Malice were lurking near?
Kiss me, dear!

Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Envy too has a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear!

Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Trust me, darling, the time is near
When we may love with never a
fear;
Kiss me, dear!

Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *The Lady of the Lake*.]

SUMMER DAWN AT LOCH KATRINE.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine
blue;

Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the
trees,

And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;

In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Beggemmed with dew-drops, led her
fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain
side,
The torrent showed its glistening
pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;



A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

VOYAGE
JOURNAL

The blackbird and the speckled thrush
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush:
 In answer cooed the cushat dove
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

[From *The Lady of the Lake*.]

A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire,
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path in shadow

hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass,
 Huge as the tower which builders vain

Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
 The rocky summit, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles

bare,
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,

Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,

The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child,

Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
 The primrose pale and violet flower,
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower;

Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,

Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain

The weather-beaten crags retain.

With boughs that quaked at every breath,

Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;

Aloft the ash and warrior oak

Cast anchor in the rifted rock;

And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,

Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,

His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.

Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,

Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view

The summer heaven's delicious blue;

So wondrous wild, the whole might seem

The scenery of a fairy dream.

[From *The Lady of the Lake*.]

A PICTURE OF ELLEN.

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace

A Nymph, a Nalad, or a Grace,

Of finer form, or lovelier face!

What though the sun, with ardent frown,

Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown, —

The sportive toll, which, short and light,

Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show

Short glimpses of a breast of snow:

What though no rule of courtly grace

To measured mood had trained her pace, —

A foot more light, a step more true,

Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,

Elastic from her airy tread;

What though upon her speech there
hung
The accents of her mountain
tongue, —
Those silver sounds so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

[From *The Lady of the Lake*.]

PATERNAL LOVE.

SOME feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than
heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and
clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]

MELROSE ABBEY BY MOON-
LIGHT.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose
aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in
night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers
white;
When the cold light's uncertain
shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alter-
nately,
Seem framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to
live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead
man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]

LOVE.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's
reed;
In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the
grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is
love.

True love's the gift which God has
given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted
fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire.
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to
mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]

BREATHES THERE THE MAN.

BREATHES there the man, with soul
so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign
strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him
well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his
name, [claim;
Boundless his wealth as wish can
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he
sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy
 wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!
 Still, as I view each well-known
 scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath
 been,
 Seems, as to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams
 were left;
 And thus I love them better still
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's stream still let me
 stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble
 way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick
 break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek;
 Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The bard may draw his parting
 groan.

[From *Ivanhoe*.]

REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered
 keen,
 And Zion's daughters poured their
 lays, [tween.
 With priest's and warrior's voice be-
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
 Our fathers would not know Thy
 ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their
 own.

But present still, though now un-
 seen!

When brightly shines the prosper-
 ous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.

And, oh, when stoops on Judah's
 path

In shade and storm the frequent
 night,

Be Thou, long suffering, slow to
 wrath,

A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's
 scorn;

No censor round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and
 horn.

But Thou hast said, The blood of
 goat,

The flesh of rams I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

[From *Redgauntlet*.]

PAYMENT IN STORE.

As lords their laborers' hire delay,
 Fate quits our toil with hopes to
 come,

Which, if far short of present pay,
 Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer,
 then,

Although a distant date be given;
 Despair is treason towards men,
 And blasphemy to Heaven.

[From *The Betrothed*.]

FAITH IN UNFAITH.

WOMAN's faith and woman's trust —
 Write the characters in dust:
 Stamp them on the running stream,
 Print them on the moon's pale beam,
 And each evanescent letter
 Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
 And more permanent, I ween,
 Than the thing those letters mean.

I have strained the spider's thread
 'Gainst the promise of a maid;
 I have weighed a grain of sand
 'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
 I told my true love of the token
 How her faith proved light and her
 word was broken;
 Again her word and truth she plight,
 And I believed them again ere night.

WANDERING WILLIE.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that
 you left me,
 And climbed the tall vessel to sail
 yon high sea;
 O weary betide it! I wandered beside
 it,
 And bann'd it for parting my
 Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou followed
 thy fortune,
 Oft fought the squadrons of France
 and of Spain;
 Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at
 parting,
 Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the
 winds they were wailing,
 I sat on the beach wi' the tear in
 my ee,
 And thought of the bark where my
 Willie was sailing,
 And wished that the tempest could
 a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at
 her moorings,
 Now that my wanderer's in safety
 at hame,
 Music to me were the wildest winds'
 roaring,
 That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the
 dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and
 the guns they did rattle,
 And blithe was each heart for the
 great victory, [battle,
 In secret I wept for the dangers of
 And thy glory itself was scarce com-
 fort for me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I ea-
 gerly listen,
 Of each bold adventure, and every
 brave scar;
 And trust me, I'll smile, though my
 een they may glisten;
 For sweet after danger's the tale of
 the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's
 distance 'tween lovers,
 When there's naething to speak to
 the heart thro' the ee;
 How often the kindest and warmest
 prove rovers,
 And the love of the faithfulest ebbs
 like the sea.

Till, at times — could I help it? — I
 pined and I pondered
 If love could change notes like the
 bird on the tree —
 Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may
 have wandered,
 Enough, thy leal heart has been
 constant to me.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW
 HILL.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
 In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
 The western wind is hush and still,
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
 Yet not the landscape to mine eye
 Bears those bright hues that once
 it bore;
 Though evening, with her richest dye,
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's
 shore.

With listless look along thy plain,
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,
 And coldly mark the holy fane
 Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the
 tree, —
 Are they still such as once they were?
 Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
 How can it bear the painter's dye!
 The harp of strained and tuneless
 chord,
 How to the minstrel's skill reply!
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
 To feverish pulse each gale blows
 chill;
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers
 Were barren as this moorland hill.

THE VIOLET.

THE violet in her greenwood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazels
 mingle,
 May boast itself the fairest flower
 In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
 Beneath the dewdrop's weight re-
 clinning;
 I've seen an eye of lovelier hue,
 More sweet through watery lustre
 shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
 Ere yet the day be past its mor-
 row;
 Nor longer in my false love's eye
 Remained the tear of parting sor-
 row.

HELVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the
 mighty Helvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me
 gleamed misty and wide;
 All was still, save by fits, when the
 eagle was yelling,
 And starting around me the echoes
 replied.
 On the right, Striden-edge round the
 Red-tarn was bending,
 And Catchedicam its left verge was
 defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the front
 was ascending,
 When I marked the sad spot where
 the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot 'mid the
 brown mountain-heather,
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay
 stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast aban-
 doned to weather,
 Till the mountain winds wasted the
 tenantless clay.
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely
 extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute fa-
 vorite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her mas-
 ter defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the
 raven away.

How long didst thou think that his
 silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment,
 how oft didst thou start?
 How many long days and long weeks
 didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend
 of thy heart?
 And, oh! was it meet, that — no re-
 quiem read o'er him —
 No mother to weep, and no friend to
 deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone
 stretched before him —
 Unhonored the pilgrim from life
 should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peas-
 ant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the
 dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin
 is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the can-
 opied pall:
 Through the courts, at deep midnight,
 the torches are gleaming;
 In the proudly-arched chapel the
 banners are beaming,
 Far adown the long aisles sacred
 music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people
 should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of
 nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek
 mountain lamb,

When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature, And draws his last sob by the side of his dam. And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,	Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying, With one faithful friend but to wit- ness thy dying, In the arms of Helvellyn and Cat- chedicam.
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EMILY SEAEVER.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

AND was it not enough that, meekly growing, In lack of all things wherein plants delight, Cool dews, rich soil, and gentle show- ers refreshing, It yet could blossom into beauty bright ? In the hot desert, in the rocky crevice, By dusty waysides, on the rubbish heap, Where'er the Lord appoints, it smiles, believing That where He planteth, He will surely keep ! Nay, this is not enough, the fierce sirocco Must root it up, and sweep it from its home, [desert, And bear it miles away, across the Then fling it, ruthless, on the white sea-foam. Do they thus end, those lives of pa- tient duty, That grow, through every grief and pain more fair. — Are they thus cast aside, at length, forgotten ? Ah no ! my story is not ended there. Those roots upon the waves of ocean floating, That in their desert homes no mois- ture knew,	Now, at the fount their life-long thirst are quenching, Whence rise the gentle showers, the nightly dew. They drink the quickening streams through every fibre, Until with hidden life each seed shall swell ; Then come the winds of God, his word fulfilling, And bear them back, where He shall please, to dwell. Thus live meek spirits, duly schooled to duty, — The whirlwind storm may sweep them from their place ; What matter if by this affliction driven Straight to their God, the fountain of all grace ? And when, at length, the final trial cometh, Though hurled to unknown worlds, they shall not die ; Borne not by winds of wrath, but God's own angels, They feed upon His love and dwell beneath His eye. Till by the angel of the resurrection, One awful blast through heaven and earth be blown ; Then soul and body, met no more to sunder, That all God's ways are true and just shall own !
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HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sigh-
ing

For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee
lying,

Offers up its low, perpetual hymn ?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle
teaching,

All thy restless yearnings it would
still,

Leaf and flower and laden bee are
preaching,

Thine own sphere, though humble,
first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around
thee

Thou no ray of light and joy canst
throw, [thee

If no silken cord of love hath bound
To some little world through weal

and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can
brighten.

No fond voices answer to thine own,

If no brother's sorrow thou canst
lighten

By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that gain the world's
applauses,

Not by works that win thee world
renown,

Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the im-
mortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and
lonely,

Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving

only,

And truly loving, thou canst truly
live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning
When all Nature hails the lord of

light,

And his smile, nor low nor lofty
scorning,

Gladdens hall and hovel, vale and
height ?

Other hands may grasp the field and
forest,

Proud proprietors in pomp may
shine,

But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier, — all the world

is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains
thou rovest,

Sighing that they are not thine
alone,

Not those fair fields, but thyself thou
lovest,

And their beauty and thy wealth
are gone.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[From *As You Like It*.]

LIFE'S THEATRE.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely
 players;
 They have their exits and their en-
 trances,
 And one man in his time plays many
 parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first
 the infant, [arms.
 Mewling and puking in his nurse's
 And then, the whining school-boy,
 with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping
 like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then,
 the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful
 ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then,
 the soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded
 like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick
 in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And
 then, the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon
 lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal
 cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern in-
 stances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth
 age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloen,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch
 on side;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world
 too wide
 For his shrunk shanks; and his big
 manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish
 treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last
 scene of all
 That ends this strange eventful his-
 tory,

Is second childishness, and mere o-
 livion:
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
 everything.

[From *As You Like It*.]

INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude!
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the
 green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most
 loving mere folly:
 Then heigh-ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot!
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 "Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho, &c."

[From *Hamlet*.]

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

To BE, or not to be, that is the ques-
 tion —
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to
 suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous
 fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of
 troubles,
 And, by opposing end them? To
 die — to sleep — [end
 No more; and by a sleep to say we
 The heartache, and the thousand
 natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to! — 'tis a con-
 summation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die — to
 sleep —

To sleep!—perchance to dream!—
 ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death, what
 dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal
 coil,
 Must give us pause—there's the
 respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and
 scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud
 man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's
 delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy
 takes,
 When he himself might his *quietus*
 make
 With a bare bodkin! Who would
 fardels bear, [life,
 To groan and sweat under a weary
 But that the dread of something after
 death—
 That undiscovered country from
 whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the
 will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills
 we have, [of ?
 Than fly to others that we know not
 Thus conscience does make cowards
 of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
 thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and
 moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn
 awry,
 And lose the name of action.

[From *Hamlet*.]

**GOOD COUNSEL OF POLONIUS TO
 LAERTES.**

BE thou familiar, but by no means
 vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their
 adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks
 of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with enter-
 tainment
 Of each new-hatched, unpledged com-
 rade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware
 of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few
 thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but re-
 serve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not
 gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank
 and station,
 Are most select and generous, chief
 in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and
 friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-
 bandry.
 This above all.—To thine own self
 be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the
 day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any
 man!

[From *The Merchant of Venice*.]

FALSE APPEARANCES.

THE world is still deceived with
 ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and cor-
 rupt,
 But being seasoned with a gracious
 voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In re-
 ligion,
 What damned error, but some sober
 brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a
 text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair orna-
 ment?
 There is no voice so simple, but as-
 sumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward
 parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are
 all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their
chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning
Mars;
Who, inward searched, have livers
white as milk!
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on
beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by
the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in
nature,
Making them lightest that wear most
of it.
So are those crispèd, snaky, golden
locks,
Which make such wanton gambols
with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled
shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beautiful
scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning
times put on
To entrap the wisest.

[From *The Merchant of Venice*.]

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from
heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice
blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him
that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his
crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal
power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear
of kings.
But mercy is above the sceptred
sway;

It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show
likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

[From *Troilus and Cressida*.]

CONSTANT EFFORT NECESSARY
TO SUPPORT FAME.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at
his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster for ingrati-
tudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past:
which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as
soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: To have done,
is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty
mail
In monumental mockery. Take the
instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep
then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. If you give
way.
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-
right,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush
by,
And leave you hindmost; —
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first
rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject
rear,
O'errun and trampled on. Then what
they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must
o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest
by the hand;
And with his arms outstretched, as
he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever
smiles

And farewell goes out sighing. O,
 let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in
 service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are sub-
 jects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole
 world kin, —
 That all with one consent, praise new-
 born gauds,
 Though they are made and moulded
 of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present
 object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and
 complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship
 Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch
 the eye
 Than what not stirs.

[From *Henry VIII.*]

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my
 greatness!
 This is the state of man: To-day he
 puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow
 blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick
 upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing
 frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man,
 full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his
 root
 And then he falls as I do. I have
 ventured,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on
 bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of
 glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-
 blown pride

At length broke under me; and now
 has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the
 mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever
 hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I
 hate ye!

[From *Measure for Measure.*]

FEAR OF DEATH.

AY, but to die, and go we know not
 where;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted
 spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed
 ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless
 winds,
 And blown with restless violence
 round about
 The pendent world: or to be worse
 than worst
 Of those, that lawless and incertain
 thoughts
 Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed
 worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and impris-
 onment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death!

[From *The Tempest.*]

END OF ALL EARTHLY GLORY.

OUR revels now are ended: these our
 actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits,
 and
 Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this
 vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous
 palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe
 itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve:
 And, like this insubstantial pageant
 faded,
 Leave not a rack behind! We are
 such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little
 life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

[From *Cymbeline*.]

FEAR NO MORE.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done.
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy
 wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat,
 To thee the reed is as the oak.
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must,
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash,
 Thou hast finished joy and moan.
 All lovers young, all lovers must,
 Consign to thee, and come to dust,

[From *Venus and Adonis*.]

THE HORSE OF ADONIS.

Look, when a painter would surpass
 the life,
 In limning out a well-proportioned
 steed,
 His art with Nature's workmanship
 at strife,
 As if the dead the living should ex-
 ceed:
 So did this horse excel a common
 one
 In shape, in courage, color, pace and
 bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks
 shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eyes, small head,
 and nostrils wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs,
 and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock,
 tender hide:
 Look, what a horse should have, he
 did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a
 back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and then
 he stares;
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather,
 To bid the wind a base he now pre-
 pares
 And whe'r he run, or fly, they know
 not whether.
 For through his mane and tail the
 high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, which wave like
 feathered wings.

*LOVE, THE SOLACE OF PRESENT
 CALAMITY.*

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and
 men's eyes,
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my
 bootless cries, [fate,
 And look upon myself, and curse my
 Wishing me like to one more rich in
 hope,
 Featured like him, like him with
 friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art, and that
 man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented
 least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost
 despising,
 Haply I think on thee, — and then
 my state [ing
 (Like to the lark at break of day aris-
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at
 heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered,
 such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my
 state with kings.

*LOVE, THE RETRIEVER OF PAST
LOSSES.*

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent
thought
I summon up remembrance of things
past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I
sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear
time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused
to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's
dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since
cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a
vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-
gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er,
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd
moan.
Which I new pay as if not paid be-
fore.
But if the while I think on thee,
dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows
end.

*NO SPRING WITHOUT THE BE-
LOVED.*

FROM you have I been absent in the
spring,
When proud pied April, dressed in
all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every
thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and
leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the
sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in
hue,
Could make me any summer's story
tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them
where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the
rose;

They were but sweet, but figures of
delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all
those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you
away,
As with your shadow I with these
did play.

LOVE UNALTERABLE.

LET me not to the marriage of true
minds
Admit impediments. Love is not
love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to re-
move:
O no! It is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never
shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although
his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy
lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass
come;
Love alters not with his brief hours
and weeks
But bears it out e'en to the edge of
doom.
If this be error, and upon me
proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever
loved.

TO MY SOUL.

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful
earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that
thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suf-
fer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly
gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a
lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion
spend?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy
 body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store:

Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

One word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it,
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the heavens reject not:
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix forever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle,—
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart [art.
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is
 just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy
 shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
 there

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud.
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and
 heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain
 of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it
 heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace-tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which
 overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which
 screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet
 these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy
 music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture
 so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some
 hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or moun-
 tains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what
 ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's
 sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such
 a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell
 of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever
 should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner
 of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am
 listening now.

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory,—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art
gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves
are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of
deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human
tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy
ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for
more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in
storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of
light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

DEATH.

DEATH is here, and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above, is death,—and we are death.

First our pleasures die,—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears,—and
when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust,—and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot,—
Love itself would, did they not.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirst-
ing flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves
when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews
that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their moth-
er's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains be-
low,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow
white,
While I sleep in the arms of the
blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey
bowers,
Lightning, my pilot sits,
In a cavern under, is fettered the
thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle
motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the geni that
move

In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the
hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain
or stream,

The spirit he loves, remains;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's
blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his me-
teor eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines
dead.

As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and
swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from
the lit sea beneath,

Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,

With wings folded I rest, on mine
airy nest,

As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire
laden,

Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like
floor,

By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen
feet,

Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my
tent's thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and
peer;

And I laugh to see them whirl and
flee,

Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-
built tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and
seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through
me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and
these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burn-
ing zone, | pearl;
And the moon's with a girdle of
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars
reel and swim,

When the whirlwinds my banner
unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-
like shape,

Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I
march,

With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are
chained to my chair,

Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors
wove,

While the moist earth was laugh-
ing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:

I pass through the pores of the ocean
and shores;

I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never
a stain,

The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with
their convex gleams,

Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a
ghost from the tomb,

I arise and unbuild it again.

FROM "THE SENSITIVE-PLANT."

A SENSITIVE-plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with sil-
ver dew,

And it opened its fan-like leaves to
the light,

And closed them beneath the kisses
of night.

And the spring arose on the garden
fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell every-
where;
And each flower and herb on Earth's
dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry
rest.

But none ever trembled and panted
with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wil-
derness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's
sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive-plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm
rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with
fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the
instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the
tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them
all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the
stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear love-
liness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and pas-
sion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells
is seen
Through their pavilions of tender
green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white,
and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet
peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and in-
tense,
It was felt like an odor within the
sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the
bath address,
Which unveiled the depth of her
glowing breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting
air
The soul of her beauty and love lay
bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted
up,
As a Maenad, its moonlight-colored
cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the
tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the
sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that
blows;
And all rare blossoms from every
clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant
bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embow-
ering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting
through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did
glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and
radiance.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers,—as an infant's awaken-
ing eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing
sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken
it,—

When heaven's blithe winds had un-
folded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden
gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every
one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle
sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and
love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual
atmosphere.

But the sensitive-plant, which could
give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the
leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more
than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could be-
long to the giver,—

For the sensitive-plant has no bright
flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like love, its deep heart
is full, [ful!
It desires what it has not, the beauti-

FROM "TO A LADY WITH A
GUITAR."

THE artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree,—
O that such our death may be!—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:
From which, beneath heaven's fair-
est star,

The artist wrought this loved guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamored tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voiced fountains;

The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing
dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way,—
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our beloved friend alone.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its
flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,
That it will be *good* night.

To hearts which near each other
move [light,
From evening close to morning
The night is good; because, my love,
They never *say* good-night.

MUTABILITY.

WE are as clouds that veil the mid-
night moon;
How restlessly they speed, and
gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly!—
yet soon
Night closes round, and they are
lost forever:

<p>Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings Give various response to each varying blast, To whose frail frame no second motion brings One mood or modulation like the last.</p> <p>We rest — a dream has power to poison sleep: We rise — one wandering thought pollutes the day;</p>	<p>We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep; Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away.</p> <p>It is the same! — For, be it joy or sorrow, The path of its departure still is free; Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow; Naught may endure but mutability.</p>
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WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

STANZAS FROM "THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS."

<p>IN every village marked with little spire, Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame, There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire, A matron old, whom we school-mistress name; Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame; They grieven sore, in piteous dur- ance pent, Awed by the power of this relent- less dame; And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent, For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.</p> <p>And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree, Which learning near her little dome did stow; Whilom a twig of small regard to see, Though now so wide its waving branches flow, And work the simple vassals mickle For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew, But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;</p>	<p>And as they looked they found their horror grow, And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.</p> <p>Near to this dome is found a patch so green, On which the tribe their gambols do display; And at the door imprisoning board is seen, Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray; Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day! The noises intermixed, which thence resound, [tray; Do learning's little tenement be- Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.</p> <p>Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow, Emblem right meet of decency does yield: Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow, [field: As is the harebell that adorns the And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined, With dark distrust, and sad re- pentance filled;</p>
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And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;

'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;

'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,

'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare:

And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,

Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;

For they in gaping wonderment abound,

And think no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,

Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;

Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,

Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;

Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:

Nor would esteem him act as mought behove,

Who should not honored eld with these revere:

For never title yet so mean could prove,

But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed;

The plodding pattern of the busy dame:

Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,

Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;

Such favor did her past deportment claim;

And, if neglect had lavished on the ground

Fragments of bread, she would collect the same,

For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,

What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,

Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;

If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,

But in her garden found a summer seat;

Sweet melody to hear her then repeat

How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,

While taunting foemen did a song entreat,

All, for the nonce, untuning every string,

Uphung their useless lyres — small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,

And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;

And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore

The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;

And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;

And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,

That nould on wooden image place her creed;

And lawfully saints in smouldering flames did burn:

Ah! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should ere return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,

By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,

In which, when he receives his diadem,

Our sovereign prince and liege
 liege is placed.
 The matron sate; and some with
 rank she graced.
 (The source of children's and of
 courtiers' pride!)
 Redressed affronts, for vile affronts
 there passed;
 And warned them not the fretful
 to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever
 them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to
 descry;
 To thwart the proud and the sub-
 miss to raise;
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt
 on high,
 And some entice with pittance
 small of praise;
 And other some with baleful sprig
 she frays;
 E'en absent, she the reins of power
 doth hold,
 While with quaint arts, the giddy
 crowd she sways,
 Forewarned, if little bird their
 pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the
 scene unfold.

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and
 din;
 Nor art thou found in mansions
 higher
 Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I
 reign,
 And every health which I begin
 Converts dull port to bright cham-
 pagne!
 Such freedom crowns it at an inn,

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
 I fly from Falsehood's specious grin;
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
 Which lackeys else might hope to
 win;
 It buys what courts have not in store,
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull
 round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 His warmest welcome at an inn.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

[From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*.]

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armor against Fate —
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and
 spade.

Some men with swords may reap the
 field, [kill];
 And plant fresh laurels where they
 But their strong nerves at last must
 yield —

They tame but one another still;
 Early or late
 They stoop to Fate,
 And must give up their murmuring
 breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to
 death.

The garlands wither on your brow —
 Then boast no more your mighty
 deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor-victim bleeds.
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb —
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the
 dust.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

COME, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot
 of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of
 woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's
 release,
 The indifferent judge between the
 high and low!
 With shield of proof, shield me from
 out the prease
 Of those fierce darts, Despair at me
 doth throw:

O make me in those civil wars to
 cease!
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows,
 sweetest bed;
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind
 to light;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head;
 And if these things, as being thine
 by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt
 in me,
 Liveller than elsewhere, Stella's im-
 age see.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE
BODY.

COMPANION dear! the hour draws
 nigh;
 The sentence speeds — *to die, to die*.
 So long in mystic union held,
 So close with strong embrace com-
 pelled,
 How canst thou bear the dread de-
 cree,
 That strikes thy clasping nerves from
 me?
 To Him who on this mortal shore,
 The same encircling vestment wore,
 To Him I look, to Him I bend,
 To Him thy shuddering frame com-
 mend,
 If I have ever caused thee pain,
 The throbbing breast, the burning
 brain,
 With cares and vigils turned thee
 pale,
 And scorned thee when thy strength
 did fail —
 Forgive! — Forgive! — thy task doth
 cease,
 Friend! Lover! — let us part in peace.
 If thou didst sometimes check my
 force,
 Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,

Or lure from Heaven my wavering
 trust,
 Or bow my drooping wing to dust —
 I blame thee not, the strife is done,
 I knew thou wert the weaker one,
 The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
 Constrained to hold the breath of
 God.

— Well hast thou in my service
 wrought;
 Thy brow hath mirrored forth my
 thought,
 'To wear my smile thy lip hath glowed,
 Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed;
 Thine ear hath borne me rich sup-
 plies
 Of sweetly varied melodies;
 Thy hands my prompted deeds have
 done,
 Thy feet upon mine errands run;
 Yes, thou hast marked my bidding
 well,
 Faithful and true! farewell, farewell!

Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
 Meek mother Earth with flowers
 shall spread.
 Where I no more thy sleep may break
 With fevered dream, nor rudely wake
 Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,
 For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
 And long thy gasp and groan of pain
 Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
 Though angels urge me hence to soar,
 Where I shall share thine ills no more.
 Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy
 pain
 Remember — we shall meet again.
 Quell with this hope the victor's
 sting,
 And keep it as a signet-ring,
 When the dire worm shall pierce thy
 breast,
 And nought but ashes mark thy rest,
 When stars shall fall, and skies grow
 dark,
 And proud suns quench their glow-
 worm spark,
 Keep thou that hope, to light thy
 gloom,
 Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
 —Then shalt thou glorious rise, and
 fair,
 Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
 And I, with hovering wing elate,
 The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
 And breathe the welcome of the sky—
 "No more to part, no more to die,
 Co-heir of Immortality."

BENEVOLENCE.

WHOSE is the gold that glitters in the
 mine?
 And whose the silver? Are they not
 the Lord's?
 And lo! the cattle on a thousand hills,
 And the broad earth with all her
 gushing springs
 Are they not His who made them?

Ye who hold
 Slight tenantry therein, and call your
 lands
 By your own names, and lock your
 gathered gold
 From him who in his bleeding Sa-
 viour's name
 Doth ask a part, whose shall those
 riches be
 When, like the grass-blade from the
 autumn frost,
 Ye fall away?

Point out to me the forms
 That in your treasure-chambers shall
 enact
 Glad mastership, and revel where
 you toiled
 Sleepless and stern. Strange faces
 are they all.
 O man! whose wrinkling labor is
 for heirs
 Thou knowest not who, thou in thy
 mouldering bed,
 Unkenned, unchronicled of them,
 shall sleep;
 Nor will they thank thee, that thou
 didst bereave
 Thy soul of good for them.

Now, thou mayest give
 The famished food, the prisoner
 liberty,
 Light to the darkened mind, to the
 lost soul
 A place in heaven. Take thou the
 privilege
 With solemn gratitude. Speck as
 thou art
 Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult
 To be co-worker with the King of
 kings.

THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
 Who build on the tossing and treach-
 erous main;
 Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye
 mock,
 With your sand-based structures, and
 domes of rock;
 Your columns the fathomless foun-
 tains lave,
 And your arches spring up through
 the crested wave;
 Ye're a puny race, thus boldly to rear
 A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.
 Ye bind the deep with your secret
 zone.
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a
 stone;
 Fresh wreaths from the coral pave-
 ment spring,
 Like the terraced pride of Assyria's
 king:

The turf looks green where the break-
ers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of
gold, [men,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of
And mountains exult where the wave
hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the bil-
lows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the
tentured field;
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the
valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil ere the
flowers are up:
There's a poison drop in man's purest
cup;
There are foes that watch for his cra-
dle breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with
death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are
white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics
bright;

The mermaid hath twisted her fingers
cold

With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls
of gold;
And the gods of ocean have frowned
to see

The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of
glee;

Hath earth no graves? that ye thus
must spread

The boundless sea with the throng-
ing dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not
in;

Like the tribes whom the desert de-
voured in their sin;

From the land of promise, ye fade
and die,

Ere its verdure gleams forth on your
wearied eye.

As the cloud-crowned pyramids'
founders sleep

Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the deso-
late main,

While the wonder and pride of your
works remain.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

PROGRESS IN DENIAL.

"YET, onward still!" the spirit cries
within,

'Tis I that must repay thee. Mor-
tal fame,

If won, is but at best the hollow din,
The vulgar freedom with a mighty
name;

Seek not this music,—ask not this
acclaim,

But in the strife find succor;—for
the toil

Pursued for such false barter ends
in shame,

As certainly as that which seeks but
spoil!

Best recompense he finds, who, to
his task

Brings a proud, patient spirit that
will wait,

Nor for the guerdon stoop, nor vainly
ask

Of fate or fortune,—but with right
good-will, [still,

Go, working on, and uncomplaining
Assured of fit reward, or soon or
late!

SOLACE OF THE WOODS.

WOODS, waters, have a charm to
soothe the ear,

When common sounds have vexed
it. When the day

Grows sultry, and the crowd is in
thy way,

And working in thy soul much coil
and care,—

Betake thee to the forests. In the
shade

Of pines, and by the side of purling streams
 That prattle all their secrets in their dreams,
 Unconscious of a listener,—unafraid;
 Thy soul shall feel their freshening, and the truth
 Of nature then, reviving in thy heart,
 Shall bring thee the best feelings of thy youth,
 When in all natural joys thy joy had part,
 Ere lucre and the narrowing toils of trade
 Had turned thee to the thing thou wast not made.

RECOMPENSE.

Not profitless the game, even when we lose,
 Nor wanting in reward the thankless toil;
 The wild adventure that the man pursues,
 Requires him, though he gather not the spoil:
 Strength follows labor, and its exercise
 Brings independence, fearlessness of ill,—
 Courage and pride,—all attributes we prize;—
 Though their fruits fail, not the less precious still.
 Though fame withholds the trophy of desire,
 And men deny, and the impatient throng
 Grow heedless, and the strains protracted, tire;—
 Not wholly vain the minstrel and the song,
 If, striving to arouse one heavenly tone
 In others' hearts, it wakens up his own.

And this, methinks, were no unseemly boast,
 In him who thus records the experience

Of one, the humblest of that erring host,
 Whose labors have been thought to need defence.
 What though he reap no honors,—what though death
 Rise terrible between him and the wreath,
 That had been his reward, ere, in the dust,
 He too is dust; yet hath he in his heart,
 The happiest consciousness of what is just,
 Sweet, true, and beautiful,—which will not part
 From his possession. In this happy
 He knows that life is lovely,—that all things
 Are sacred;—that the air is full of wings
 Bent heavenward,—and that bliss is born of scath!

HEART ESSENTIAL TO GENIUS.

WE are not always equal to our fate,
 Nor true to our conditions. Doubt and fear
 Beset the bravest in their high career,
 At moments when the soul, no more elate
 With expectation, sinks beneath the time.
 The masters have their weakness. "I would climb,"
 Said Raleigh, gazing on the highest hill,—
 "But that I tremble with the fear to fall!"
 Apt was the answer of the high-souled Queen,—
 "If thy heart fail thee, never climb at all!"
 The heart! if that be sound, confirms the rest,
 Crowns genius with his lion will and mien,
 And, from the conscious virtue in the breast,
 To trembling nature gives both strength and will!

FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH wronged, not harsh my answer! Love is fond,
 Even pained,—and rather to his injury bends,
 Than chooses to make shipwreck of his friends
 By stormy summons. He hath naught beyond
 For consolation, if that these be lost;
 And rather will he hear of fortune crossed,
 Plans baffled, hopes denied,—than take a tone
 Resentful,—with a quick and keen reply
 To hasty passion and impatient eye,
 Such as by noblest natures may be shown,
 When the mood vexes! Friendship is a seed
 Needs tendance. You must keep it free from weed,
 Nor, if the tree has sometimes bitter fruit,
 Must you for this lay axe unto the root.

UNHAPPY CHILDHOOD.

THAT season which all other men regret,
 And strive, with boyish longing, to recall,
 Which love permits not memory to forget,
 And fancy still restores in dreams of all
 That boyhood worshipped, or believed, or knew,—
 Brings no sweet images to me,—was true,
 Only in cold and cloud, in lonely days
 And gloomy fancies,—in defrauded claims,
 Defeated hopes, denied, denying aims;—
 Cheered by no promise,—lighted by no rays,

Warmed by no smile,—no mother's smile,—that smile,
 Of all, best suited sorrow to beguile,
 And strengthen hope, and, by unmarked degrees,
 Encourage to their birth high purposes.

MANHOOD.

MANHOOD at last!—and, with its consciousness,
 Are strength and freedom; freedom to pursue
 The purposes of hope,—the godlike bliss,
 Born in the struggle for the great and true!
 And every energy that should be mine,
 This day, I dedicate to its object,—Life!
 So help me, Heaven, that never I resign
 The duty which devotes me to the strife;
 The enduring conflict which demands my strength,
 Whether of soul or body, to the last;
 The tribute of my years, through all their length;
 The future's compensation to the past!
 Boys' pleasures are for boyhood,—its best cares
 Befit us not in our performing years.

NIGHT-STORM.

THIS tempest sweeps the Atlantic!—Nevasink
 Is howling to the capes! Grim Hatteras cries
 Like thousand damned ghosts, that on the brink
 Lift their dark hands and threaten the threatening skies;
 Surging through foam and tempest, old Román
 Hangs o'er the gulf, and, with his cavernous throat,
 Pours out the torrent of his wolfish note,

And bids the billows bear it where
they can!
Deep calleth unto deep, and, from
the cloud,
Launches the bolt, that, bursting
o'er the sea,
Rends for a moment the thick pitchy
shroud,
And shows the ship the shore be-
neath her lee:
Start not, dear wife, no dangers here
betide,—
And see, the boy still sleeping at
your side!

TRIUMPH.

THE grave but ends the struggle!
Follows then
The triumph, which, superior to
the doom,

Grows lovellest, and looks best, to
mortal men,
Purple in beauty, towering o'er the
tomb!
Oh! with the stoppage of the impul-
sive tide
That vexed the impatient heart
with needful strife,
The soul that is hope's living,
leaps to life,
And shakes her fragrant plumage far
and wide!
Eyes follow then in worship which
but late
Frowned in defiance, — and the
timorous herd, [word,
That sleekly waited for another's
Grow bold, at last, to bring, — obey-
ing fate, —
The tribute of their praise, but late
denied, —
Tribute of homage which is some-
times, — hate!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

[From *Horton*.]

BARBARA.

On the Sabbath-day,
Through the church-yard old and gray,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves I held my rustling way;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balm,
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music — in the mellow organ-calms,
'Mid the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,
I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was elsewhere
While the organ shook the air,
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer;
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine —
Gleamed and vanished in a moment — Oh, that face was surely thine
Out of heaven, Barbara!

O pallid, pallid face!
O earnest eyes of grace!
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist;
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist —
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kissed,
That wild morning, Barbara!

I searched, in my despair,
 Sunny noon and midnight air;
 I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering there.
 Oh, many and many a winter night I sat when you were gone,
 My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone,
 Within the dripping church-yard, the rain plashing on your stone,
 You were sleeping, Barbara!

'Mong angels, do you think
 Of the precious golden link
 I clasped around your happy arm while sitting by yon brink?
 Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and guitars,
 Was emptied of its music, and we watched, through latticed bars,
 The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with its stars,
 Till the day broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed;
 Wild and far my heart hath ranged,
 And many sins and errors now have been on me avenged;
 But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I lacked:
 I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact —
 Your love the trembling rainbow, I the reckless cataract —
 Still I love you, Barbara!

Yet, love, I am unblest;
 With many doubts oppress,
 I wander like a desert wind, without a place of rest.
 Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
 The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death hath told you more
 Than the melancholy world doth know; things deeper than all lore.
 You could teach me, Barbara!

In vain, in vain, in vain!
 You will never come again!
 There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain;
 The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in the tree,
 Round selfish shores forever moans the hurt and wounded sea,
 There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,
 Barbara!

GLASGOW.

<p>SING, poet, 'tis a merry world; That cottage smoke is rolled and curled In sport, that every moss Is happy, every inch of soil; — Before me runs a road of toil With my grave cut across. Sing, trailing showers and breezy downs — I know the tragic hearts of towns.</p>	<p>City! I am true son of thine; Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine Around the bleating pens; Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed, And ne'er upon my childhood weighed The silence of the glens. Instead of shores where ocean beats I hear the ebb and flow of streets.</p>
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Black Labor draws his weary waves
Into their secret moaning caves;

But, with the morning light,
That sea again will overflow
With a long, weary sound of woe,
Again to faint in night.
Wave am I in that sea of woes,
Which, night and morning, ebbs and
flows.

I dwell within a gloomy court,
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
Yet there my heart was stirred —
My very blood did dance and thrill,
When on my narrow window-sill
Spring lighted like a bird.
Poor flowers! I watched them pine
for weeks,
With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

Afar, one summer, I was borne;
Through golden vapors of the morn
I heard the hills of sheep:

I trod with a wild ecstasy
The bright fringe of the living sea:
And on a ruined keep
I sat, and watched an endless plain
Blacken beneath the gloom of rain.

Oh, fair the lightly-sprinkled waste,
O'er which a laughing shower has
raced!

Oh, fair the April shoots!
Oh, fair the woods on summer days,
While a blue hyacinthine haze
Is dreaming round the roots!
In thee, O city! I discern
Another beauty, sad and stern.

Drawthy fiercest streams of blinding ore,
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar

Down to the harbor-bars;
Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
On rainy nights; with street and
square

Lie empty to the stars.
From terrace proud to alley base
I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are
rolled,

Thy smoke is dusky fire;
And, from the glory round thee
poured,

A sunbeam like an angel's sword
Shivers upon a spire.

Thus have I watched thee, Terror!
Dream!
While the blue night crept up the
stream.

The wild train plunges in the hills,
He shrieks across the midnight rills;
Streams through the shifting glare,
The roar and flap of foundry fires,
That shake with light the sleeping
shires;

And on the moorlands bare
He sees afar a crown of light
Hang o'er thee in the hollow night.

At midnight, when thy suburbs lie
As silent as a noonday sky

When larks with heat are mute,
I love to linger on thy bridge,
All lonely as a mountain ridge,
Disturbed but by my foot;
While the black lazy stream beneath
Steals from its far-off wilds of heath.

And through thy heart as through a
dream,
Flows on that black disdainful
stream;

All scornfully it flows,
Between the huddled gloom of masts,
Silent as pines unvexed by blasts —
'Tween lamps in streaming rows,
O wondrous sight! O stream of
dread!

O long, dark river of the dead!

Afar, the banner of the year
Unfurls: but dimly prisoned here,

'Tis only when I greet
A dropt rose lying in my way,
A butterfly that flutters gay
Athwart the noisy street.

I know the happy Summer smiles
Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

'Twere neither prean now, nor dirge,
The flash and thunder of the surge

On flat sands wide and bare;
No haunting joy or anguish dwells
In the green light of sunny dells,
Or in the starry air.

Alike to me the desert flower,
The rainbow laughing o'er the shower

While o'er thy walls the darkness sails,
I lean against the churchyard rails;

Up in the midnight towers
The belfried spire, the street is dead,
I hear in silence overhead

The clang of iron hours:
It moves me not — I know her tomb
Is yonder in the shapeless gloom.

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone:

Of me thou hast become a part —
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy streets of stone;
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar.

The beech is dipped in wine; the
shower
Is burnished; on the swinging flower

The latest bee doth sit
The low sun stares through dust of
gold.

And o'er the darkening heath and
wold

The large ghost-moth doth flit.
In every orchard Autumn stands,
With apples in his golden hands.

But all these sights and sounds are
strange;

Then wherefore from thee should I
range?

Thou hast my kith and kin;
My childhood, youth, and manhood
brave;

Thou hast that unforgotten grave
Within thy central din.

A sacredness of love and death
Dwells in thy noise and smoky
breath.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my humble hearth;
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song most soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a song as I can give.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Thine is but a summer-song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy lay:
Then, insect! let thy simple song
Cheer the winter evening long;
While, secure from every storm,
In my cottage stout and warm,
Thou shalt my merry minstrel be,
And I'll delight to shelter thee.

THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so
lately wove,

Each simple flower which she had
nursed in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell
mildly blue.

No more shall violets linger in the
dell,

Or purple orchis variegate the
plain,

Till Spring again shall call forth every
bell,

And dress with humid hands her
wreaths again.

Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so
fair,

Are the fond visions of thy early
day,

Till tyrant passion and corrosive
care

Bid all thy fairy colors fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers
shall bring;

Ah! why has *Happiness* no second
Spring?

FLORENCE SMITH.

[From Rainbow-Songs.]

THE PURPLE OF THE POET.

PURPLE, the passionate color!
 Purple, the color of pain!
 I clothe myself in the rapture—
 I count the suffering gain!

The sea lies gleaming before me,
 Pale in the smile of the sun—
 No shadow—all golden and azure—
 The joy of the day has begun!

Throbbing and yearning forever,
 With longing unsatisfied, sweet—
 Flushed with the pain and the rapture,
 Warm at the sun-god's feet—

In the glow and gloom of the evening
 The glory is reached—and o'er-
 past;
 Joy's rose-bloom has ripened to purple—
 'Twill fade, but the stars shine at last!

Purple, the passionate color!
 Robbing the martyr, the king—
 Regal in joy and in anguish,
 Life's blossom; with, ah! its sting—

Give me the sovereign color—
 I'll suffer that I may reign!
 The poet's moment of rapture
 Is worth the poet's pain!

[From Rainbow-Songs.]

THE YELLOW OF THE MISER.

THE beautiful color—the color of gold!
 How it sparkles and burns in the piled-up dust!
 The poets! they know not, they never have told
 Of the fadeless color, the color of gold—
 Of my god in whom I trust!
 Deep down in the earth it winds
 and it creeps—

In her sluggish old veins 'tis the warm rich blood—
 The old mother-monster! how soundly she sleeps!
 Come! nearest her heart, where the strong life leaps—
 We drink, we bathe in the flood!

Ah, the far-off days! was I ever a child?
 —My brain is so dark, and my heart has grown cold.
 Those fields where the golden-eyed buttercups smiled
 Long ago—did I love them with heart undefiled?
 Did I seek the flowers for the gold?

Be still! O thou traitor Remorse, at my heart,
 Whining without in the dark at the door—
 I know thee, the beggar and thief that thou art,
 Lying low at my threshold—I bid thee depart!
 Thou shalt dog my footsteps no more.

Wilt thou bring me the faded flowers of my youth—
 With hands full of dead leaves, and lips full of lies—
 For these shall I yield thee my treasure, in sooth?
 Are the buttercup's petals pure gold, say truth!
 Wilt thou coin me the daisy's eyes?

I hate them! the smiling flowers in the sun,
 And the yellow, smooth rays that they feed on at noon—
 'Tis the hard cold gold I will have or none!
 Come, pluck me the stars down, one by one,
 Plant me the pale rich moon!

Ah! the mystical seed, it has grown,
 it has spread!
 — But the sharp star-points they are
 piercing my brow,
 And the rosy home-faces grow livid
 and dead
 In the terrible color the fire-blossoms
 shed —
 I am reaping my harvest in now!

The horrible color — the color of
 flame!
 The hot sun has o'erflowed from his
 broken urn —
 O thou pitiless sky! wilt thou show
 me my shame?
 While the cursèd gold clings to my
 fingers like flame —
 And glitters only to burn!

SOMEBODY OLDER.

How pleasant it is that always
 There's somebody older than you —
 Some one to pet and caress you,
 Some one to scold you too!

Some one to call you a baby,
 To laugh at you when you're wise;
 Some one to care when you're sorry,
 To kiss the tears from your eyes.

When life has begun to be weary,
 And youth to melt like the dew,
 To know, like the little children,
 Somebody's older than you!

The path cannot be so lonely,
 For some one has trod it before;
 The golden gates are the nearer,
 That some one stands at the door!

— I can think of nothing sadder
 Than to feel, when days are few,
 There's nobody left to lean on,
 Nobody older than you!

The younger ones may be tender
 To the feeble steps and slow;
 But they can't talk the old times
 over —
 Alas! how should they know!

'Tis a romance to them — a wonder
 You were ever a child at play;
 But the dear ones waiting in Heaven
 Know it is all as you say.

I know that the great All-Father
 Loves us and the little ones too;
 Keep only child-like hearted —
 Heaven is older than you!

UNREQUITING.

I CANNOT love thee, but I hold thee
 dear —
 Thou must not stay — I cannot bid
 thee go!
 I am so lonely, and the end draws
 near —
 Ah, love me still, but do not tell
 me so!

'Tis but a little longer — keep thy
 faith!
 Though love's last rapture I shall
 never know,
 I fain would trust thee even unto
 death;
 Ah, love me still, but do not tell
 me so!

I am so poor I have no self to give,
 And less than *all* I will not offer,
 no!
 I die, but not for thee — fain would
 I live —
 Ay! love me still, but do not tell
 me so!

Like a strange flower that blossoms
 in the night,
 And dies at dawn, love faded long
 ago —
 Born in a dream it perished with the
 light —
 Lov'st thou me still? Ah, do not
 tell me so!

Let me imagine that thou art my
 friend —
 No less — no more I ask for here
 below!
 Be patient with me even to the end —
 Loving me still, thou wilt not tell
 me so!

Those words were sweet once—never
more again!

—I thought my dream had van-
ished, let it go!

I dreamed of joy—I woke, it turned
to pain—

Ah, love me still, but never tell me

I cannot lose thee yet, so near to
heaven!

There with diviner love all souls
shall glow;

There is no marriage bond, no vows
are given—

Thou'lt love me still, nor need to
tell me so!

Ah! I am selfish, asking even this—
I cannot love thee, nor yet bid thee
go!

To utter love is nigh love's dearest
bliss—

Thou lov'st me still, and dost not
tell me so!

HORACE SMITH.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with
morn to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's
creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars
sprinkle

As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending
lowly

Before the uprisen sun—God's
lidless eye—

Throw from your chalices a sweet and
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied
beauty

The floor of Nature's temple tes-
sellate,

What numerous emblems of instruc-
tive duty

Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral
bell that swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the pass-
ing air,

Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever
ringeth

A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling
arch and column

Attest the feebleness of mortal
hand,

But to that fane, most catholic and
solemn,

Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our
wonder,

Whose quenchless lamps the sun
and moon supply—

Its choir, the winds and waves; its
organ, thunder;

Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I
wander

Through the green aisles, or,
stretched upon the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently pon-
der

The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are
living preachers,

Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a
book,

Supplying to my fancy, numerous
teachers

From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splen-
dor

"Weep without woe, and blush
without a crime,"

O may I deeply learn, and ne'er sur-
render,

Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy
glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes
like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how
transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heav-
enly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's
wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou im-
partest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though
made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by
day and night,
From every source your sanction bids
me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors
hoary
For such a world of thought could
furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like col-
lection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred
in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands
remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or
divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy
ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

AND thou hast walked about, (how
strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand
years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its
glory,
And Time had not begun to over-
throw
Those temples, palaces, and piles
stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremen-
dous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast
acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue — come — let
us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above
ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the
moon —
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied
creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and
limbs, and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst
recollect —
To whom should we assign the
Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his
name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung
by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and for-
bidden
By oath to tell the secret of thy
trade —
Then say what secret melody was
hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sun-
rise played;
Perhaps thou wert a priest — if so,
my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns
its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pin-
ioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh,
glass to glass;
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's
hat;
Or doffed thine own, to let Queen
Dido pass;

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedica-
tion.

I need not ask thee if that hand,
when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and
knuckled;

For thou wert dead, and buried, and
embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been
suckled;

Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop — if that with-
ered tongue

Might tell us what those sightless
orbs have seen —

How the world looked when it was
fresh and young,

And the great Deluge still had left
it green; [pages

Or was it then so old that history's
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep
thy vows;

But prythee tell us something of
thyself —

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-
house;

Since in the world of spirits thou
hast slumbered —

What hast thou seen — what strange
adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box
extended

We have, above ground, seen some
strange mutations;

The Roman empire has begun and
ended —

New worlds have risen — we have
lost old nations;

And countless kings have into dust
been humbled,

While not a fragment of thy flesh has
crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er
thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror,
Cambyses,

Marched armies o'er thy tomb with
thundering tread —

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis,
Isis;

And shook the Pyramids with fear
and wonder,

When the gigantic Memnon fell
asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be con-
fessed,

The nature of thy private life un-
fold:

A heart has throbbed beneath that
leathern breast,

And tears adown that dusky cheek
have rolled;

Have children climbed those knees
and kissed that face;

What was thy name and station, age
and race?

Statue of flesh! Immortal of the
dead!

Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy

narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our

presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judg-
ment morning,

When the great trump shall thrill
thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument
endure,

If its undying guest be lost for-
ever?

Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed
and pure

In living virtue — that when both
must sever,

Although corruption may our frame
consume,

The immortal spirit in the skies may
bloom!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

IF.

If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe

And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,

I knew his little feet had pattered through

The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,

I should be reconciled and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds,

Reminds me of lost music far more sweet,

I listened for his pretty broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,

I could be almost happy, though I heard

No answer, and I saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done,

And all its cares and heart-aches laid away, ^{sun,}

I could look westward to the hidden And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say —

“To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day.”

If he were dead, I should not sit to-day

And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;

I should not kiss the tiny shoe and say,
“Bring back again my little boy to me!”

I should be patient, knowing it was God's way,

And wait to meet him o'er death's silent sea.

But oh! to know the feet, once pure and white,

The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in!

The hands that should have battled for the right

Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!

And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night,

I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,

The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,

As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;

And we shall see how all God's plans are right,

And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,

God's plans go on as best for you and me;

How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,

Because His wisdom to the end could see.

And e'en as prudent parents disallow Too much of sweet to craving baby-

hood,

So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now

Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,

We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine

Pours out the potion for our lips to drink;

And if some friend we love is lying
low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his
face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedi-
ent grace!

And you shall shortly know that
lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends
His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall
of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love
can send. [life,
If we could push ajar the gates of
And stand within and all God's
workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and
strife [key.
And for each mystery could find a
But not to-day. Then be content,
poor heart;
God's plans like lilies pure and
white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut
leaves apart, [gold.
Time will reveal the calyxes of
And if, through patient toil, we
reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals
loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and
understand,
I think that we shall say, "God
knew the best!"

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

LAUNCH THY BARK, MARINER.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee;
Let loose the rudder bands,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home!
Look to the weather bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So — let the vessel wear, —
There swept the blast.
What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?
"Cloudy, all quiet, —
No land yet, — all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant, —
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.
How! gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold, —

Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There, let the ingots go; —
Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbor's near, —
Lo! the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam; —
Christian! cast anchor now, —
Heaven is thy home!

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly! bow the head —
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll;
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.
Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shed —
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter! — no crowds attend —
Enter! — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands.
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed — again
That short deep gasp — and then
The parting groan!

O change! — O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized — and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! — stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God.

I NEVER CAST A FLOWER AWAY.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me —
A little flower — a faded flower —
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and
broken;
An earth-sick longing for the time
When it shall nevermore be spoken,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[From *Thalaba*.]

*NATURE'S QUESTION AND FAITH'S
ANSWER.*

ALAS! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved.
Alas! the wife beloved.
The fruitful mother late,
Whom when the daughters of Arabia
named,
They wished their lot like hers, —
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now;
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,
With only one preserved.
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

No tear relieved the burden of
her heart;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she
felt like one.
Half-wakened from a midnight dream
of blood.
But sometimes, when the boy

Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed coun-
tenance,
Sob out the name of mother! then
she groaned.
At length collecting, Zeinab turned
her eyes
To heaven, and praised the Lord:
"He gave, he takes away!"
The pious sufferer cried;
"The Lord our God is good!"
"Good, is he?" quoth the boy:
"Why are my brethren and my sis-
ters slain?
Why is my father killed?
Did ever we neglect our prayers,
Or ever lift a hand unclean to
Heaven?
Did ever stranger from our tent
Unwelcomed turn away?
Mother, He is not good!"
Then Zeinab beat her breast in
agony, —
"O God, forgive the child!

He knows not what he says;
Thou know'st I did not teach him
thoughts like these;
O Prophet, pardon him!"

She had not wept till that assuag-
ing prayer;
The fountains of her grief were
opened then,

And tears relieved her heart.
She raised her swimming eyes to
heaven, —

"Allah! thy will be done!
Beneath the dispensations of that
will

I groan, but murmur not.
A day will come when all things
that are dark
Will be made clear: then shall I
know, O Lord!

Why, in thy mercy, thou hast
stricken me;

Then see and understand what
now

My heart believes and feels."

[From *Thalaba*.]

REMEDIAL SUFFERING.

"Repine not, O my son!" the old
man replied,

"That Heaven hath chastened thee,
Behold this vine:

I found it a wild tree, whose wan-
ton strength

Had swoln into irregular twigs.

And bold excrescences,
And spent itself in leaves and lit-
tle rings;

So, in the flourish of its out-
wardness,

Wasting the sap and strength

That should have given forth
fruit.

But when I pruned the plant,

Then it grew temperate in its
vain expense

Of useless leaves, and knotted, as
thou seest,

Into these full, clear clusters, to
repay

The hand that wisely wounded it.
Repine not, O my son!
In wisdom and in mercy Heaven
inflicts
Its painful remedies."

[From *Thalaba*.]

THE TWOFOLD POWER OF ALL THINGS.

ALL things have a double power,
Alike for good and evil. The same
fire,

That on the comfortable hearth
at eve

Warmed the good man, flames o'er
the house at night:

Should we for this forego

The needful element?

Because the scorching summer
sun

Darts fever, wouldst thou quench the
orb of day?

Or deemest thou that Heaven in
anger formed

Iron to till the field, because,
when man

Had tipped his arrows for the chase,
he rushed

A murderer to the war?

[From *Thalaba*.]

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent
air;

No mist obscures, nor cloud nor speck
nor stain

Breaks the serene of heaven;

In full-orbed glory yonder moon
divine

Rolls through the dark blue
depths.

Beneath her steady ray

The desert-circle spreads,

Like the round ocean, girdled with
the sky,

How beautiful is night!

[From *The Curse of Kehama.*]

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven, Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly, these passions of the earth
They perish where they had their birth.

But Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven re-
turneth.

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,

It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and
fears,

The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight!

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND
HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the
young man cried,

The few locks that are left you are
gray:

You are hale, Father William, a
hearty old man,

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father Wil-
liam replied,

I remembered that youth would fly
fast,

And abused not my health and my
vigor at first,

That I never might need them at
last.

You are old, Father William, the
young man cried,

And pleasures with youth pass
away,

And yet you lament not the days that
are gone,

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father Wil-
liam replied,

I remembered that youth could not
last;

I thought of the future, whatever I
did,

That I never might grieve for the
past.

You are old, Father William, the
young man cried,

And life must be hastening away:

You are cheerful, and love to con-
verse upon death!

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father
William replied;

Let the cause thy attention engage;

In the days of my youth I remem-
bered my God!

And he hath not forgotten my age.

[From *Joan of Arc.*]

THE MAID OF ORLEANS GIRDING
FOR BATTLE.

SCARCE had the earliest ray from
Chinon's towers

Made visible the mists that curled
along

The winding waves of Vienne, when
from her couch

Started the martial maid. She
mailed her limbs;

The white plumes nodded o'er her
helmed head;

She girt the sacred falchion by her
side,

And, like some youth that from his
mother's arms,

For his first field impatient, breaks
away,

Poising the lance went forth.

Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in ordered ranks their well-
sharped spears,

Await her coming. Terrible in arms,
 Before them towered Dunois, his
 manly face
 Dark-shadowed by the helmet's iron
 cheeks.
 The assembled court gazed on the
 marshalled train,
 And at the gate the aged prelate stood
 To pour his blessing on the chosen
 host.
 And now a soft and solemn sym-
 phony
 Was heard, and chanting high the
 hallowed hymn,
 From the near convent came the ves-
 tal maids.
 A holy banner, woven by virgin
 hands,
 Snow-white, they bore. A mingled
 sentiment
 Of awe, and eager ardor for the
 fight,
 Thrilled through the troops, as he,
 the reverend man
 Took the white standard, and with
 heavenward eye
 Called on the God of Justice, bless-
 ing it.
 The maid, her brows in reverence
 unhelmed,
 Her dark hair floating on the morn-
 ing gale,
 Knelt to his prayer, and stretching
 forth her hand,
 Received the mystic ensign. From
 the host
 A loud and universal shout burst
 forth,
 As rising from the ground, on her
 white brow
 She placed the plumed casque, and
 waved on high
 The bannered lilies.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to
 see
 The holly-tree?
 The eye that contemplates it well
 perceives
 Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an intelligence so wise
 As might confound the atheist's
 sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are
 seen
 Wrinkled and keen,
 No grazing cattle through their
 prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
 But as they grow where nothing is
 to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless
 leaves appear.

I love to view these things with cu-
 rious eyes,
 And moralize;
 And in the wisdom of the holly-tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith perchance to make a
 pleasant rhyme,
 Such as may profit in the after-time.

So, though abroad perchance I might
 appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would in-
 trude
 Reserved and rude;
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd
 be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-
 tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt,
 I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities, I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age
 should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-
 tree.

And as when all the summer trees
 are seen
 So bright and green
 The holly leaves their fadeless hues
 display
 Less bright than they,
 But when the bare and wintry woods
 we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly-
 tree?

So serious should my youth appear
among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and
gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

WHAT! and not one to heave the
pious sigh?
Not one whose sorrow-swollen and
aching eye
For social scenes, for life's endear-
ments fled,
Shall drop a tear and dwell upon the
dead!
Poor wretched outcast! I will weep
for thee,
And sorrow for forlorn humanity.
Yes, I will weep; but not that thou
art come
To the stern sabbath of the silent
tomb:
For squalid want, and the black scor-
pion care,
Heart-withering fiends! shall never
enter there.
I sorrow for the ills thy life hath
known,
As through the world's long pilgrim-
age, alone,
Haunted by poverty, and woebegone,
Unloved, unfriended, thou didst jour-
ney on:
Thy youth in ignorance and labor
past,
And thine old age all barrenness and
blast.
Hard was thy fate, which, while it
doomed to woe,
Denied thee wisdom to support the
blow;
And robbed of all its energy thy mind,
Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-
kind.
Object of thought, the victim of dis-
tress,
To wander in the world's wide wilder-
ness.

Poor outcast, sleep in peace! the win-
try storm
Blows bleak no more on thy unshel-
tered form;
Thy woes are past; thou retest in
the tomb;—
I pause, and ponder on the days to
come.

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Go thou and seek the house of
prayer!
I to the woodlands wend, and there
In lovely nature see the God of love.
The swelling organ's peal
Wakes not my soul to zeal,
Like the wild music of the wind-
swept grove.
The gorgeous altar and the mystic
vest
Rouse not such ardor in my breast,
As where the noon-tide beam
Flashed from the broken stream,
Quick vibrates on the dazzled sight;
Or where the cloud-suspended rain
Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain;
Or when reclining on the cliff's huge
height,
I mark the billows burst in silver
light.

Go thou and seek the house of
prayer!
I to the woodlands shall repair,
Feed with all nature's charms mine
eyes,
And hear all nature's melodies.
The primrose bank shall there dis-
pense
Faint fragrance to the awakened
sense:
The morning beams that life and
joy impart,
Shall with their influence warm my
heart,
And the full tear that down my
cheek will steal,
Shall speak the prayer of praise I
feel.

Go thou and seek the house of
prayer!

I to the woodlands bend my way
 And meet Religion there.
 She needs not haunt the high-arched
 dome to pray
 Where storied windows dim the
 doubtful day.
 With Liberty she loves to rove,
 Wide o'er the heathy hill or cow-
 slipt dale;
 Or seek the shelter of the embower-
 ing grove,
 Or with the streamlet wind along
 the vale.
 Sweet are these scenes to her; and
 when the night
 Pours in the north her silver streams
 of light,
 She woos reflection in the silent
 gloom,
 And ponders on the world to come.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done;
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 That he beside the rivulet
 In playing there, had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and
 round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
 Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
 There's many hereabout,
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out;
 For many thousand men, said he,
 Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
 Young Peterkin he cries,
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
 That put the French to rout;
 But what they killed each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said, quoth he,
 That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by,
 They burnt his dwelling to the
 ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country
 round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born infant, died;
 But things like that, you know, must
 be
 At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won,
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must
 be
 After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' ^{won,}
 And our good Prince Eugene.
 Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 Nay — nay — my little girl, quoth he,
 It was a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke
 Who such a fight did win.
 But what good came of it at last?
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
 But 'twas a famous victory.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore!"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon, at the word;
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother;
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was laureate
To them and the king.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry,
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with
its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning.
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and
sprawling,

And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping, and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending
 All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar, —
 And this way, the water comes down at Lodore.

THE EBB-TIDE.

SLOWLY thy flowing tide
 Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
 As watchfully I roamed thy green-wood side,
 Behold the gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong,
 The laboring boatmen upward plied their oars,
 And yet the eye beheld them laboring long
 Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
 The unlabored boat falls rapidly along,
 The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
 And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks, that lay
 So silent late, the shallow current roars;
 Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way
 Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know!
 The wisdom emblem'd in thy varying way,
 It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
 So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms that long have stood,
 And slow to strength and power attained at last,
 Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
 Ebb to their ruin fast.

So tardily appears
 The course of time to manhood's envied stage,
 Alas! how hurriedly the ebbing years
 Then hasten to old age!

TO THE FIRE.

MY friendly fire, thou blazest clear and bright,
 Nor smoke nor ashes soil thy grateful flame;
 Thy temperate splendor cheers the gloom of night,
 Thy genial heat enlivens the chilled frame.

<p>I love to muse me o'er the evening hearth, I love to pause in meditation's sway; And whilst each object gives reflec- tion birth, Mark thy brisk rise, and see thy slow decay; And I would wish, like thee, to shine serene,</p>	<p>Like thee, within mine influence, all to cheer; And wish at last in life's declining scene, As I had beamed as bright, to fade as clear: So might my children ponder o'er my shrine, And o'er my ashes muse, as I will muse o'er thine.</p>
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ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

CONTENT AND RICH.

MY conscience is my crown;
 Contented thoughts, my rest;
 My heart is happy in itself,
 My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth;
 That mean, the surest lot,
 That lies too high for base contempt,
 Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few;
 All easy to fulfil:
 I make the limits of my power
 The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care for gold,
 Well-doing is my wealth;
 My mind to me an empire is,
 While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
 The wings of swelling pride;
 Their fall is worst that from the height
 Of greatest honor slide.

Since sails of largest size
 The storm doth soonest tear,
 I bear so low and small a sail
 As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage
 While fury's flame doth burn;

It is in vain to stop the stream
 Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
 And ebbing wrath doth end,
 I turn a late enraged foe
 Into a quiet friend.

And, taught with often proof,
 A tempered calm I find
 To be most solace to itself,
 Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
 My clothes more fit than fine;
 I know I feed and clothe a foe,
 That pampered would repine.

I envy not their hap
 Whom favor doth advance;
 I take no pleasure in their pain
 That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
 I deem a losing gain;
 All states with others' ruin built
 To ruin run amain.

No change of Fortune's calm
 Can cast my comforts down:
 When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
 How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,
 She proved an angry foe,
 Small gain, I found, to let her come—
 Less loss to let her go.

ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER.

THE SPEED OF HAPPY HOURS.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—
 Unheeded flew the hours:
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time
 That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
 The ebbings of his glass,

When all its sands are diamond
 sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
 Time's happy swiftness brings,
 When birds of paradise have lent
 Their plumage to his wings?

EDMUND SPENSER.

[From *The Epithalamium.*]

*THE BRIDE BEAUTIFUL, BODY
AND SOUL.*

Now is my love all ready forth to
 come:

Let all the virgins therefore well
 await;

And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon
 her groom,

Prepare yourselves, for he is coming
 straight.

Set all your things in seemly good
 array,

Fit for so joyful day:

The joyfull'st day that ever sun did
 see.

Fair sun! show forth thy favorable
 ray,

And let thy life's heat not fervent be,
 For fear of burning her sunshiny face.

Her beauty to disgrace.

O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!

If ever I did honor thee aright,

Or sing the thing that might thy
 mind delight,

Do not thy servant's simple boon
 refuse,

But let this day, let this one day be
 mine;

Let all the rest be thine.

Then I thy sovereign praises loud will
 sing,

That all the woods shall answer, and
 their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with
 portly pace,
 Like Phœbe, from her chamber of
 the east,

Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin
 best.

So well it her beseems, that ye would
 ween

Some angel she had been.

Her long loose yellow locks; like
 golden wire

Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling
 flowers atween,

Do like a golden mantle her attire;
 And being crowned with a garland

green,

Seem like some maiden queen.

Her modest eyes, abashed to behold

So many gazers as on her do stare,

Upon the lowly ground affixed are;

Ne dare lift up her countenance too
 bold,

But blush to hear her praises sung so
 loud,

So far from being proud.

Nathless do ye still loud her praises
 sing,

That all the woods may answer, and
 your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did
 ye see

So fair a creature in your town be-
 fore?

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store;
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath ruddied,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled.
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring!

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
 Garnished with heaven by gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonished like to those which read
 Medusa's mafezel head.
 There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honor, and mild Modesty;
 There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
 And giveth laws alone,
 The which the base affections do obey,
 And yield their services unto her will:
 Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
 That all the woods would answer, and your echo ring.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

THE CAPTIVE SOUL.

WHAT war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
 As that which strong affections do apply
 Against the fort of Reason evermore,
 To bring the soul into captivity?
 Their force is fiercer through infirmity
 Of the frail flesh, relenting to their rage;
 And exercise most bitter tyranny
 Upon the parts brought into their bondage;
 No wretchedness is like to sinful villainage.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

AVARICE.

AND greedy Avarice by him did ride,
 Upon a camel laden all with gold;
 Two iron coffers hung on either side,
 With precious metal full as they might hold;
 And in his lap a heap of coin he told;
 For of his wicked pelf his God he made,
 And unto hell himself for money sold;
 Accursed usury was all his trade;
 And right and wrong alike in equal balance weighed.
 His life was nigh unto death's door yplaced,
 And threadbare coat and cobbled shoes he ware;
 Ne scarce good morsel all his life did taste;
 But both from back and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and riches to compare;
 Yet child nor kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly fear to lose, his own,
 He led a wretched life unto himself unknown.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing
might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lack in great-
est store,
Whose need had end, but no end
covetize,
Whose wealth was want, whose
plenty made him poor,
Who had enough, yet wished ever-
more;
A vile disease; and eke in foot and
hand
A grievous gout tormented him full
sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go,
nor stand,
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of
this fair band.

[From *The Faerie Queene*.]

UNA AND THE LION.

NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide
hollowness
That moves more dear compassion
of mind
Than beauty brought t' unworthy
wretchedness
Through envy's snares, or fortune's
freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her bright-
ness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all woman-
kind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great
agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I
could die.

And now it is impassioned so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I
sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with
tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful
handling,
Though true as touch, though daugh-
ter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was
fair,

Though nor in word nor deed ill-
meriting,
Is from her knight divorcèd in de-
spair,
And her due loves derived to that
vile witch's share.

Yet, she most faithful lady all this
while,
Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's preace, as in
exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts
strayed,
To seek her knight; who, subtly
betrayed
Through that late vision, which th'
Enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned. She of nought
afraid,
Through woods and wasteness wide
him daily sought;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto
her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome
way,
From her unhasty beast she did
alight,
And on the grass her dainty limbs
did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's
sight;
From her fair head her fillet she
undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her an-
gel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined
bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady
place;
Did never mortal eye behold such
heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage
blood;
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greed-
ily,
To have at once devoured her tender
corse:



UNA AND THE LION.

TO WHOM
IT MAY COME

But to the prey whenas he drew
more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot
his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary
feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning
tongue,
As he her wronged innocence did
weet,
Oh, how can beauty master the most
strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging
wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud sub-
mission,
Still dreading death, when she had
marked long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compas-
sion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure
affection.

[From *The Faerie Queene*.]

A HOSPITAL.

EFTSOONES unto an holy hospital,
That was foreby the way, she did
him bring;
In which seven Bead-men, that had
vowed all
Their life to service of high heaven's
king,
Did spend their days in doing godly
things:
Their gates to all were open ever-
more,
That by the weary way were travel-
ling;
And one sat waiting ever them be-
fore,
To call in comers by, that needy were
and poor.

The first of them, that eldest was and
best,
Of all the house had charge and gov-
ernment,

As guardian and steward of the
rest:

His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and
went;
Not unto such as could him feast
again,
And double quite for that he on them
spent;
But such, as want of harbor did con-
strain:
Those for God's sake his duty was to
entertain.

The second was as almoner of the
place:
His office was the hungry for to
feed,
And thirsty give to drink; a work of
grace;
He feared not once himself to be in
need,
Ne cared to hoard for those whom
he did breed:
The grace of God he laid up still in
store,
Which as a stock he left unto his
seed;
He had enough; what need him care
for more?
And had he less, yet some he would
give to the poor.

The third had of their wardrobe
custody,
In which were not rich tires, nor
garments gay,
The plumes of pride and wings of
vanity,
But clothes meet to keep keen cold
away,
And naked nature seemly to array;
With which bare wretched wights he
daily clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare clothes to give
he had,
His own coat he would cut, and it
distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office
was
Poor prisoners to relieve with gra-
cious aid,

And captives to redeem with price of
brass
From Turks and Saracens, which
them had stayed;
And though they faulty were, yet
well he weighed,
That God to us forgiveth every hour
Much more than that, why they in
bands were laid;
And he, that harrowed hell with
heavy store,
The faulty souls from thence brought
to his heavenly bower.

The fifth had charge sick persons to
attend,
And comfort those in point of death
which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in
the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, do
most dismay
The feeble soul departing hence
away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man, have mind of that last bitter
throe;
For as the tree does fall, so lies it
ever low.

[From *The Faerie Queene*.]

VICTORY FROM GOD.

WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly
might
And vain assurance of mortality?
Which, all so soon as it doth come to
fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and
by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth
fly;
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,

That thorough grace hath gained victory.

If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is God's, both power
and eke will.

[From *The Faerie Queene*.]

ANGELIC CARE.

AND is there care in heaven? and is
there love
In heavenly spirits to these crea-
tures base,
That may compassion of their evils
move?
There is:—else much more wretch-
ed were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! th'ex-
ceeding grace
Of Highest God that loves his crea-
tures so,
And all his works with mercy doth
embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and
fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his
wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers
leave
To come to succor us that succor
want!
How oft do they with golden pin-
ions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pur-
suiuant, [tant!
Against foul fiends to aid us mili-
They for us fight, they watch and
duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round
about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for
reward;
Oh, why should Heavenly God to men
have such regard!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HEREAFTER.

Love, when all these years are silent, vanished quite and laid to rest,
 When you and I are sleeping, folded breathless breast to breast,
 When no morrow is before us, and the long grass tosses o'er us,
 And our grave remains forgotten, or by alien footsteps pressed, —

Still that love of ours will linger, that great love enrich the earth,
 Sunshine in the heavenly azure, breezes blowing joyous mirth;

Fragrance fanning off from flowers, melody of summer showers,
 Sparkle of the spicy wood-fires round the happy autumn hearth.

That's our love. But you and I, dear, — shall we linger with it yet,
 Mingled in one dewdrop, tangled in one sunbeam's golden net, —

On the violet's purple bosom, I the sheen but you the blossom,
 Stream on sunset winds, and be the haze with which some hill is wet?

Oh, beloved, — if ascending, — when we have endowed the world
 With the best bloom of our being, whither will our way be whirled;

Through what vast and starry spaces, toward what awful holy places,
 With a white light on our faces, spirit over spirit furred?

Only this our yearning answers, — whereso'er that way defile,
 Not a film shall part us through the aeons of that mighty while,

In the fair eternal weather, even as phantoms still together,
 Floating, floating, one forever, in the light of God's great smile!

THE NUN AND HARP.

WHAT memory fired her pallid face,
 What passion stirred her blood,
 What tide of sorrow and desire
 Poured its forgotten flood
 Upon a heart that ceased to beat,
 Long since, with thought that life
 Was sweet
 When nights were rich with vernal
 Dusk,
 And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glory then
 Stolen through the latticed room,
 Her funeral raiment would have shed
 A more heart-breaking gloom;
 Had not a dimpled convent-maid
 Hung in the doorway, half afraid,
 And left the melancholy place
 Bright with her blush and bloom!

Beside the gilded harp she stood,
 And through the singing strings
 Wound those wan hands of folded
 prayer
 In murmurous preludings.
 Then, like a voice, the harp rang
 high
 Its melody, as climb the sky,
 Melting against the melting blue,
 Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why, of all the songs that grow
 Forever tenderer,
 Chose she that passionate refrain
 Where lovers 'mid the stir
 Of wassailers that round them pass
 Hide their sweet secret? Now,
 alas,
 In her nun's habit, coiffed and veiled,
 What meant that song to her!

Slowly the western ray forsook
 The statue in its shrine;
 A sense of tears thrilled all the air
 Along the purpling line.
 Earth seemed a place of graves that
 rang
 To hollow footsteps, while she sang,
 "Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine!"

OUR NEIGHBOR.*

OLD neighbor, for how many a year
 The same horizon, stretching here,
 Has held us in its happy bound
 From Rivermouth to Ipswich Sound!
 How many a wave-washed day we've
 seen

Above that low horizon lean,
 And marked within the Merrimack
 The self-same sunset reddening back,
 Or in the Powow's shining stream,
 That silent river of a dream!

Where Craneneck o'er the woody
 gloom

Lifts her steep mile of apple-bloom:
 Where Salisbury Sands, in yellow
 length

With the great breaker measures
 strength;

Where Artichoke in shadow slides,
 The lily on her painted tides —
 There's naught in the enchanted view
 That does not seem a part of you;
 Your legends hang on every hill,
 Your songs have made it dearer still.

Yours is the river-road; and yours
 Are all the mighty meadow floors
 Where the long Hampton levels lie
 Alone between the sea and sky.
 Fresher in Follymill shall blow
 The Mayflowers, that you loved them
 so;

Prouder Deer Island's ancient pines
 Toss to their measure in your lines;
 And purpler gleam old Appledore,
 Because your foot has trod her shore.

Still shall the great Cape wade to
 meet

The storms that fawn about her feet,

* J. G. WHITTIER.

The summer evening linger late
 In many-rivered Stackyard Gate,
 When we, when all your people here,
 Have fled. But like the atmosphere,
 You still the region shall surround,
 The spirit of the sacred ground,
 Though you have risen, as mounts
 the star,
 Into horizons vaster far!

PALMISTRY.

A LITTLE hand, a fair soft hand
 Dimpled and sweet to kiss:
 No sculptor ever carved from stone
 A lovelier hand than this.

A hand as idle and as white
 As lilies on their stems;
 Dazzling with rosy finger-tips,
 Dazzling with crusted gems.

Another hand, — a tired old hand,
 Written with many lines;
 A faithful, weary hand, whercon
 The pearl of great price shines!

For folded, as the winged fly
 Sleeps in the chrysalis,
 Within this little palm I see
 That lovelier hand than this!

FANTASIA.

WE'RE all alone, we're all alone!
 The moon and stars are dead and
 gone:
 The night's at deep, the wind asleep,
 And thou and I are all alone!

What care have we though life there
 be?

Tumult and life are not for me!
 Silence and sleep about us creep;
 Tumult and life are not for thee!

How late it is since such as this
 Had topped the height of breathing
 bliss!

And now we keep an iron sleep, —
 In that grave thou, and I in this!

A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever in mid-afternoon,
Ah, happy day of happy June!
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The pine wood with perfume fill,
And breathe across the singing sea
Land-scented breezes, that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west,
But bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track!
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm wings {flings!}
While Summer her enchantment

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie like dissolving amethyst
Deep in the distant dales, and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead!
Yet wilt thou wander,—call the
thrush,
And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune,
Ah, happy day of happy June!

A SNOWDROP.

ONLY a tender little thing,
So velvet soft and white it is;
But March himself is not so strong,
With all the great gales that are his.

In vain his whistling storms he calls,
In vain the cohorts of his power
Ride down the sky on mighty
 blasts —
He cannot crush the little flower.

Its white spear parts the sod, the
snows
Than that white spear less snowy
are,

The rains roll off its crest like spray,
It lifts again its spotless star.

Blow, blow, dark March! To meet
you here,
Thrust upward from the central
gloom,
The stellar force of the old earth
Pulses to life in this slight bloom.

MY OWN SONG.

Oh, glad am I that I was born!
For who is sad when flaming morn
Bursts forth, or when the mighty
night
Carries the soul from height to
height!

To me, as to the child that sings,
The bird that claps his rain-washed
wings, | flower,
The breeze that curls the sun-tipped
Comes some new joy with each new
hour.

**Joy in the beauty of the earth,
Joy in the fire upon the hearth,
Joy in that potency of love
In which I live and breathe and move!**

Joy even in the shapeless thought
That, some day, when all tasks are
wrought,
I shall explore that vasty deep
Beyond the frozen gates of sleep.

For joy attunes all beating things,
With me each rhythmic atom sings,
From glow till gloom, from mirk till
morn;
Oh, glad am I that I was born!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WHAT love do I bring you? The
earth,
Full of love, were far lighter;
The great hollow sky, full of love,
Something slighter.

Earth full and heaven full were less
Than the full measure given;
Nay, say a heart full, — the heart
Holds earth and heaven!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

ODE ON ART.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
 An angel left her place in heaven,
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless
 path,

'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance
 broke
 Where her light foot flew o'er the
 ground,
 And thus, with seraph voice she
 spoke —
 "The Curse a blessing shall be
 found."

She led him through the trackless
 wild,

Where noontide sunbeam never
 blazed;
 The thistle shrunk, the harvest
 smiled;

And Nature gladdened as she gazed.
 Earth's thousand tribes of living
 things,

At Art's command, to him are
 given;

The village grows, the city springs,
 And point their spires of faith to
 heaven.

He rends the oak — and bids it ride,
 To guard the shores its beauty
 graced;

He smites the rock — upheaved in
 pride,
 See towers of strength, and domes
 of taste.

Earth's teeming caves their wealth
 reveal,

Fire bears his banner on the wave,
 He bids the mortal poison heal,
 And leaps triumphant o'er the
 grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the
 deep,

Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
 He breaks the stubborn marble's
 sleep,
 And mocks his own Creator's skill.

With thoughts that swell his glowing
 soul,
 He bids the ore illumine the page,
 And, proudly scorning Time's con-
 trol,
 Commences with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
 And treads the chambers of the
 sky;

He reads the stars, and grasps the
 flame

That quivers round the Throne on
 high,

In war renowned, in peace sublime,
 He moves in greatness and in grace;
 His power, subduing space and time,
 Links realm to realm and race to
 race.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

GAY, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of
 heaven?

Ye have no need of prayer,
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to
 weep.

Penance is not for you,
 Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you, 'tis given
 To wake sweet Nature's untaught
 lays;

Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome not reared with
 hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere Heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to
soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,

All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is fill'd — we're all at
home;

To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour;
We're all — all here.

We're *not* all here!
Some are away — the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient
hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard — some lie
there —
And cruel Ocean has his share —
We're *not* all here.

We are all here!
Even they — the dead — though dead,
so dear.
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to
view.

How life-like, through the mist of
years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are
cast;
We hear their words, their smiles be-
hold,
They're round us as they were of
old —
We are all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead;
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all — all here!

TO MY CIGAR.

YES, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.

By thee, they cry, with phizzes long,
My years are sooner passed;
Well, take my answer, right or wrong,
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art,
A monitor, though still;
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who
gives
To goodness every day,
The odor of whose virtue lives
When he has passed away.

When, in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Of as thy snowy column grows,
Then breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee the hero burns,
And smokes and fumes around,
And then, like thee, to ashes turns.
And mingles with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,
And time's the wasting breath,
That late or early, we behold,
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's
robe,
One common doom is passed;
Sweet Nature's works, the swelling
globe,
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee
now? —

A little moving heap,
That soon like thee to fate must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high;
Thus, when my body must lie low,
My soul shall cleave the sky.

FROM THE "ODE ON SHAKESPEARE."

Who now shall grace the glow-
ing throne,
Where, all unrivalled, all alone,
Bold Shakespeare sat, and looked
creation through,
The minstrel monarch of the
worlds he drew?

That throne is cold — that lyre in
death unstrung
On whose proud note delighted Won-
der hung.
Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he
sweeps,
One spot shall spare — the grave where
Shakespeare sleeps.
Rulers and ruled in common gloom
may lie,
But Nature's laureate bards shall
never die.

Art's chiselled boast and Glory's tro-
phied shore
Must live in numbers, or can live no
more.

While sculptured Jove some nameless
waste may claim, [fame;
Still rolls the Olympic car in Pindar's
Troy's doubtful walls in ashes passed
away,

Yet frown on Greece in Homer's
deathless lay;
Rome, slowly sinking in her crum-
bling fanes,
Stands all immortal in her Maro's
strains;

So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
On whose broad sway the sun forever
smiles,

To Time's unsparing rage one day
must bend,
And all her triumphs in her Shake-
speare end!

O thou! to whose creative power
We dedicate the festal hour,
While Grace and Goodness round
the altar stand,
Learning's anointed train, and Beau-
ty's rose-lipped band —
Realms yet unborn, in accents now
unknown,

Thy song shall learn, and bless it for
their own. [roves,
Deep in the West as Independence
His banners planting round the land
he loves,

Where Nature sleeps in Eden's in-
fant grace,

In Time's full hour shall spring a
glorious race,

Thy name, thy verse, thy language,
shall they bear,

And deck for thee the vaulted temple
there.

Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire's galling yoke;
But thou, harmonious master of the
mind,

Around their sons a gentler chain
shalt bind;

Once more in thee shall Albion's
sceptre wave,

And what her monarch lost, her
monarch-bard shall save.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE TEST.

SEVEN women loved him. When
the wrinkled pall
Enwrapt him from their unfulfilled
desire

(Death, pale, triumphant rival, con-
quering all,)

They came, for that last look, around
his pyre.

One strewn white roses, on whose
leaves were hung

Her tears, like dew; and in discreet
attire

Warbled her tuneful sorrow. Next
among

The group, a fair-haired virgin
moved serenely,

Whose saintly heart no vain repin-
ings wrung,

Reached the calm dust, and there,
composed and queenly,

Gazed, but the missal trembled in
her hand:

"That's with the past," she said,
"nor may I meanly

Give way to tears!" and passed into
the land.

The third hung feebly on the por-
tals moaning,

With whitened lips, and feet that
stood in sand,

So weak they seemed, — and all her
passion owning.

The fourth, a ripe, luxurious
maiden, came,

Half for such homage to the dead
atoning

By smiles on one who fanned a later
flame

In her slight soul, her fickle steps
attended.

The fifth and sixth were sisters; at
the same

Wild moment both above the image
bended,

And with immortal hatred each on
each.

Glared, and therewith her exultation
blended,

To know the dead had 'scaped the
other's reach!

Meanwhile, through all the words
of anguish spoken,

One lowly form had given no sound
of speech,

Through all the signs of woe, no sign
nor token:

But when they came to bear him
to his rest,

They found her beauty paled, — her
heart was broken:

And in the Silent Land his shade
confest

That she, of all the seven, loved him
best.

LAURA, MY DARLING.

LAURA, my darling, the roses have
blushed

At the kiss of the dew, and our
chamber is hushed;

Our murmuring babe to your bosom
has clung,

And hears in his slumber the song
that you sung;

I watch you asleep with your arms
round him thrown,

Your links of dark tresses wound in
with his own,

And the wife is as dear as the gentle
young bride

Of the hour when you first, darling,
came to my side.

Laura, my darling, our sail down the
stream

Of Youth's summers and winters
has been like a dream;

Years have but rounded your womanly grace,
 And added their spell to the light of
 your face;
 Your soul is the same as though part
 were not given
 To the two, like yourself, sent to bless
 me from heaven,—
 Dear lives, springing forth from the
 life of my life,
 To make you more near, darling,
 mother, and wife!

Laura, my darling, there's hazel-eyed
 Fred,
 Asleep in his own tiny cot by the bed,
 And little King Arthur, whose curls
 have the art
 Of winding their tendrils so close
 round my heart;
 Yet fairer than either, and dearer
 than both,
 Is the true one who gave me in girl-
 hood her troth:
 For we, when we mated for evil and
 good,—
 What were we, darling, but babes in
 the wood?

Laura, my darling, the years which
 have flown
 Brought few of the prizes I pledged
 to my own.
 I said that no sorrow should roughen
 her way.
 Her life should be cloudless, a long
 summer's day.
 Shadow and sunshine, thistles and
 flowers,
 Which of the two, darling, most have
 been ours?
 Yet to-night, by the smile on your
 lips, I can see
 You are dreaming of me, darling,
 dreaming of me.

Laura, my darling, the stars that we
 knew
 In our youth, are still shining as ten-
 der and true;
 The midnight is sounding its slum-
 berous bell,
 And I come to the one who has loved
 me so well,

Wake, darling, wake, for my vigil is
 done:
 What shall dis sever our lives which
 are one?
 Say, while the rose listens under her
 breath,
 "Naught until death, darling, naught
 until death!"

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know
 The land that ends our dark, un-
 certain travel,
 Where lie those happier hills and
 meadows low,—
 Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost
 cavil,
 Aught of that country could we
 surely know,
 Who would not go?

Might we but hear
 The hovering angels' high imagined
 chorus,
 Or catch, betimes, with wakeful
 eyes and clear,
 One radiant vista of the realm before
 us,—
 With one rapt moment given to see
 and hear,
 Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
 To find the peerless friend who left
 us lonely,
 Or there, by some celestial stream
 as pure,
 To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit
 only—
 This weary mortal coil, were we
 quite sure,
 Who would endure?

THE TRYST.

SLEEPING, I dreamed that thou wast
 mine,
 In some ambrosial lover's shrine.
 My lips against thy lips were pressed,
 And all our passion was confessed;
 So near and dear my darling seemed,
 I knew not that I only dreamed.

Waking this mild and moonlit night,
I clasp thee close by lover's right.
Thou fearest not my warm embrace,
And yet, so like the dream thy face
And kisses, I but half partake
The joy, and know not if I wake.

—
TOO LATE.

CROUCH no more by the ivied walls,
Weep no longer over her grave,
Strew no flowers when evening falls;
Idly you lost what angels gave!

Sunbeams cover that silent mound
With a warmer hue than your roses
red;
To-morrow's rain will bedew the
ground
With a purer stream than the tears
you shed.

But neither the sweets of the scat-
tered flowers,
Nor the morning sunlight's soft com-
mand,
Nor all the songs of the summer
showers,
Can charm her back from that dis-
tant land.

Tenderest vows are ever too late!
She, who has gone, can only know
The cruel sorrow that was her fate,
And the words that were a mortal
woe.

Earth to earth, and a vain despair;
For the gentle spirit has flown away,
And you can never her wrongs repair,
Till ye meet again at the Judgment
Day.

—
THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at
last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be
mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the
mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my
arm!
We let the old folks have the high-
way,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or
story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a
glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were
gleaming:
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health
were beaming.

The little hand outside her muff, —
O sculptor, if you could but mould
it! —
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —
'Twas love and fear and triumph
blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn
stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fin-
gered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lin-
gered.

She shook her ringlets from her head,
And with a "Thank you, Ned,"
dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trem-
bled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
 The moon was slyly peeping
 through it,
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,
 "Come, now or never! do it! do
 it!"

My lips till then had only known
 The kiss of mother and of sister,
 But somehow, full upon her own
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, — I
 kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
 O listless woman, weary lover!
 To feel once more that fresh, wild
 thrill
 I'd give — but who can live youth
 over?

THE DISCOVERER.

I HAVE a little kinsman
 Whose earthly summers are but
 three,
 And yet a voyager is he
 Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
 Than all their peers together!
 He is a brave discoverer.
 And, far beyond the tether
 Of them who seek the frozen Pole,
 Has sailed where the noiseless surges
 roll,
 Ay, he has travelled whither
 A winged pilot steered his bark
 Through the portals of the dark,
 Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
 Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
 Came one who bore a flower,
 And laid it in his dimpled hand
 With this command:
 "Henceforth thou art a rover!
 Thou must make a voyage far,
 Sail beneath the evening star,
 And a wondrous land discover."
 — With his sweet smile innocent
 Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
 From the absent has been heard.
 Who can tell
 How he fares, or answer well

What the little one has found
 Since he left us, outward bound;
 Would that he might return!
 Then should we learn
 From the pricking of his chart
 How the skyey roadways part.
 Hush! does not the baby this way
 bring.
 To lay beside this severed curl,
 Some starry offering
 Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
 We may follow on his track,
 But he comes not back,
 And yet I dare aver
 He is a brave discoverer
 Of climes his elders do not know,
 He has more learning than appears
 On the scroll of twice three thou-
 sand years,
 More than in the groves is taught,
 Or from furthest Indies brought;
 He knows, perchance, how spirits
 fare, —
 What shapes the angels wear.
 What is their guise and speech
 In those lands beyond our reach —
 And his eyes behold
 Things that shall never, never be to
 mortal hearers told.

SEEKING THE MAYFLOWER.

THE sweetest sound our whole year
 round —

'Tis the first robin of the spring!
 The song of the full orchard choir
 Is not so fine a thing.

Glad sights are common: Nature
 draws [year,
 Her random pictures through the
 But oft her music bids us long
 Remember those most dear.

To me, when in the sudden spring
 I hear the earliest robin's lay,
 With the first trill there comes again
 One picture of the May.

The veil is parted wide, and lo,
 A moment, though my eyelids
 close,

Once more I see that wooded hill
Where the arbutus grows.

I see the village dryad kneel,
Trailing her slender fingers through
The knotted tendrils, as she lifts
Their pink, pale flowers to view.

Once more I dare to stoop beside
The dove-eyed beauty of my choice,
And long to touch her careless hair,
And think how dear her voice.

My eager, wandering hands assist
With fragrant blooms her lap to fill,
And half by chance they meet her
own,
Half by our young hearts' will.

Till, at the last, those blossoms won,—
Like her, so pure, so sweet, so
shy,—

Upon the gray and lichened rocks
Close at her feet I lie.

Fresh blows the breeze through hem-
lock-trees,
The flowers are edged with green
below;
And naught but youth and hope and
We know or care to know!

Hark! from the moss-clung apple-
bough, [broke
Beyond the tumbled wall, there
That gurgling music of the May,—
'Twas the first robin spoke!

I heard it, ay, and heard it not,—
For little then my glad heart wist
What toll and time should come to
pass,
And what delight be missed;

Nor thought thereafter, year by year,
Hearing that fresh yet olden song,
To yearn for unreturning joys
That with its joy belong.

ALL IN A LIFETIME.

THOU shalt have sun and shower
from heaven above,
Thou shalt have flower and thorn
from earth below,

Thine shall be foe to hate and friend
to love,
Pleasures that others gain, the ills
they know,—
And all in a lifetime.

Hast thou a golden day, a starlit
night,
Mirth, and music, and love without
alloy?
Leave no drop undrunken of thy
delight:
Sorrow and shadow follow on thy
joy.

'Tis all in a lifetime.

What if the battle end and thou hast
lost?
Others have lost the battles thou
hast won:
Haste thee, bind thy wounds, nor
count the cost;
Over the field will rise to-mor-
row's sun.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Laugh at the braggart sneer, the
open scorn,—
'Ware of the secret stab, the slan-
derous lie:
For seventy years of turmoil thou
wast born,
Bitter and sweet are thine till these
go by.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Reckon thy voyage well, and spread
the sail,—
Wind and calm and current shall
warp thy way;
Compass shall set thee false, and
chart shall fail;
Ever the waves shall use thee for
their play.
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Thousands of years ago were
chance and change,
Thousands of ages hence the same
shall be;
Naught of thy joy and grief is new or
strange:
Gather apace the good that falls
to thee!
'Tis all in a lifetime!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
 There are balms for all our pain:
 But when youth, the dream, departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
 Under manhood's sterner reign:
 Still we feel that something sweet
 Followed youth, with flying feet,
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
 And we sigh for it in vain:
 We behold it everywhere,
 On the earth, and in the air,
 But it never comes again.

AN OLD SONG REVERSED.

"THERE are gains for all our losses."
 So I said when I was young.
 If I sang that song again,
 'Twould not be with that refrain,
 Which but suits an idle tongue.

Youth has gone, and hope gone with
 it,
 Gone the strong desire for fame.
 Laurels are not for the old.
 Take them, lads. Give Senex gold.
 What's an everlasting name?

When my life was in its summer
 One fair woman liked my looks:
 Now that Time has driven his plough
 In deep furrows on my brow,
 I'm no more in her good books.

"There are gains for all our losses?"
 Grave beside the wintry sea,
 Where my child is, and my heart,
 For they would not live apart,
 What has been your gain to me?

No, the words I sang were idle,
 And will ever so remain:
 Death, and age, and vanished youth,
 All declare this bitter truth,
 "There's a loss for every gain!"

AT LAST.

WHEN first the bride and bridegroom
 wed,
 They love their single selves the
 best;
 A sword is in the marriage-bed.
 Their separate slumbers are not
 rest;
 They quarrel, and make up again,
 They give and suffer worlds of pain.
 Both right and wrong,
 They struggle long, [old,
 Till some good day, when they are
 Some dark day, when the bells are
 tolled,
 Death having taken their best of life,
 They lose themselves, and find each
 other; [wife,
 They know that they are husband,
 For, weeping, they are father,
 mother!

THE TWO BRIDES.

I SAW two maids at the kirk,
 And both were fair and sweet:
 One in her wedding-robe,
 And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,
 The sacred rites were read,
 And one for life to life,
 And one to death was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,
 In loveliness and bloom;
 One in a merry castle,
 And one in a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke
 In a world of sin and pain;
 But the other was happier far,
 And never awoke again.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THIS man whose homely face you
 look upon,
 Was one of nature's masterful, great
 men;

Born with strong arms, that unfought
battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with
the pen.

Chosen for large designs, he had the
art

Of winning with his humor, and he
went

Straight to his mark, which was the
human heart;

Wise, too, for what he could not
break he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-
load,

The burden of the Commonwealth,
was laid;

He stooped, and rose up to it, though
the road

Shot suddenly downwards, not a
whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councillors, kings!

All now give place

To this dear benefactor of the
race.

HOW ARE SONGS BEGOT AND BRED.

How are songs begot and bred?

How do golden measures flow?

From the heart, or from the head,
Happy poet, let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune,
The harper, he, of June.

None may answer, none may know,
Winds and flowers come and go,
And the selfsame canons bind
Nature and the poet's mind.

RATTLE THE WINDOW.

RATTLE the window, winds,
Rain, drip on the panes;
There are tears and sighs in our
hearts and eyes,
And a weary weight on our brains.

The gray sea heaves and heaves,
On the dreary flats of sand;

And the blasted limb of the church-
yard yew,—

It shakes like a ghostly hand.

The dead are engulfed beneath it,
Sunk in the grassy waves:

But we have more dead in our hearts
to-day

Than earth in all her graves!

SONGS UNSUNG.

LET no poet, great or small,

Say that he will sing a song;

For song cometh, if at all,

Not because we woo it long,

But because it suits its will,

Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung

Was before it took a voice,

Waiting since the world was young

For the poet of its choice.

Oh, if any waiting be,

May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat

Whatsoever they impart;

Sorrows sent by them are sweet,

They know how to heal the heart:

Ay, and in the lightest strain

Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs, forsooth,

And the wrinkles on my brow?

I have still the soul of youth,

Try me, merry Muses, now.

I can still with numbers fleet

Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young,

Old am I this many a year;

But my songs will yet be sung,

Though I shall not live to hear.

O my son that is to be,

Sing my songs, and think of me!

WHEN THE DRUM OF SICKNESS BEATS.

WHEN the drum of sickness beats

The change o' the watch, and we
are old,

Farewell, youth, and all its sweets.

Fires gone out that leave us cold!

Hairs are white that once were black,
Each of fate the message saith;
And the bending of the back
Salutation is to death.

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

PAIN and pleasure both decay,
Wealth and poverty depart;
Wisdom makes a longer stay,
Therefore, be thou wise, my heart.

Land remains not, nor do they
Who the lands to-day control.
Kings and princes pass away,
Therefore, be thou fixed, my soul.

If by hatred, love, or pride
Thou art shaken, thou art wrong;
Only one thing will abide,
Only goodness can be strong.

OUT OF THE DEEPS OF HEAVEN.

OUT of the deeps of heaven
A bird has flown to my door,
As twice in the ripening summers
Its mates have flown before.

Why it has flown to my dwelling
Nor it nor I may know;
And only the silent angels
Can tell when it shall go.

That it will not straightway vanish,
But fold its wings with me,
And sing in the greenest branches
Till the axe is laid to the tree,

Is the prayer of my love and terror;
For my soul is sore distressed,
Lest I wake some dreadful morning,
And find but its empty nest!

*WE SAT BY THE CHEERLESS
FIRESIDE.*

WE sat by the cheerless fireside,
Mother, and you, and I;
All thinking of our darling,
And sad enough to die.

He lay in his little coffin,
In the room adjoining ours,
A Christmas wreath on his bosom,
His brow in a band of flowers.

"We bury the boy to-morrow,"
I said, or seemed to say;
"Would I could keep it from coming
By lengthening out to-day!"

"Why can't I sit by the fireside,
As I am sitting now,
And feel my gray hairs thinning,
And the wrinkles on my brow?"

"God keep him there in his coffin
Till the years have rolled away!
If he *must* be buried to-morrow,
Oh, let me die to-day!"

THE HEALTH.

You may drink to your leman in
gold,
In a great golden goblet of wine;
She's as ripe as the wine, and as bold
As the glare of the gold:
But this little lady of mine,
I will not profane her in wine.
I go where the garden so still is,
(The moon raining through,)
To pluck the white bowls of the
lilies,
And drink her in dew!

SILENT SONGS.

If I could ever sing the songs
Within me day and night,
The only fit accompaniment
Would be a lute of light.

A thousand dreamy melodies,
Begot with pleasant pain,
Like incantations float around
The chambers of my brain.

But when I strive to utter one,
It mocks my feeble art,
And leaves me silent, with the thorns
Of music in my heart!

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet,
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards
to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more
sweet and low,
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's
golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky.—Oh, pass, ye
visions, pass!
I would that I were dead!

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
From which I ever flee?
O vanished Joy! O Love, that art no
more,
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did
stain
Thy velvet leaf.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

STRIVE not to say the whole! the poet in his art,
Must intimate the whole, and say the
smallest part.

The young moon's silver arc, her perfect circle tells,
The limitless, within Art's bounded outline dwells.

Of every noble work, the silent part is best;
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

Each act contains the life, each work of art, the world,
And all the planet-laws are in each dew-drop pearled.

WETMORE COTTAGE, NAHANT.

THE hours on the old piazza
That overhangs the sea,
With a tender and pensive music
At times steal over me;
And again, o'er the balcony leaning,
We list to the surf on the beach,
That fills with its solemn warning
The intervals of speech.

We three sit at night in the moon-light,
As we sat in the summer gone,
And we talk of art and nature
And sing as we sit alone;
We sing the old songs of Sorrento,
Where oranges hang o'er the sea,
And our hearts are tender with dreaming
Of days that no more shall be.

How gaily the hours went with us
In those old days that are gone!
Ah! would we were all together.
Where now I am standing alone.
Could life be again so perfect?
Ah, never! these years so drain
The heart of its freshness of feeling,—
But I long, though the longing be vain.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

LIFE's mystery,—deep, restless as
the ocean,—
Hath surged and wailed for ages to
and fro;
Earth's generations watch its cease-
less motion
As in and out its hollow moanings
flow;
Shivering and yearning by that un-
known sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in
thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable pow-
er,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal
plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as
the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the
ripened grain:—
Ah, when before that blast my hopes
all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in
thee!

Between the mysteries of death and
life
Thou standest, loving, guiding,—
not explaining;
We ask, and thou art silent,—yet we
gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget
their drear complaining!
No crushing fate,—no stony destiny!
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we
rest in thee!

The many waves of thought, the
mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from
other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim eter-
nal shores
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-
worn strands,—
This vague, dark tumult of the inner
sea

Grows calm, grows bright, O, risen
Lord, in thee!

Thy pierced hand guides the myste-
rious wheels;
Thy thorn-crowned brow now
wears the crown of power;
And when the dark enigma presseth
sore
Thy patient voice saith, "Watch
with me one hour!"
As sinks the moaning river in the
sea
In silver peace,—so sinks my soul in
Thee!

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud.—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and
beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence,—awful, sweet, and
calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
 And gently dream in loving arms,
 To swoon to that,—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
 To feel all evil sink away,
 All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
 Press nearer to our side,
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life, the dream.

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.

[From *Frontenac*.]

QUEBEC AT SUNRISE.

THE fresh May morning's earliest
 light,
 From where the richest hues were
 blended,
 Lit on Cape Diamond's towering
 height
 Whose spangled crystals glittered
 bright,
 Thence to the castle roof descended,
 And bathed in radiance pure and
 deep [steep.
 The spires and dwellings of the
 Still downward crept the strengthen-
 ing rays;
 The lofty crowded roofs below
 And Cataragui caught the glow,
 Till the whole scene was in a blaze.
 The scattered bastions,—walls of
 stone
 With bristling lines of cannon
 crowned,
 Whose muzzles o'er the landscape
 frowned
 Blackly through their embrasures
 —shone.
 Point Levi's woods sent many a
 wreath
 Of mist, as though hearths smoked
 beneath,
 Whilst heavy folds of vapor gray
 Upon St. Charles, still brooding, lay;
 The basin glowed in splendid dyes
 Glassing the glories of the skies,
 And chequered tints of light and
 shade
 The banks of Orleans' Isle displayed.

[From *Frontenac*.]

QUEBEC AT SUNSET.

'TWAS in June's bright and glowing
 prime
 The loveliest of the summer time.
 The laurels were one splendid sheet
 Of crowded blossom everywhere;
 The locust's clustered pearl was
 sweet, [air
 And the tall whitewood made the
 Delicious with the fragrance shed
 From the gold flowers all o'er it
 spread.
 In the rich pomp of dying day
 Quebec, the rock-throned monarch,
 glowed,
 Castle and spire and dwelling gray
 The batteries rude that niched their
 way
 Along the cliff, beneath the play
 Of the deep yellow light, were gay,
 And the curved flood, below that lay,
 In flashing glory flowed;
 Beyond, the sweet and mellow smile
 Beamed upon Orleans' lovely isle;
 Until the downward view
 Was closed by mountain-tops that,
 reared
 Against the burnished sky, appeared
 In misty dreamy hue.
 West of Quebec's embankments rose
 The forests in their wild repose.
 Between the trunks, the radiance
 slim
 Here came with slant and quiver-
 ing blaze;

Whilst there, in leaf-wreathed arbors
dim,

Was gathering gray the twilight's
haze.

Where cut the boughs the back-
ground glow

That striped the west, a glittering
belt,

The leaves transparent seemed, as
though

In the rich radiance they would
melt.

Upon a narrow grassy glade,

Where thickets stood in grouping
shade,

The light streaked down in golden
mist,

Kindled the shrubs, the greensward
kissed,

Until the clover-blossoms white

Flashed out like spangles large and
bright.

This green and sun-streaked glade
was rife

With sights and sounds of forest life.

A robin in a bush was singing,

A flicker rattled on a tree;

In liquid fife-like tones round ringing

A thrasher piped its melody;

Crouching and leaping with pointed
ear

From thicket to thicket a rabbit
sped,

And on the short delicate grass a
deer

Lashing the insects from off him,
fed.

[From *Frontenac*.]

THE CANADIAN SPRING.

'Twas May! the spring with magic
bloom

Leaped up from winter's frozen
tomb.

Day lit the river's icy mail;

The bland warm rain at evening
sank;

Ice fragments dashed in midnight's
gale;

The moose at morn the ripples
drank.

The yacht, that stood with naked
mast

In the locked shallows motionless

When sunset fell, went curtseying
past

As breathed the morning's light
caress.

The woodman, in the forest deep,
At sunrise heard with gladdening

thrill,

Where yester-eve was gloomy sleep.

The brown rossignol's carol shrill;

Where yester-eve the snowbank
spread

The hemlock's twisted roots be-
tween,

He saw the coltsfoot's golden head
Rising from mosses plump and

green;

Whilst all around were budding trees,
And mellow sweetness filled the

breeze,

A few days passed along, and brought
More changes as by magic wrought.

With plumes were tipped the beechen
sprays;

The birch, long dangling tassels
showed;

The oak still bare, but in a blaze
Of gorgeous red the maple glowed;

With clusters of the purest white
Cherry and shadbush charmed the

sight

Like spots of snow the boughs
among;

And showers of strawberry blossoms
made

Rich carpets in each field and glade
Where day its kindest glances

flung.

And air, too, hailed spring's joyous
sway;

The bluebird warbled clear and
sweet;

Then came the wren with carols gay,
The customed roof and porch to

greet;

The mockbird showed its varied skill;
At evening moaned the whippoor-

will.

Type of the spring from winter's
gloom!

The butterfly new being found;
 Whilst round the pink may-apple's
 bloom,
 Gave myriad drinking bees their
 sound.
 Great fleeting clouds the pigeons
 made;
 When near her brood the hunter
 strayed
 With trailing limp the partridge
 stirred;
 Whilst a quick, feathered spangle
 shot
 Rapid as thought from spot to spot
 Showing the fairy humming-bird.

[From Frontenac.]

CAYUGA LAKE.

SWEET sylvan lake! in memory's
 gold
 Is set the time, when first my eye
 From thy green shore beheld thee
 hold
 Thy mirror to the sunset sky!
 No ripple brushed its delicate air,
 Rich silken tints alone were there;
 The far opposing shore displayed,
 Mingling its hues, a tender shade;
 A sail scarce seeming to the sight
 To move, spread there its pinion
 white,
 Like some pure spirit stealing on
 Down from its realm, by beauty won.
 Oh, who could view the scene nor
 feel
 Its gentle peace within him steal,
 Nor in his inmost bosom bless
 Its pure and radiant loveliness?
 My heart bent down its willing knee
 Before the glorious Deity;
 Beauty led up my heart to Him,
 Beauty, though cold, and poor, and
 dim
 Before His radiance, beauty still
 That made my bosom deeply thrill;
 To higher life my being wrought,
 And purified my every thought,
 Crept like soft music through my
 mind,
 Each feeling of my soul refined,
 And lifted me that lovely even
 One precious moment up to heaven.

Then, contrast wild, I saw the cloud
 The next day rear its sable crest,
 And heard with awe the thunder
 loud
 Come crashing o'er thy blackening
 breast.
 Down swooped the eagle of the blast,
 One mass of foam was tossing high,
 Whilst the red lightnings, fierce and
 fast,
 Shot from the wild and scowling
 sky,
 And burst in dark and mighty train
 A tumbling cataract, the rain.
 I saw within the driving mist
 Dim writhing stooping shapes,—
 the trees
 That the last eve so softly kissed,
 And birds so filled with melodies.
 Still swept the wind with keener
 shriek,
 The tossing waters higher rolled,
 Still fiercer flashed the lightning's
 streak,
 Still gloomier frowned the tempest's
 fold.

Ah, such, ah, such is life, I sighed,
 That lovely yester-eve and this!
 Now it reflects the radiant pride
 Of youth and hope and promise.
 bliss,
 Earth's future track an Eden seems
 Brighter than e'en our brightest
 dreams.
 Again, the tempest rushes o'er,
 The sky's blue smile is seen no more,
 The placid deep to foam is tossed,
 All trace of beauty, peace, is lost,
 Despair is hovering, dark and wild,
 Ah! what can save earth's stricken
 child?

Sweet sylvan lake! beside thee now,
 Villages point their spires to
 heaven,
 Rich meadows wave, broad grain-
 fields bow,
 The axe resounds, the plough is
 driven:
 Down verdant points come herds to
 drink,
 Flocks strew, like spots of snow, thy
 brink;

The frequent farm-house meets the sight,
Mid falling harvests scythes are bright,
The watch-dog's bark comes faint from far,

Shakes on the ear the saw-mill's jar,
The steamer like a darting bird
Parts the rich emerald of thy wave,
And the gay song and laugh are heard,

But all is o'er the Indian's grave.
Pause, white man! check thy onward stride!

Cease o'er the flood thy prow to guide!

Until is given one sigh sincere
For those who once were monarchs here,

And prayer is made beseeching God
To spare us his avenging rod
For all the wrongs upon the head
Of the poor helpless savage shed;
Who, strong when we were weak, did not

Trample us down upon the spot,
But, weak when we were strong, was cast

Like leaves upon the rushing blast.

Sweet sylvan lake! one single gem
Is in thy liquid diadem.
No sister has this little isle
To give its beauty smile for smile;
With it to hear the blue-bird sing;
"Wake, leaves, wake, flowers! here comes the spring!"

With it to weave for summer's tread

Mosses below and bowers o'erhead;
With it to flash to gorgeous skies
The opal pomp of autumn skies;
And when stern winter's tempests blow

To shrink beneath his robes of snow.

Sweet sylvan lake! that isle of thine
Is like one hope through grief to shine:

Is like one tie our life to cheer;
Is like one flower when all is sere;
One ray amidst the tempest's night;
One star amidst the gloom of night.

A FOREST WALK.

A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,

O'er hill, through dale, my steps have run

To the cool forest's shadowy bowers;

One of the paths all round that wind,
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,

And sights and sounds of human kind
In Nature's lone recesses lose:

The beech displays its marbled bark,
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,

While scowls the hemlock grim and dark,

The maple's scalloped dome beside.

All weave on high a verdant roof
That keeps the very sun aloof.

Making a twilight soft and green

Within the columned, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest-odors have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth;

Where pine-cones dropped, leaves piled and dead

Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,

With many a wild flower's fairy inn,

A thick, elastic carpet spread:
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,

Resolving into soil, is sunk;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne

By some fierce whirlwind circling past,

Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,

One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest-tips are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light;

But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow

Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stems, and breaks below:

The mingled shadows off are rolled.

The sylvan floor is bathed in gold;

Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen

Display their shades of brown and green:

Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss;
The robin, brooding in her nest,
Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast;

And, as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,

He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted
With rich green grass, invites my tread:

Here showers the light in golden dots,
There drops the shade in ebon spots,
So blended that the very air
Seems net-work as I enter there.

The partridge, whose deep-rolling drum

Afar has sounded in my ear,
Ceasing his beatings as I come,
Whirs to the sheltering branches near;

The little milk-snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day;
And now, between the boughs, a space

Of the blue, laughing sky, I trace:
On each side shrinks the bowery shade;

Before me spreads an emerald glade;
The sunshine steeps its grass and moss;

That couch my footsteps as I cross;
Merrily hums the tawny bee.
The glittering humming-bird I see;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect choir is loud in song;
A spot of light and life, it seems, —
A fairy haunt for Fancy's dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press

In luxury of idleness;
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky

Spotted with cloud-shapes charm my eye:

While murmuring grass and waving trees —

Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze —

And water-tones that tinkle near,
Blend their sweet music to my ear;
And by the changing shades alone,
The passage of the hours is known.

THE BLUE-BIRD'S SONG.

HARK, that sweet carol! With delight

We leave the stifling room;
The little bluebird meets our sight, —
Spring, glorious spring, has come!
The south-wind's balm is in the air,

[where
The melting snow-wreaths every-
Are leaping off in showers;
And Nature, in her brightening looks,
Tells that her flowers, and leaves,
and brooks,

And birds, will soon be ours.

[From "The Nook in the Forest."]

A PICTURE.

THE branches arch and shape a pleasant bower,

Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright

Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold; a soft, cool emerald tint

Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves

Emitted self-born light. What splendored walls,

And what a gorgeous roof, carved by the hand

Of glorious Nature! Here the spruce thrusts in

Its bristling plume, tipped with its pale-green points;

The hemlock shows its borders freshly fringed;

The smoothly-scalloped beech-leaf and the birch,

Cut into ragged edges, interlace:

While here and there, through clefts, the laurel hangs

Its gorgeous chalices half-brimmed with dew,

As though to hoard it for the haunt-
ing elves,
The moonlight calls to this, their
festal hall. [the earth
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The
fern displays

Its fluted wreath, beaded beneath
with drops
Of richest brown; the wild-rose
spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging
fir
Has dropped its dark, long cone.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love thee more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again,
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Except it had been she.

Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least, ere this,
A dozen in her place!

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move
her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win
her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute!

Quit, quit for shame, this will not
move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have
mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast
lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell, care, and farewell,
woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

EARL OF SURREY (HENRY HOWARD).

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY
LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find;
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet
mind:

The equal friend, no grudge, no
strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simple-
ness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not op-
press:

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the
night.
Content thee with thine own estate;
Ne wish for death, ne fear his
might.

FROM "NO AGE IS CONTENT."

I saw the little boy
In thought — how oft that he
Did wish of God to 'scape the rod,
A tall young man to be:
The young man eke, that feels
His bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man,
To live and lie at rest.

The rich old man that sees
His end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again,
To live so much the more;
Whereat full oft I smiled,
To see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy,
Would chop and change degree.

IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY-LOVE
COMPARED WITH ALL OTHERS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags
in vain;

My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well
say'n,
Than doth the sun the candle
light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were;
And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to
show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mould,
The like to whom she could not
paint:
With wringing hands, how she did
cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her
heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain;
"She could not make the like
again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she
wrought;
In faith, methink! some better ways
On your behalf might well be
sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN MEMORY OF BARRY CORNWALL.

In the garden of death, where the singers whose names are deathless,
 One with another make music unheard of men,
 Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips long breathless,
 And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not or change again,
 Who comes now crowned with the blossom of snow-white years?
 What music is this that the world of the dead men hears?

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,
 Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,
 Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,
 To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts meet,
 Child, father, bridegroom and bride, and anguish and rest,
 No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled and brightened,
 As a forest with birds, with the fruit and the flower of his song;
 For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their cares were lightened,
 For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered his name so long;
 By the living and dead lips blest that have loved his name,
 And clothed with their praise and crowned with their love for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,
 That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by night,
 As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's self knows not,
 Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;
 Shall wax with the years that wane and the seasons' chime,
 As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with another,
 And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake;
 The same year beckons, and elder with younger brother
 Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all shall take.*
 They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come;
 And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
 To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;
 But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
 Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack breath.
 For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,
 Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

FROM "A VISION OF SPRING IN WINTER."

As sweet desire of day before the day,
 As dreams of love before the true love born,
 From the outer edge of winter overworn
 The ghost arisen of May before the May

* Sydney Dobell died the same year.

Takes through dim air her unawakened way,
The gracious ghost of morning risen ere morn.
With little unblown breasts and child-eyed looks
Following, the very maid, the girl-child spring,
Lifts windward her bright brows,
Dips her light feet in warm and moving brooks,
And kindles with her own mouth's coloring
The fearful firstlings of the plumeless boughs.

I seek thee sleeping, and awhile I see,
Fair face that art not, how thy maiden breath
Shall put at last the deadly days to death
And fill the fields, and fire the woods with thee,
And seaward hollows where my feet would be
When heaven shall hear the word that April saith,
To change the cold heart of the weary time,
To stir and soften all the time to tears,
Tears joyfuller than mirth;
As even to May's clear height the young days climb
With feet not swifter than those fair first years
Whose flowers revive not with thy flowers on earth.

I would not bid thee, though I might, give back
One good thing youth has given and borne away;
I crave not any comfort of the day
That is not, nor on time's retrodden track
Would turn to meet the white-robed hours or black
That long since left me on their mortal way;
Nor light nor love that has been, nor the breath
That comes with morning from the sun to be
And sets light hope on fire:
No fruit, no flower thought once too fair for death,
No flower nor hour once fallen from life's green tree,
No leaf once plucked or once-fulfilled desire.

The morning song beneath the stars that fled
With twilight through the moonless mountain air,
While youth with burning lips and wreathless hair
Sang toward the sun that was to crown his head,
Rising; the hopes that triumphed and fell dead,
The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours that were:
These may'st thou not give back forever; these,
As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie waste,
Lie deeper than the sea;
But flowers thou may'st, and winds, and hours of ease,
And all its April to the world thou may'st
Give back, and half my April back to me.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone sand.
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise of the strange guest's hand?
 So long have the gray bare walks lain guestless,
 Through branches and briers if a man make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
 These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not;
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
 From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
 Over the meadows that blossom and wither
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
 Only the sun and the rain come hither,
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
 Only the wind here hovers and revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death.
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward, a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
 Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
 For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
 And men that love lightly may die — but we?"
 And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed.
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
 Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
 And were one to the end — but what end who knows?
 Love deep as the sea, as a rose must wither,
 As the rose-red sea-weed that mocks the rose.

Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them ?

What love was ever as deep as a grave ?

They are loveless now as the grass above them,

Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,

Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers

In the air now soft with a summer to be.

Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter

Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,

When, as they that are free now of weeping and laughter,

We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;

Here change may come not till all change end.

From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,

Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.

Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,

While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;

Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing

Roll the sea;

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,

Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,

Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble

The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,

Here now in his triumph where all things falter,

Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,

As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,

Death lies dead.

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,

And I were like the leaf,

Our lives would grow together

In sad or singing weather,

Blown fields or flowerful closes,

Green pleasure or gray grief:

If love were what the rose is,

And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,

And love were like the tune,

With double sound and single

Delight our lips would mingle,

With kisses glad as birds are

That get sweet rain at noon;

If I were what the words are

And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling.

And I your love were death,

We'd shine and snow together

Ere March made sweet the weather

With daffodil and starling

And hours of fruitful breath;

If you were life, my darling.

And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,

And I were page to joy,

We'd play for lives and seasons,

With loving looks and treasons

And tears of night and morrow.

And laughs of maid and boy;

If you were thrall to sorrow.

And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours.
 And draw for days with flowers,
 Till day like night were shady,
 And night were bright like day;
 If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain,
 We'd hunt down love together,
 Pluck out his flying-feather,
 And teach his feet a measure,
 And find his mouth a rein;
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

FROM "CHRISTMAS ANTIPHONES."

IN CHURCH.

THOU whose birth on earth
 Angels sang to men,
 While thy stars made mirth,
 Saviour, at thy birth,
 This day born again;

As this night was bright
 With thy cradle-ray,
 Very Light of light,
 Turn the wild world's night
 To thy perfect day.

God, whose feet made sweet
 Those wild ways they trod,
 From thy fragrant feet
 Staining field and street
 With the blood of God;

God, whose breast is rest
 In the time of strife,
 In thy secret breast
 Sheltering souls oppress
 From the heat of life;

God, whose eyes are skies,
 Love-lit as with spheres,
 By the lights that rise
 To thy watching eyes,
 Orb'd lights of tears;

God, whose heart hath part
 In all grief that is,
 Was not man's the dart
 That went through thine heart,
 And the wound not his?

Where the pale souls wail,
 Held in bonds of death,
 Where all spirits quail,
 Came thy Godhead pale
 Still from human breath,—

Pale from life and strife,
 Wan with manhood, came
 Forth of mortal life,
 Pierced as with a knife,
 Scarred as with a flame.

Thou, the Word and Lord
 In all time and space
 Heard, beheld, adored,
 With all ages poured
 Forth before thy face;

Lord, what worth in earth
 Drew thee down to die?
 What therein was worth,
 Lord, thy death and birth?
 What beneath thy sky?

Light, above all love,
 By thy love was lit,
 And brought down the dove
 Feathered from above
 With the wings of it.

From the height of night,
 Was not thine the star
 That led forth with might
 By no worldly light
 Wise men from afar?

Yet the wise men's eyes
 Saw thee not more clear
 Than they saw thee rise
 Who in shepherd's guise
 Drew as poor men near.

Yet thy poor endure,
 And are with us yet;
 Be thy name a sure
 Refuge for thy poor
 Whom men's eyes forget.

Thou whose ways we praise,
Clear alike and dark,
Keep our works and ways
This and all thy days
Safe inside thine ark.

Who shall keep thy sheep,
Lord, and lose not one?
Who save one shall keep,
Lest the shepherds sleep?
Who beside the Son?

From the grave-deep wave,
From the sword and flame,
Thou, even Thou, shalt save
Souls of king and slave
Only by thy Name.

Light not born with morn
Or her fires above,
Jesus virgin-born,
Held of men in scorn,
Turn their scorn to love.

Thou whose face gives grace
As the sun's doth heat,
Let thy sunbright face
Lighen time and space
Here beneath thy feet.

Bid our peace increase,
Thou that madest morn;
Bid oppressions cease;
Bid the night be peace;
Bid the day be born.

OUTSIDE CHURCH.

We whose days and ways
All the night makes dark,
What day shall we praise
Of these weary days
That our life-drops mark?

We whose mind is blind,
Fed with hope of nought;
Wastes of worn mankind,
Without heart or mind,
Without meat or thought;

We with strife of life
Worn till all life cease,
Want, a whetted knife,
Sharpening strife on strife,
How should we love peace?

Ye whose meat is sweet
And your wine-cup red,
Us beneath your feet
Hunger grinds as wheat,
Grinds to make you bread.

Ye whose night is bright
With soft rest and heat,
Clothed like day with light,
Us the naked night
Slays from street to street.

Hath your God no rod,
That ye tread so light?
Man on us as God,
God as man hath trod,
Trod us down with might.

We that one by one
Bleed from either's rod,
What for us hath done
Man beneath the sun,
What for us hath God?

We whose blood is food
Given your wealth to feed,
From the Christless rood
Red with no God's blood,
But with man's indeed;

How shall we that see
Night-long overhead
Life, the flowerless tree,
Nailed whereon as we
Were our fathers dead,—

We whose ear can hear,
Not whose tongue can name,
Famine, ignorance, fear,
Bleeding tear by tear,
Year by year of shame,

Till the dry life die
Out of bloodless breast,
Out of beamless eye,
Out of mouths that cry
Till death feed with rest,—

How shall we as ye,
Though ye bid us, pray?
Though ye call, can we
Hear you call, or see,
Though ye show us day?

We whose name is shame,
We whose souls walk bare,
Shall we call the same
God as ye by name,
Teach our lips your prayer ?

God, forgive and give,
For His sake who died ?
Nay, for ours who live,
How shall we forgive
Thee, then, on our side ?

We whose right to light
Heaven's high noon denies,
Whom the blind beams smite
That for you shine bright,
And but burn our eyes.

With what dreams of beams
Shall we build up day,
At what sourceless streams
Seek to drink in dreams
Ere they pass away ?

In what street shall meet,
At what market-place,
Your feet and our feet,
With one goal to greet,
Having run one race ?

What one hope shall ope
For us all as one,
One same horoscope,
Where the soul sees hope
That outburns the sun ?

At what shrine what wine,
At what board what bread,
Salt as blood or brine,
Shall we share in sign
How we poor were fed ?

In what hour what power
Shall we pray for morn,
If your perfect hour,
When all day bears flower,
Not for us is born ?

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

MENE, MENE.

THAT precious, priceless gift, a soul
Unto thyself surrendered whole,
Withdrawn from all but thy control,
Thou hast foregone.

The throne where none might sit but
thou,
The crown of love to bind thy brow,
Glad homage paid with praise and
vow,
Thou hast foregone.

I do not blame thee utterly,
But rather strive to pity thee,
Remembering all the empery
Thou hast foregone.

It was thy folly, not thy crime,
To have contemned the call sublime,
The realm more firm than fate or
time
Thou hast foregone.

BEATI ILLI.

BLEST is the man whose heart and
hands are pure!
He hath no sickness that he shall not
cure,
No sorrow that he may not well en-
dure:
His feet are steadfast and his hope is
sure.

Oh, blest is he who ne'er hath sold
his soul,
Whose will is perfect, and whose
word is whole,
Who hath not paid to common sense
the toll
Of self-disgrace, nor owned the
world's control!

Through clouds and shadows of the
darkest night
He will not lose a glimmering of the
light,

Nor, though the sun of day be
shrouded quite,
Swerve from the narrow path to left
or right.

ON THE HILL-SIDE.

THE winds behind me in the thicket
sigh,
The bees fly droning on laborious
wing,
Pink cloudlets scarcely float across
the sky.
September stillness broods o'er every-
thing.
Deep peace is in my soul: I seem to
hear
Catullus murmuring, "Let us live
and love;
Suns rise and set, and fill the rolling
year
Which bears us deathward, therefore
let us love;
Pour forth the wine of kisses, let
them flow,
And let us drink our fill before we
die."
Hush! in the thicket still the breezes
blow; [sky;
Pink cloudlets sail across the azure
The bees warp lazily on laden
wing;
Beauty and stillness brood o'er
everything..

THE WILL.

BLAME not the times in which we
live,
Nor Fortune frail and fugitive;
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule
Of vice or wrong once learned at
school;
But blame thyself, O man!
Although both heaven and earth
combined
To mould thy flesh and form thy
mind,
Though every thought, word, action,
will,
Was framed by powers beyond thee,
still
Thou art thyself, O man!

And self to take or leave is free,
Feeling its own sufficiency:
In spite of science, spite of fate,
The judge within thee, soon or late,
Will blame but thee, O man!

Say not, "I would, but could not —
He
Should bear the blame who fash-
ioned me —
Call you mere change of motive
choice?" —
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice
Cries, "Thine the deed, O man!"

FAREWELL.

THOU goest: to what distant place
Wilt thou thy sunlight carry?
I stay with cold and clouded face:
How long am I to tarry?
Where'er thou goest, morn will be:
Thou leavest night and gloom to me.
The night and gloom I can but take:
I do not grudge thy splendor:
Bid souls of eager men awake;
Be kind and bright and tender.
Give day to other worlds; for me
It must suffice to dream of thee.

NEW LIFE, NEW LOVE.

APRIL is in;
New loves begin!
Up, lovers all,
The cuckoos call!
Winter is by,
Blue shines the sky,
Primroses blow
Where lay cold snow:
Then why should I
Sit still and sigh?

Death took my dear:
Oh, pain! Oh, fear!
I know not whither,
When flowers did wither,
My summer love
Flew far above.

Now must I find
One to my mind;
The world is wide;
• Spring fields are pied
With flowers for thee,
New love, and me!

April is in:
New loves begin!
Up, lovers all,
The cuckoos call!

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

DEAR friend, I know not if such
days and nights
Of fervent comradeship as we have
spent,
Or if twin minds with equal ardor
bent
To search the world's unspeakable
delights,
Or if long hours passed on Parnas-
sian heights
Together in rapt interminglement
Of heart with heart on thought
sublime intent,
Or if the spark of heaven-born fire
that lights
Love in both breasts from boyhood,
thus have wrought
Our spirits to communion; but I
swear
That neither chance nor change
nor time nor aught
That makes the future of our lives
less fair,
Shall sunder us who once have
breathed this air.
Of soul-commingling friendship
passion-fraught.

THE PONTE DI PARADISO.

OF all the mysteries wherethrough
we move,
This is the most mysterious — that
a face,
Seen peradventure in some distant
place,
Whither we can return no more to
prove

The world-old sanctities of human
love,
Shall haunt our waking thoughts,
and gathering grace
Incorporate itself with every phase
Whereby the soul aspires to God
above.

Thus are we wedded through that
face to her
Or him who bears it; nay, one fleet-
ing glance.
Fraught with a tale too deep for
utterance,
Even as a pebble cast into the sea,
Will on the deep waves of our spirit
stir
Ripples that run through all eter-
nity.

[From *The Alps and Italy*.]

SELF.

'Tis self whereby we suffer; 'tis the
greed
To grasp, the hunger to assimilate
All that earth holds of fair and
delicate,
The lust to blend with beauteous
lives, to feed
And take our fill of loveliness, which
breed
This anguish of the soul intempe-
rate;
'Tis self that turns to pain and poi-
sonous hate
The calm clear life of love the
angels lead.
O, that 'twere possible this self to
burn
In the pure flames of joy contem-
plative!

THE PRAYER TO MNEMOSYNE.

LADY, when first the message came
to me
Of thy great hope and all thy future
bliss,
I had no envy of that happiness
Which sets a limit to our joy in thee:
But uttering orisons to gods who see
Our mortal strife, and bidding them
to bless

With increase of pure good thy
goodliness,
I made unto the mild Mnemosyne
More for myself than thee one prayer
—that when
Our paths are wholly severed, and
thy years
Glide among other cares and far-off
men,
She may watch over thee, as one
who hears
The music of the past, and in thine
ears
Murmur "They live and love thee
now as then."

SONNETS FROM "INTELLECTUAL
ISOLATION."

NAY, soul, though near to dying, do
not this!
It may be that the world and all
its ways
Seem but spent ashes of extin-
guished days
And love, the phantom of imagined
bliss;
Yet what is man among the mysteries
Whereof the young-eyed angels
sang their praise?
Thou know'st not. Lone and wil-
dered in the maze,
See that life's crown thou dost not
idly miss.
Is friendship fickle? Hast thou
found her so?
Is God more near thee on that
homeless sea
Than by the hearths where chil-
dren come and go?
Perchance some rotten root of sin in
thee
Hath made thy garden cease to
bloom and glow:
Hast thou no need from thine own
self to flee?

It is the centre of the soul that ails:
We carry with us our own heart's
disease;
And craving the impossible, we
freeze

The lively rills of love that never
fails.
What faith, what hope will lend the
spirit sails
To waft her with a light spray-
scattering breeze [sies,
From this Calypso isle of phanta-
Self-sought, self-generated, where
the daylight pales?
Where wandering visions of foregone
desires
Pursue her sleepless on a stony
strand;
Instead of stars the bleak and bale-
ful fires
Of vexed imagination, quivering
spires
That have nor rest nor substance,
light the land,
Paced by lean hungry men, a
ghostly band!

OH, that the waters of oblivion
Might purge the burdened soul of
her life's dross,
Cleansing dark overgrowths that
dull the gloss
Wherewith her pristine gold so
purely shone!
Oh, that some spell might make us
dream undone
Those deeds that fret our pillow,
when we toss
Racked by the torments of that
living cross
Where memory frowns, a grim
centurion! [smart,
Sleep, the kind soother of our bodily
Is bought and sold by scales-weight;
quivering nerves
Sink into slumber when the hand
of art
Hath touched some hidden spring of
brain or heart:
But for the tainted will no medi-
cine serves;
The road from sin to suffering
never swerves.

WHAT skill shall anodyne the mind
diseased?
Did Rome's fell tyrant cure his
secret sore

With those famed draughts of
cooling hellebore?
What opiates on the fiends of thought
have seized?
This fever of the spirit hath been
eased
By no grave simples culled on any
shore;
No surgeon's knife, no muttered
charm, no lore
Of Phœbus Paian have those pangs
appeased.

Herself must be her savior. Side by
side
Spring poisonous weed and hope-
ful antidote
Within her tangled herbage; lonely
pride
And humble fellow-service; dreams
that dote
Deeds that aspire; foul sloth, free
labor: she
Hath power to choose, and what
she wills, to be.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

[From *Ion*.]

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

The blessings which the weak and
poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little
thing
To give a cup of water; yet its
draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fe-
vered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the
frame
More exquisite than when nectarian
juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest
hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily
use
Has almost lost its sense; yet in the
ear
Of him who thought to die un-
mourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music, fill the glazing
eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted
hand
To know the bonds of fellowship
again,
And shed on the departing soul, a
sense
More precious than the benison of
friends
About the honored death-bed of the
rich

To him who else were lonely, that
another
Of the great family is near, and
feels.

ON THE RECEPTION OF WORDS- WORTH AT OXFORD.

Oh! never did a mighty truth pre-
vail
With such felicities of place and
time
As in those shouts sent forth with
joy sublime
From the full heart of England's
youth, to hail
Her once neglected bard within the
pale
Of Learning's fairest citadel! That
voice,
In which the future thunders, bids
rejoice
Some who through wintry fortunes
did not fail
To bless with love as deep as life,
the name
Thus welcomed;—who in happy
silence share
The triumph; while their fondest
musings claim
Unhoped-for echoes in the joyous
air,
That to their long-loved poet's spirit
bear.
A nation's promise of undying fame.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn;
 The dews begin to fa';
 The pairtricks down the rushy holm
 Set up their e'ening ca'.
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's
 sang
 Rings through the briery shaw,
 While flitting gay, the swallows play
 Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
 The mavis mends her lay;
 The red-breast pours his sweetest
 strains,
 To charm the ling'ring day;
 While weary yeldrins seem to wall
 Their little nestlings torn,
 The merry wren, frae den to den,
 Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts its bell;
 The honeysuckle and the birk
 Spread fragrance through the dell.
 Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that Nature yields
 Are dearer far to me.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the
 lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside
 o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm sum-
 mer gloamin',
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower
 o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft
 fauldin' blossom,
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its man-
 tle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to
 this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower
 o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as
 she's bonnie,—
 For guileless simplicity marks her
 its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of
 feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet
 flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn
 to the e'ening,—
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Cal-
 derwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless
 and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the
 flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi'
 my Jessie!
 The sports o' the city seemed fool-
 ish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my
 dear lassie
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the
 flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o'
 loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish
 in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height
 o' its splendor,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower
 o' Dumblane.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

ON THE HEADLAND.

I sit on the lonely headland,
Where the sea-gulls come and go:
The sky is gray above me,
And the sea is gray below.

There is no fisherman's pinnace
Homeward or outward bound;
I see no living creature
In the world's deserted round.

I pine for something human,
Man, woman, young or old,—
Something to meet and welcome,
Something to clasp and hold.

I have a mouth for kisses,
But there's no one to give and
take;

I have a heart in my bosom
Beating for nobody's sake.

O warmth of love that is wasted!
Is there none to stretch a hand?
No other heart that hungers
In all the living land?

I could fondle the fisherman's baby,
And rock it into rest;
I could take the sunburnt sailor,
Like a brother, to my breast,

I could clasp the hand of any
Outcast of land or sea,
If the guilty palm but answered
The tenderness in me!

The sea might rise and drown me;
Cliffs fall and crush my head,—
Were there one to love me, living,
Or weep to see me dead!

THE FATHER.

THE fateful hour, when death stood
by
And stretched his threatening hand
in vain,
Is over now, and life's first cry
Speaks feeble triumph through its
pain.

But yesterday, and thee the earth
Inscribed not on her mighty
scroll:

To-day she opes the gate of birth,
And gives the spheres another
soul.

But yesterday, no fruit from me
The rising winds of time had
hurled

To-day, a father,—can it be
A child of mine is in the world?

I look upon the little frame,
As helpless on my arm it lies:
Thou giv'st me, child, a father's
name,
God's earliest name in Paradise.

Like Him, creator too I stand:
His power and mystery seem more
near;

Thou giv'st me honor in the land,
And giv'st my life duration here.

But love, to-day, is more than pride;
Love sees his star of triumph
shine,

For life nor death can now divide
The souls that wedded breathe in
thine:

Mine and thy mother's, whence arose
The copy of my face in thee;
And as thine eyelids first unclose,
My own young eyes look up to
me.

Look on me, child, once more, once
more,
Even with those weak, uncon-
scious eyes;

Stretch the small hands that help im-
plore;

Salute me with thy wailing cries!

This is the blessing and the prayer
A father's sacred place demands:
Ordain me, darling, for thy care,
And lead me with thy helpless
hands!

A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

WHEN the stern genius, to whose
 hollow tramp
 Echo the startled chambers of the
 soul,
 Waves his inverted torch o'er that
 pale camp
 Where the archangel's final trum-
 pets roll,
 I would not meet him in the chamber
 dim,
 Hushed, and pervaded with a name-
 less fear,
 When the breath flutters and the
 senses swim,
 And the dread hour is near.

Though love's dear arms might clasp
 me fondly then
 As if to keep the Summoner at bay,
 And woman's woe and the calm grief
 of men
 Hallow at last the chill, unbreath-
 ing clay,—
 These are earth's fetters, and the soul
 would shrink,
 Thus bound, from darkness and the
 dread unknown,
 Stretching its arms from death's eter-
 nal brink,
 Which it must dare alone.

But in the awful silence of the sky,
 Upon some mountain summit, yet
 untrod,
 Through the blue ether would I
 climb, to die
 Afar from mortals and alone with
 God!

To the pure keeping of the stainless air
 Would I resign my faint and flut-
 tering breath,
 And with the rapture of an answered
 prayer
 Receive the kiss of Death.

Then to the elements my frame would
 turn;
 No worms should riot on my cof-
 fined clay,
 But the cold limbs, from that sepul-
 chral urn,
 In the slow storms of ages waste
 away.

Loud winds and thunder's diapason
 high
 Should be my requiem through the
 coming time, [sky,
 And the white summit, fading in the
 My monument sublime.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
 The cowslip loves the lea;
 The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
 But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
 The stars, they kiss the sea;
 The west winds kiss the clover-bloom,
 But I kiss — thee!

The oriole weds his mottled mate:
 The lily's bride of the bee;
 Heaven's marriage-ring is round the
 earth,—
 Shall I wed thee?

WIND AND SEA.

THE sea is a jovial comrade.
 He laughs wherever he goes;
 His merriment shines in the dim-
 pling lines
 That wrinkle his hale repose;
 He lays himself down at the feet of
 the Sun,
 And shakes all over with glee,
 And the broad-backed billows fall
 faint on the shore,
 In the mirth of the mighty Sea!

But the Wind is sad and restless,
 And cursed with an inward pain!
 You may hark as you will, by valley
 or hill,
 But you hear him still complain.
 He wails on the barren mountains,
 And shrieks on the wintry sea;
 He sobs in the cedar, and moans in
 the pine,
 And shudders all over the aspen
 tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
 And I know not which is best, —

The laughter that slips from the
 Ocean's lips,
 Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.
 There's a pang in all rejoicing,
 A joy in the heart of pain,
 And the Wind that saddens, the Sea
 that gladdens,
 Are singing the self-same strain!

IN THE MEADOWS.

I LIE in the summer meadows,
 In the meadows all alone,
 With the infinite sky above me,
 And the sun on his midday throne.

The smell of the flowering grasses
 Is sweeter than any rose,
 And a million happy insects
 Sing in the warm repose.

The mother lark that is brooding
 Feels the sun on her wings,
 And the deeps of the noonday glitter
 With swarms of fairy things.

From the billowy green beneath me
 To the fathomless blue above,
 The creatures of God are happy
 In the warmth of their summer
 love.

The infinite bliss of Nature
 I feel in every vein;
 The light and the life of summer
 Blossom in heart and brain.

But darker than any shadow
 By thunder-clouds unfurled,
 The awful truth arises,
 That Death is in the world.

And the sky may beam as ever,
 And never a cloud be curled;
 And the airs be living odors,
 But Death is in the world!

Out of the deeps of sunshine
 The invisible bolt is hurled:
 There's life in the summer meadows,
 But Death is in the world.

BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

Now the night is overpast,
 And the mist is cleared away:
 On my barren life at last
 Breaks the bright, reluctant day.

Day of payment for the wrong
 I was doomed so long to bear;
 Day of promise, day of song,
 Day that makes the future fair!

Let me wake to bliss alone;
 Let me bury every fear:
 What I prayed for is my own;
 What was distant, now is near.

For the happy hour that waits
 No reproachful shade shall bring.
 And I hear forgiving Fates
 In the happy bells that ring.

Leave the song that now is mute,
 For the sweeter song begun:
 Leave the blossom for the fruit,
 And the rainbow for the sun!

SQUANDERED LIVES.

THE fisherman wades in the surges;
 The sailor sails over the sea;
 The soldier steps bravely to battle;
 The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the
 heroes,
 The manhood attempered in strife;
 Strong hands that go lightly to labor,
 True hearts that take comfort in
 life.

In each is the seed to replenish
 The world with the vigor it needs,—
 The centre of honest affections,
 The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the
 fisher;
 The sailor is dropped in the sea;
 The soldier lies cold by his cannon;
 The woodman is crushed by his
 tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted
 In manly achievement unseen,
 But lengthens the days of the coward,
 And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noblest is lavished
 That the selfish a profit may find;
 But God sees the lives that are squandered,
 And we to His wisdom are blind.

THE LOST MAY.

WHEN May, with cowslip-braided
 locks,
 Walks through the land in green
 attire,
 And burns in meadow-grass the phlox
 His torch of purple fire:

When buds have burst the silver
 sheath,
 And shifting pink, and gray, and
 gold
 Steal o'er the woods, while fair be-
 neath
 The bloomy vales unfold:

When, emerald-bright, the hemlock
 stands
 New-feathered, needled new, the
 pine;
 And, exiles from the orient lands,
 The turbaned tulips shine:

When wild azaleas deck the knoll,
 And cinque-foil stars the fields of
 home,
 And winds, that take the white-weed,
 roll
 The meadows into foam:

Then from the jubilee I turn
 To other Mays that I have seen,
 Where more resplendent blossoms
 burn,
 And statelier woods are green;—

Mays when my heart expanded first,
 A honeyed blossom, fresh with dew;

And one sweet wind of heaven dis-
 persed
 The only clouds I knew.

For she, whose softly murmured
 name
 The music of the month expressed,
 Walked by my side, in holy shame
 Of girlish love confessed,

The budding chestnuts overhead,
 Their sprinkled shadows in the
 lane, —
 Blue flowers along the brooklet's
 bed, —
 I see them all again!

The old, old tale of girl and boy,
 Repeated ever, never old:
 To each in turn the gates of joy,
 The gates of heaven unfold.

And when the punctual May arrives,
 With cowslip-garland on her brow,
 We know what once she gave our
 lives,
 And cannot give us now!

THE MYSTERY.

THOU art not dead; thou art not gone
 to dust;
 No line of all thy loveliness shall
 fall
 To formless ruin, smote by Time,
 and thrust
 Into the solemn gulf that covers all.

Thou canst not wholly perish, though
 the sod
 Sink with its violets closer to thy
 breast;
 Though by the feet of generations
 trod,
 The headstone crumble from thy
 place of rest.

The marvel of thy beauty cannot die;
 The sweetness of thy presence shall
 not fade;
 Earth gave not all the glory of thine
 eye, —
 Death may not keep what Death has
 never made.

It was not thine, that forehead
 strange and cold,
 Nor those dumb lips, they hid be-
 neath the snow;
Thy heart would throb beneath that
 passive fold,
Thy hands for me that stony clasp
 forego.

But thou hadst gone, — gone from
 the dreary land,
 Gone from the storms let loose on
 every hill,
 Lured by the sweet persuasion of a
 hand
 Which leads thee somewhere in the
 distance still.

Where'er thou art, I know thou
 wearest yet
 The same bewildering beauty, sanc-
 tified
 By calmer joy, and touched with soft
 regret
 For him who seeks, but cannot
 reach thy side.

I keep for thee the living love of
 old,
 And seek thy place in Nature, as a
 child
 Whose hand is parted from his play-
 mate's hold,
 Wanders and cries along a lone-
 some wild.

When, in the watches of my heart, I
 hear
 The messages of purer life, and
 know
 The footsteps of thy spirit lingering
 near,
 The darkness hides the way that I
 should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms
 restore
 That form, the symbol of thy
 heavenly part?
 Or on the fields of barren silence
 pour
 That voice, the perfect music of
 thy heart?

Oh, once, once bending to these wid-
 owed lips,
 Take back the tender warmth of
 life from me,
 Or let thy kisses cloud with swift
 eclipse
 The light of mine, and give me
 death with thee?

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers
 cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the camps
 allied
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay, grim and threatening, under;
 And the tawny mound of the Mala-
 koff
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman
 said,
 "We storm the forts to-morrow;
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
 Below the smoking cannon:
 Brave hearts, from Severn and from
 Clyde,
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory:
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem, rich and
 strong, —
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not
 speak,
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of
shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

TO A BAVARIAN GIRL.

THOU, Bavaria's brown-eyed daugh-
ter,
Art a shape of joy,
Standing by the Isar's water
With thy brother-boy;
In thy dream, with idle fingers
Threading through his curls,
On thy cheek the sun's kiss lingers,
Rosiest of girls!

Woods of glossy oak are ringing
With the echoes bland,
While thy generous voice is singing
Songs of Fatherland, —
Songs, that by the Danube's river
Sound on hills of vine,
And where waves in green light
quiver,
Down the rushing Rhine.

Life, with all its hues and changes,
To thy heart doth lie
Like those dreamy Alpine ranges
In the southern sky;
Where in haze the clefts are hidden,
Which the foot should fear,
And the crags that fall unbidden
Startle not the ear.

Where the village maidens gather
At the fountain's brim,
Or in sunny harvest weather,
With the reapers trim;
Where the autumn fires are burning
On the vintage-hills;
Where the mossy wheels are turning
In the ancient mills;

Where from ruined robber towers
Hangs the ivy's hair,
And the crimson foxbell flowers
On the crumbling stair: —
Everywhere, without thy presence,
Would the sunshine fail,
Fairest of the maiden peasants!
Flower of Isar's vale.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

[From *Philip Van Artevelde*.]

UNKNOWN GREATNESS.

He was a man of that unsleeping
spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle: his
food
Was glory, which was poison to his
mind
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die be-
times,

Whose story is a fragment, known
to few.
Then comes the man who has the
luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the
chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dan-
gerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than
him
A thousand men more gloriously en-
dowed

Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
 Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
 Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
 A smaller tally, of the singular few
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,
 Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

THIS circulating principle of life
 That vivifies the outside of the earth
 And permeates the sea; that here and there
 Awakening up a particle of matter,
 Informs it, organizes, gives it power
 To gather and associate to itself,
 Transmute, incorporate other, for a term
 Sustains the congruous fabric, and then quits it;
 This vagrant principle so multiform,
 Ebullient here and undetected there,
 Is not unauthorized, nor increate,
 Though indestructible. Life never dies;
 Matter dies off it, and it lives elsewhere,
 Or elsehow circumstanced and shaped; it goes;
 At every instant we may say 'tis gone,
 But never it hath ceased; the type is changed,
 Is ever in transition, for life's law
 To its eternal essence doth prescribe
 Eternal mutability; and thus
 To say I live — says, I partake of that
 Which never dies. But how far I may hold
 An interest indivisible from life
 Through change (and whether it be mortal change,
 Change of senescence, or of gradual growth,
 Or other whatsoever 'tis alike)

Is question not of argument, but fact.
 In all men some such interest inheres;
 In most 'tis posthumous; the more expand
 Our thoughts and feelings past the very present,
 The more that interest overtakes of change
 And comprehends, till what it comprehends
 Is comprehended in eternity,
 And in no less a span.

Here we are
 Engendered out of nothing cognizable.

If this be not a wonder, nothing is;
 If this be wonderful, then all is so.
 Man's grosser attributes can generate
 What is not, and has never been at all;
 What should forbid his fancy to restore
 A being passed away? The wonder lies
 In the mind merely of the wondering man.
 Treading the steps of common life with eyes
 Of curious inquisition, some will stare
 At each discovery of Nature's ways,
 As it were new to find that God contrives.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

LOVE RELUCTANT TO ENDANGER ITS OBJECT.

THERE is but one thing that still harks me back.
 To bring a cloud upon the summer day
 Of one so happy and so beautiful, —
 It is a hard condition. For myself,
 I know not that the circumstance of life
 In all its changes can so far afflict me
 As makes anticipation much worth while.
 But she is younger, — of a sex beside
 Whose spirits are to ours as flame to fire,
 More sudden, and more perishable too;

So that the gust wherewith the one
 is kindled
 Extinguishes the other. O she is fair!
 As fair as heaven to look upon! as
 fair
 As ever vision of the Virgin blest
 That weary pilgrim, resting by the
 fount
 Beneath the palm, and dreaming to
 the tune
 Of flowing waters, duped his soul
 withal.
 It was permitted in my pilgrimage
 To rest beside the fount beneath the
 tree,
 Beholding there no vision, but a maid
 Whose form was light and graceful
 as the palm,
 Whose heart was pure and jocund as
 the fount,
 And spread a freshness and a ver-
 dure round.
 This was permitted in my pilgrimage,
 And loath am I to take my staff again,
 Say that I fall not in this enterprise;
 Yet must my life be full of hazardous
 turns,
 And they that house with me must
 ever live
 In imminent peril of some evil fate.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

NATURE'S NEED.

THE human heart cannot sustain
 Prolonged unalterable pain,
 And not till reason cease to reign
 Will nature want some moments brief
 Of other moods to mix with grief;
 Such and so hard to be destroyed
 That vigor which abhors a void,
 And in the midst of all distress,
 Such Nature's need for happiness!
 And when she rallied thus, more
 high
 Her spirits ran, she knew not why,
 Than was their wont, in times than
 these
 Less troubled, with a heart at ease.
 So meet extremes; so joy's rebound
 Is highest from the hollowest ground;
 So vessels with the storm that strive
 Pitch higher as they deeper dive.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

WHEN JOYS ARE KEENEST.

THE sweets of converse and society
 Are sweetest when they're snatched;
 the often-comer,
 The boon companion of a thousand
 feasts,
 Whose eye has grown familiar with
 the fair,
 Whose tutored tongue, by practice
 perfect made,
 Is tamely talkative, — he never knows
 That truest, rarest light of social joy
 Which gleams upon the man of many
 cares.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

RELAXATION.

It was not meant
 By him who on the back the burden
 bound,
 That cares, though public, critical,
 and grave,
 Should so encase us and encrust, as
 shuts
 The gate on what is beautiful below,
 And clogs those entries of the soul of
 man
 Which lead the way to what he hath
 of heaven.

WHAT MAKES A HERO?

WHAT makes a hero? — not success,
 not fame,
 Inebriate merchants, and the loud
 acclaim
 Of glutton Avarice, — caps tossed
 up in air,
 Or pen of journalist with flourish
 fair;
 Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a
 titular name —
 These, though his rightful tribute,
 he can spare;
 His rightful tribute, not his end or
 aim,
 Or true reward; for never yet did
 these

Refresh the soul, or set the heart
 at ease.
 What makes a hero? — An heroic
 mind,
 Expressed in action, in endurance
 proved. [right,
 And if there be pre-eminence of
 Derived through pain well suffered,
 to the height
 Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear un-
 moved,
 Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or
 wind,
 Not the brute fury of barbarians
 blind,
 But worse — ingratitude and poi-
 sonous darts,

Launched by the country he had
 served and loved:
 This, with a free, unclouded spirit
 pure,
 This, in the strength of silence to
 endure,
 A dignity to noble deeds imparts
 Beyond the gauds and trappings of
 renown;
 This is the hero's complement and
 crown;
 This missed, one struggle had been
 wanting still, —
 One glorious triumph of the heroic
 will,
 One self-approval in his heart of
 hearts.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
 Shoots through the yellow pane;
 It makes the faded crimson bright,
 And gilds the fringe again;
 The window's gothic framework falls
 In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were
 new,
 How many a cloudless day,
 To rob the velvet of its hue,
 Has come and passed away;
 How many a setting sun hath made
 That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
 The cunning hand must be,
 That carved this fretted door, I ween,
 Acorn, and *fleur-de-lis*;
 And now the worm hath done her
 part
 In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call)
 When the first *James* was king,
 The courtly knight from yonder hall
 Hither his train did bring;
 All seated round in order due,
 With brodered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions, set in fringe,
 All reverently they knelt:
 Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and
 hinge,
 In ancient English spelt,
 Each holding in a lily hand,
 Responsive at the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted
 aisle,
 The sunbeam, long and lone,
 Illumes the characters awhile
 Of their inscription-stone;
 And there, in marble hard and
 cold,
 The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together, are expressed
 He and my lady fair;
 With hands uplifted on the breast,
 In attitude of prayer;
 Long-visaged, clad in armor, he, —
 With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order ere they died,
 The numerous offspring bend;
 Devoutly kneeling side by side,
 As though they did intend
 For past omissions to atone,
 By saying endless prayers in stone.

These mellow days are past and dim,
 But generations new,
 In regular descent from him,
 Have filled the stately pew;
 And in the same succession go,
 To occupy the vault below.

And now, the polished, modern squire
 And his gay train appear,
 Who duly to the hall retire,
 A season, every year, —
 And fill the seats with belle and beau,
 As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
 The hollow sounding floor,
 Of that dark house of kindred dead,
 Which shall, as heretofore,

In turn, receive, to silent rest,
 Another, and another guest, —

The feathered hearse and sable
 train,
 In all its wonted state,
 Shall wind along the village lane,
 And stand before the gate;
 Brought many a distant country
 through,
 To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
 All to their dusty beds,
 Still shall the mellow evening ray
 Shine gayly o'er their heads;
 While other faces, fresh and new,
 Shall occupy the squire's pew.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

COUPLETS FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands:
 Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might:
 Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
 And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
 That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
 In the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
 Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
 Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

STRONG SON OF GOD.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy
face,

By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and
shade;

Thou madest life in man and brute,
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy
foot

Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not
why;

He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art
just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood,
thou:

Our wills are ours, we know not
how;

Our wills are ours, to make them
thine.

Our little systems have their day;

They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see:
And yet we trust it comes from
thee,

A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to
more,

But more of reverence in us dwell:
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight:
We mock thee when we do not
fear:

But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy
light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me:
What seemed my worth since I
began;

For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so
fair,

I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering
cries,

Confusions of a wasted youth:
Forgive them where they fall in
truth,

And in thy wisdom make me wise.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

HOPE FOR ALL.

OH, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood:

That nothing walks, with aimless
feet;

That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile com-
plete:

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything:
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far-off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fall beyond the grave
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil
dreams?

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of
cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to
God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and
grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and
call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

SOUL TO SOUL.

I SHALL not see thee. . Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native
land,
Where first he walked when claspt in
clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may
come
Where all the nerve of sense is
numb
Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.

Oh, therefore from thy sightless
range
With gods in un conjectured bliss,
Oh, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold complicated change,
Descend, and touch, and enter: hear
The wish too strong for words to
name;

That in this blindness of the frame
My ghost may feel that thine is near.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

*CONDITION OF SPIRITUAL
COMMUNION.*

How pure at heart and sound in
head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought
would hold
An hour's communion with the
dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst
say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the
breast,
Imagination calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And Doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

FAITH IN DOUBT.

PERPLEXED in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest
doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered
strength,
He would not make his judgment
blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at
length

To find a stronger faith his own:
 And Power was with him in the
 night,
 Which makes the darkness and the
 light,
 And dwells not in the light alone.

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of
 gold,
 Although the trumpet blew so loud.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

TO A FRIEND IN HEAVEN.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
 So far, so near in woe and weal:
 O loved the most, when most I feel
 There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown: human, di-
 vine:

Sweet human hand and lips and
 eye:
 Dear heavenly friend that canst
 not die,
 Mine, mine, forever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to
 be:

Love deeper, darker understood:
 Behold, I dream a dream of good,
 And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air:
 I hear thee where the waters run;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
 But though I seem in star and
 flower

To feel thee some diffusive power,
 I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before:
 My love is vaster passion now;
 Though mixed with God and Na-
 ture thou,
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh:
 I have thee still, and I rejoice:
 I prosper, circled with thy voice:
 I shall not lose thee though I die.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more:
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife:
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times:
 Ring out, ring out my mournful
 rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and
 blood,
 The civic slander and the spite:
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease:
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand:
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

[From *The Princess*.]

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what
they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine
despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the
eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn
fields,
And thinking of the days that are no
more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering
on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the
underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over
one
That sinks with all we love below the
verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no
more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark
summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened
birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glim-
mering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are
no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after
death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
feigned
On lips that are for others: deep as
love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all
regret:
O Death in Life, the days that are no
more.

[From *The Princess*.]

FOR HIS CHILD'S SAKE.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low.
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe:
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place.
Lightly to the warrior slept,
Took the face-cloth from the face:
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her
tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

[From *The Princess*.]

RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripest ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the
child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

[From *The Princess*.]

BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the
lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in
glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

Oh, hark, oh, hear! how thin and
clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blow
ing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens
 replying,
 Blow, bugle: answer echoes, dying,
 dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
 flying,
 And answer echoes, answer, dying,
 dying, dying.

[From *The Princess*.]

NOW LIES THE EARTH.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to
 the stars,
 And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on,
 and leaves
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in
 me.

Now folds the lily all her sweet-
 ness up,
 And slips into the bosom of the lake:
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou,
 and slip
 Into my bosom and be lost in me.

[From *The Princess*.]

MAN AND WOMAN.

For woman is not undeveloped man,
 But diverse: could we make her as
 the man,
 Sweet love were slain: his dearest
 bond is this,
 Not like to like, but like in difference.
 Yet in the long years liker must they
 grow:
 The man be more of woman, she of
 man:
 He gain in sweetness and in moral
 height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that
 throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in child-
 ward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger
 mind;

Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words:
 And so these twain, upon the skirts
 of Time.

Sit side by side, full-summed in all
 their powers,
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
 Self-reverent each and reverencing
 each,
 Distinct in individualities,
 But like each other even as those
 who love.

[From *The Princess*.]

CRADLE SONG.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and
 blow,

Blow him again to me:
 While my little one, while my pretty
 one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon:
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the
 nest,

Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
 one, sleep,

[From *The Princess*.]

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more: the moon may
 draw the sea;
 The cloud may stoop from heaven
 and take the shape,
 With fold to fold, of mountain or
 of cape:
 But O too fond, when have I an-
 swered thee?
 Ask me no more.



COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

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Ask me no more: What answer
should I give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded
eye:

Yet, O my friend, I will not have
thee die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid
thee live:

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine
are sealed:

I strove against the stream and all
in vain:

Let the great river take me to the
main:

No more, dear love, for at a touch I
yield:

Ask me no more.

—
[From *The Miller's Daughter*.]

LOVE.

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt,
Even so.

Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

—
[From *The Miller's Daughter*.]

HUSBAND TO WIFE.

Look through mine eyes with thine.
True wife,

Round my true heart thine arms
entwine:

My other dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with
thine!

Untouched with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes forever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them
well.

Yet tears they shed: they had their
part

Of sorrow: for when time was
ripe,

The still affection of the heart

Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness passed again,

And left a want unknown before:
Although the loss that brought us

pain,
That loss but made us love the
more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,

The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,

The comfort, I have found in thee:
But that God bless thee, dear — who

wrought

Two spirits to one equal mind —
With blessings beyond hope or

thought,

With blessings which no words
can find.

Arise, and let us wander forth,
To yon old mill across the wolds;

For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,

And fires your narrow casement
glass,

Touching the sullen pool below:

On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless, let us go.

—
[From *The Miller's Daughter*.]

WHAT I WOULD BE.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,

That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:

For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle

About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,

In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,

I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
 Upon her balmy bosom,
 With her laughter or her sighs,
 And I would lie so light, so light,
 I scarce should be unclasped at night.

[From *Merlin and Vivien*.]

NOT AT ALL, OR ALL IN ALL.

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love
 be ours,
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal
 powers;
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in
 all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
 That by and by will make the music
 mute,
 And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's
 lute
 Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
 That rotting inward, slowly moulders
 all.

It is not worth the keeping: let
 it go:
 But shall it? answer, darling, answer,
 no.
 And trust me not at all or all in all.

[From *Maud*.]

GARDEN SONG.

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone:
 And the woodbine spices are wafted
 abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that
 she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,

To faint in the light of the sun that
 she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon:
 All night has the casement jessamine
 stirred
 To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking
 bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be
 gay.
 When will the dancers leave her
 alone?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are
 gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand and loud on the
 stone
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night
 goes
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are
 those,
 For one that will never be thine?
 But mine, but mine," so I sware to
 the rose,
 "Forever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into
 my blood,
 As the music clashed in the hall:
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on
 to the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have
 left so sweet
 That whenever a March wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet.
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we
 meet
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the
 lake,
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for
 your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me;
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
 girls.

Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of
 pearls,

Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over
 with curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate;
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she
 is near;"

And the white rose weeps, "She is
 late;"

The larkspur listens, "I hear, I
 hear;"

And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;

Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her, and beat,

Were it earth in an earthy bed,
 My dust would hear her, and beat,

Had I lain for a century dead:
 Would start and tremble under her
 feet,

And blossom in purple and red.

[From *Maud*.]

GO NOT, HAPPY DAY.

Go not, happy day,
 From the shining fields,
 Go not, happy day,
 Till the maiden yields.

Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
 Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.

When the happy Yes
 Falters from her lips,
 Pass and blush the news
 O'er the blowing ships,
 Over blowing seas,
 Over seas at rest,
 Pass the happy news,
 Blush it through the West,
 Till the red man dance
 By his red cedar-tree.
 And the red man's babe
 Leap, beyond the sea.
 Blush from West to East,
 Blush from East to West,
 Till the West is East,
 Blush it through the West.
 Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
 Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.

[From *Guinevere*.]

THE NUNS' SONG.

Late, late, so late! and dark the
 night and chill!
 Late, late, so late! but we can enter
 still.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter
 now.

No light had we: for that we do
 repent:
 And learning this, the bridegroom
 will relent.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter
 now.

No light: so late! and dark and
 chill the night;
 Oh, let us in, that we may find the
 light!

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter
 now.

Have we not heard the bride-
 groom is so sweet?
 Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss his
 feet!

No, no, too late! ye cannot enter
 now.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily
sighing:

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die:

You came to us so readily,

You lived with us so steadily,

Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above; [love.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-
And the new year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go:

So long as you have been with us,

Such joy as you have seen with us,

Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see;
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year; you shall not die:

We did so laugh and cry with you,

I've half a mind to die with you,

Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my
friend,

And the new year, blithe and bold,
my friend,

Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns
low:

'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die.

Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:

What is it we can do for you?

Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.

Alack! our friend is gone.

Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:

Step from the corpse, and let him in

That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my

friend,

And a new face at the door, my

friend,

A new face at the door.

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the
sea,

Alexandra!

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome
of thee,

Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and
of fleet!

Welcome her, thundering cheer of
the street!

Welcome her, all things youthful and
sweet,

Scatter the blossom under her feet!

Break, happy land, into earlier flow-
ers!

Make music, O bird, in the new-bud-
ded bowers!

Blazon your mottoes of blessing and
prayer!

Welcome her, welcome her, all that
is ours!

Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and
towers!

Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March
air!

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!

Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and
higher

Melt into the stars for the land's
desire!

Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,

Roll as a ground-swell dashed on the
strand,

Roar as the sea when he welcomes
the land,

And welcome her, welcome the land's
 desire,
 The sea-kings' daughter, as happy as
 fair,
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the
 sea —
 O joy to the people, and joy to the
 throne,
 Come to us, love us, and make us
 your own,
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
 Teuton or Celt or whatever we be,
 We are each all Dane in our welcome
 of thee,

Alexandra!

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown :
 You thought to break a country
 heart

For pastime, ere you went to
 town.

At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired :
 The daughter of a hundred earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your
 name,
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I
 came.

Nor would I break for your sweet
 sake
 A heart that doats on truer
 charms.

A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats of arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must
 find

For were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind.
 You sought to prove how I could
 love,

And my disdain is my reply.
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my
 head;
 Nor thrice your branching limes have
 blown
 Since I beheld young Laurence
 dead.

Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies :
 A great enchantress you may be :
 But there was that across his throat
 Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 When thus he met his mother's
 view,
 She had the passions of her kind,
 She spake some certain truths of
 you.

Indeed I heard one bitter word
 That scarce is fit for you to hear :
 Her manners had not that repose
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de
 Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 There stands a spectre in your hall :
 The guilt of blood is at your door :
 You changed a wholesome heart to
 gall.

You held your course without re-
 morse,
 To make him trust his modest
 worth,
 And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
 And slew him with your noble
 birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
 From yon blue heavens above us
 bent

The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman
 blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
 You pine among your halls and
 towers :

The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.

In glowing health, with boundless
wealth,

But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks
as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:

Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could
utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at
play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the
bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill:
But oh, for the touch of a vanished
hand,
And the sound of a voice that is
still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me.

MOVE EASTWARD, HAPPY EARTH.

Move eastward, happy earth, and leave

Yon orange sunset waning slow:
From fringes of the faded eve,
O happy planet, eastward go:
Till over thy dark shoulder glow,
Thy silver-sister world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, lightly borne,
Dip forward under starry light,
And move me to my marriage-morn,
And round again to happy night.

THE TEARS OF HEAVEN.

HEAVEN weeps above the earth all
night till morn,
In darkness weeps as all ashamed to
weep,
Because the earth hath made her state
forlorn
With self-wrought evil of unnum-
bered years,
And doth the fruit of her dishonor
reap.
And all the day heaven gathers back
her tears
Into her own blue eyes so clear and
deep,
And showering down the glory of
lightsome day,
Smiles on the earth's worn brow to
win her if she may.

COME NOT WHEN I AM DEAD.

Come not when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my
grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou
wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the
plover cry;
But thou go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy
crime
I care no longer, being all unblest:
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick
of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me
where I lie:
Go by, go by.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbor vil-
lages [leas:
Playing mad pranks along the healthy
Two strangers meeting at a festival:
Two lovers whispering by an orchard
wall:
Two lives bound fast in one with
golden ease:
Two graves grass-green beside a gray
church-tower
Washed with still rains and daisy-
blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and
bred: [to hour.
So runs the round of life from hour

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

AT THE CHURCH-GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot,
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster-bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster-bell,
The organ 'gins to swell,—
She's coming,— coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes,—she's here,— she's past;
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;

I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer,
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

CELIA THAXTER.

FAREWELL.

THE crimson sunset faded into gray;
Upon the murmurous sea the twilight fell;
The last warm breath of the delicious day
Passed with a mute farewell.

Above my head, in the soft purple sky,
A wild note sounded like a shrill-voiced bell;
Three gulls met, wheeled, and parted with a cry
That seemed to say, "Farewell!"

I watched them; one sailed east, and one soared west,
And one went floating south; while like a knell
That mournful cry the empty sky possessed,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell!" I thought, it is the earth's one speech;
All human voices the sad chorus swell;
Though mighty love to heaven's high gate may reach,
Yet must he say, "Farewell!"

The rolling world is girdled with the sound,
Perpetually breathed from all who dwell
Upon its bosom, for no place is found
Where is not heard, "Farewell!"

"Farewell, farewell!" — from wave to wave 't is tossed,
From wind to wind: earth has one tale to tell;
All other sounds are dulled and drowned and lost
In this one cry, "Farewell!"

DISCONTENT.

THERE is no day so dark
But through the murk some ray of hope may steal,
Some blessed touch from heaven that we might feel,
If we but chose to mark.

We shut the portals fast,
And turn the key and let no sunshine in;
Yet to the worst despair that comes through sin
God's light shall reach at last.

We slight our daily joy,
Make much of our vexations, thickly set
Our path with thorns of discontent, and fret
At our fine gold's alloy,

Till bounteous heaven might frown
At such ingratitude, and, turning, lay
On our impatience, burdens that would weigh
Our aching shoulders down.

We shed too many tears,
And sigh too sore, and yield us up to
woe,
As if God had not planned the way
we go
And counted out our years.

Can we not be content,
And lift our foreheads from the igno-
ble dust
Of these complaining lives, and wait
with trust,
Fulfilling heaven's intent?

Must we have wealth and power,
Fame, beauty, all things ordered to
our mind?
Nay, all these things leave happiness
behind!
Accept the sun and shower,

The humble joys that bless,
Appealing to indifferent hearts and
cold
With delicate touch, striving to reach
and hold
Our hidden consciousness;

And see how everywhere
Love comforts, strengthens, helps,
and saves us all;
What opportunities of good befall
To make life sweet and fair!

**THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US
YET.**

UPON the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn;

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be
wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once
more
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

A MUSSEL-SHELL.

WHY art thou colored like the even-
ing sky
Sorrowing for sunset? Lovely dost
thou lie,
Bared by the washing of the eager
brine,
At the snow's motionless and wind-
carved line.

Cold stretch the snows, cold throng
the waves, the wind
Stings sharp,—an icy fire, a touch
unkind,—
And sighs as if with passion of re-
gret,
The while I mark thy tints of violet.

O beauty strange! O shape of perfect
grace,
Whereon the lovely waves of color
trace
The history of the years that passed
thee by,
And touched thee with the pathos of
the sky!

The sea shall crush thee; yea, the
ponderous wave
Up the loose beach shall grind, and
scoop thy grave,
Thou thought of God! What more
than thou am I?
Both transient as the sad wind's pass-
ing sigh.

REVERIE.

THE white reflection of the sloop's
great sail
Sleeps trembling on the tide,
In scarlet trim her crew lean o'er the
rail,
Lounging on either side.

Pale blue and streaked with pearl the
waters lie,
And glitter in the heat;
The distance gathers purple bloom
where sky
And glimmering coast-line meet.

From the cove's curving rim of sandy
gray
The ebbing tide has drained,
Where, mournful, in the dusk of
yesterday
The curlew's voice complained.

Half lost in hot mirage the sails afar
Lie dreaming, still and white;
No wave breaks, no wind breathes,
the peace to mar,
Summer is at its height.

How many thousand summers thus
have shone
Across the ocean waste,
Passing in swift succession, one by
one
By the fierce winter chased!

The gray rocks blushing soft at dawn
and eve,
The green leaves at their feet,
The dreaming sails, the crying birds
that grieve,
Ever themselves repeat.

And yet how dear and how forever
fair
Is Nature's friendly face,
And how forever new and sweet and
rare
Each old familiar grace!

What matters it that she will sing
and smile
When we are dead and still?
Let us be happy in her beauty while
Our hearts have power to thrill.

Let us rejoice in every moment
bright,
Grateful that it is ours;
Bask in her smiles with ever fresh
delight,
And gather all her flowers;

For presently we part: what will
avail
Her rosy fires of dawn,
Her noontide pomps, to us, who fade
and fail,
Our hands from hers withdrawn?

LOVE SHALL SAVE US ALL.

O PILGRIM, comes the night so fast?
Let not the dark thy heart appall,
Though loom the shadows vague and
vast,
For love shall save us all.

There is no hope but this to see
Through tears that gather fast, and
fall;
Too great to perish love must be,
And love shall save us all.

Have patience with our loss and
pain,
Our troubled space of days so
small;
We shall not reach our arms in vain,
For love shall save us all.

O pilgrim, but a moment wait,
And we shall hear our darlings
call
Beyond death's mute and awful gate,
And love shall save us all!

TO A VIOLIN.

WHAT wondrous power from heaven
upon thee wrought?
What prisoned Ariel within thee
broods?
Marvel of human skill and human
thought,
Light as a dry leaf in the winter
woods!

Thou mystic thing, all beautiful!
What mind
Conceived thee, what intelligence
began
And out of chaos thy rare shape de-
signed,
Thou delicate and perfect work of
man?

Across my hands thou liest mute and still;

Thou wilt not breathe to me thy secret fine;

Thy matchless tones the eager air shall thrill

To no entreaty or command of mine;

But comes thy master, lo! thou yield-
est all:

Passion and pathos, rapture and despair;

To the soul's need thy searching voice doth call

In language exquisite beyond com-
pare,

Till into speech articulate at last

Thou seem'st to break, and thy charmed listener hears

Thee waking echoes of the vanished past,

Touching the source of gladness and of tears;

And with bowed head he lets the sweet wave roll

Across him, swayed by that weird power of thine,

And reverence and wonder fill his soul

That man's creation should be so divine.

COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life

Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond

Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,

Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,

By every ray and every rain-drop kissed

That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Chris-
tian's pack?

Think you there are no ready tears to fall

Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,

To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!

A thousand times more good than I deserve

God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears

Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;

Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears

Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,

One golden day redeems a weary year;

Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last

Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.

I must be glad and grateful to the end;

I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me

The powers of light befriend.

IN KITTERY CHURCHYARD.

CRUSHING the scarlet strawberries in the grass,

I kneel to read the slanting stone. Alas!

How sharp a sorrow speaks! A hundred years

And more have vanished, with their smiles and tears,

Since here was laid, upon an April day,

Sweet Mary Chauncy in the grave away,—

A hundred years since here her lover
 stood
 Beside her grave in such despairing
 mood,
 And yet from out the vanished past
 I hear
 His cry of anguish sounding deep
 and clear,
 And all my heart with pity melts, as
 though
 To-day's bright sun were looking on
 his woe.
 "Of such a wife, O righteous heav-
 en! bereft,
 What joy for me, what joy on earth
 is left?
 Still from my inmost soul the groans
 arise,
 Still flow the sorrows ceaseless from
 mine eyes."
 Alas, poor tortured soul! I look
 away
 From the dark stone,— how brilliant
 shines the day!
 A low wall, over which the roses
 shed
 Their perfumed petals, shuts the
 quiet dead
 Apart a little, and the tiny square
 Stands in the broad and laughing
 field so fair,
 And gay green vines climb o'er the
 rough stone wall,
 And all about the wild-birds flit and
 call,
 And but a stone's-throw southward,
 the blue sea
 Rolls sparkling in and sings inces-
 santly.
 Lovely as any dream the peaceful
 place,
 And scarcely changed since on her
 gentle face
 For the last time on that sad April
 day
 He gazed, and felt, for him, all beauty
 lay
 Buried with her forever. Dull to
 Looked the bright world through
 eyes with tears so dim!
 "I soon shall follow the same dreary
 way
 That leads and opens to the coasts
 of day."

His only hope! But when slow time
 had dealt
 Firmly with him and kindly, and he
 felt
 The storm and stress of strong and
 piercing pain
 Yielding at last, and he grew calm
 again,
 Doubtless he found another mate
 before
 He followed Mary to the happy
 shore!
 But none the less his grief appeals to
 me
 Who sit and listen to the singing sea
 This matchless summer day, beside
 the stone
 He made to echo with his bitter
 moan,
 And in my eyes I feel the foolish
 tears
 For buried sorrow, dead a hundred
 years!

BEETHOVEN.

O SOVEREIGN Master! stern and
 splendid power,
 That calmly dost both time and
 death defy;
 Lofty and lone as mountain peaks
 that tower,
 Leading our thoughts up to the
 eternal sky:
 Keeper of some divine, mysterious
 key,
 Raising us far above all human
 care,
 Unlocking awful gates of harmony
 To let heaven's light in on the
 world's despair;
 Smiter of solemn chords that still
 command
 Echoes in souls that suffer and as-
 pire,
 In the great moment while we hold
 thy hand,
 Baptized with pain and rapture,
 tears and fire,
 God lifts our saddened foreheads
 from the dust,
 The everlasting God, in whom we
 trust!

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached
 and dry
 The wild waves reach their hands
 for it, [high,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs
 As up and down the beach we flit,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses
 high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
 Uttering his sweet and mournful
 cry;
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery;
 He has no thought of any wrong.
 He scans me with a fearless eye;
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and
 strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou
 fly?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the
 sky:
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

JAMES THOMSON.

[From The Seasons.]

PURE AND HAPPY LOVE.

BUT happy they! the happiest of
 their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one
 fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and
 their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human
 laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the
 mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony
 itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where Friendship full-exerts her
 softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will
 preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for
 nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss
 secure.

[From The Seasons.]

THE TEMPEST.

UNUSUAL darkness broods; and
 growing, gains
 The full possession of the sky, sur-
 charged
 With wrathful vapor, from the secret
 beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations,
 drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery
 spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctured trains of
 latent flame,
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful
 cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of
 fate,
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal
 roused,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating
 war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm
 below,

They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
 'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds: till overhead a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
 Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
 Pour a whole flood; and yet its flame unquenched,
 The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.

[From *The Seasons*.]

HARVEST-TIME.

A SERENER blue,
 With golden light enlivened, wide invests
 The happy world. Attempered suns arise,
 Sweet-beamed, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad and brown, below
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily-chequered heart-expanding view,
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
 These are thy blessings, industry! rough power!
 Whom labor still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life.

[From *The Seasons*.]

BIRDS, AND THEIR LOVES.

WHEN first the soul of love is sent
abroad
Warm through the vital air, and on
the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops
begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the
painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten
strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner
grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'er-
flows
In music unconfined. Upsprings the
lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messen-
ger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted
sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from
their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every
copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er
the heads
Of the coy quirlisters that lodgewithin,
Are prodigal of harmony. The
thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-con-
tending throng
Superior heard, run through the
sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela
deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in
thought
Elate, to make her night excel their
day.
The blackbird whistles from the
thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from
the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flower-
ing furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Joined
to these
Innumerable songsters, in the fresh-
ening shade

Of new-sprung leaves their modula-
tions mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the
daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant
heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-
dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the
whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of
love,
That even to birds, and beasts, the
tender arts
Of pleasing, teaches. Hence, the
glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their
mates
Pour forth their little souls. First,
wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they
rove,
Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to
catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted
glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should
she seem
Softening the least approbance to be-
stow,
Their colors burnish, and by hope
inspired,
They brisk advance; then, on a sud-
den struck,
Retire disordered; then again ap-
proach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted
wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

[From *The Seasons*.]

DEATH AMID THE SNOWS.

ALL winter drives along the dark-
ened air:
In his own loose revolving fields, the
swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills
ascend.
Of unknown joyless brow; and other
scenes

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless
plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest,
hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wand-
ers on
From hill to dale, still more and
more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the
drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home;
the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their
vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. Howsinks
his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills
his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which
fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the
snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle
waste,
Far from the track and blest abode
of man;
While round him night, resistless,
closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his
head, [wild.
Renders the savage wilderness more
Then throng the busy shapes into
his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of
frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and, what
is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen
spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the
bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and
down he sinks,
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless
drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of
death;
Mixed with the tender anguish na-
ture shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the
dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends
unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife
prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vest-
ment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping
out
Into the mingling storm, demand
their sire,
With tears of artless innocence.
Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more shall he
behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On
every nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up
sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping
cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened
corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the
northern blast.

[From *Liberty*.]

INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL! Independence, hail! Heav-
en's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal
soul!
The life of life! that to the banquet
high
And sober meal gives taste; to the
bowed roof
Fair-dreamed repose, and to the cot-
tage charms.

[From *Liberty*.]

A STATE'S NEED OF VIRTUE.

. . . VIRTUE! without thee,
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in
states;
War has no vigor, and no safety,
peace:
E'en justice warps to party, laws op-
press,
Wide through the land their weak
protection fails,
First broke the balance, and then
scorned the sword.

[From Liberty.]

THE ZEAL OF PERSECUTION.

MOTHER of tortures! persecuting
Zeal,
High flashing in her hand the ready
torch,
Or poniard bathed in unbelieving
blood;
Jell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow
demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she beneath the blasphemous
pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the
Source of Love,
Has wrought more horrors, more
detested deeds,
Than all the rest combined!

[From Liberty.]

THE APOLLO, AND VENUS OF
MEDICI.

ALL conquest-flushed, from prostrate
Python, came
The quivered god. In graceful act
he stands,
His arm extended with the slackened
bow;
Light flows his easy robe, and fair
displays
A manly softened form. The bloom
of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless
cheek to wave:
His features yet, heroic ardor warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native
smile,
Mixed with the joy elating conquest
gives,
A scattered frown exalts his match-
less air.

The Queen of Love arose, as from
the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp
of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught
look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where
dubious mix

Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled
sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks
of love.
The gazer grows enamoured, and the
stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turned each limb, so swelled with
softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble
doubts.

[From The Castle of Indolence.]

REPOSE.

WHAT, what is virtue, but repose of
mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no
storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's
wind,
Above those passions that this world
deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant
worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of pas-
sion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to
form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes
stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make
them still more gay.

The best of men have ever loved re-
pose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy
fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual
rancor grows,
Embittered more from peevish day to
day.
E'en those whom fame has lent her
fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights
of yore,
From a base world at last have
stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew
before.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

THE FOLLY OF HOARDING.

OH, grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the
sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelent-
ing fate,
And gives the untasted portion you
have won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch
undone,
To those who mock you, gone to
Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and
shadows dun:
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling
may obtain.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

EXCESS TO BE AVOIDED.

BUT not e'en pleasure to excess is
good:
What most elates, then sinks the
soul as low:
When springtide joy pours in with
copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows
flow,
The further back again they flagging
go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary
shore.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

NATURE'S JOY INALIENABLE.

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me
deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's
grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the
sky,
Through which Aurora shows her
brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to
trace

The woods and lawns, by living
stream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres
brace,
And I their toys to the great children
leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can
me bereave.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

**THE STATE OF THE WORLD HAD
MEN LIVED AT EASE.**

HAD unambitious mortals minded
nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear
away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance
sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads
to lay,
Rude nature's state had been our
state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had
raised,
No arts had made us opulent and
gay;
With brother brutes the human race
had grazed;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none
honored been, none praised.

Great Homer's song had never fired
the breast
To thirst of glory, and heroic
deeds;
Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglori-
ous rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian
reeds:
The wits of modern time had told
their beads,
The monkish legends been their only
strains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in
weeds,
Our Shakespeare strolled and laughed
with Warwick swains,
Ne had my master Spenser charm'd
his Mulla's plains.

[From *The Castle of Indolence*.]

**HEALTH NECESSARY TO HAPPY
LIFE.**

AH! what avail the largest gifts of
Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go
amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be
given?
Health is the vital principle of
bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of
this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life
away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad
abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or
manly play,
As light as air each limb, each thought
as clear as day.

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys
of health!
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the
mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing
stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene
and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true glad-
ness find:
See! how the younglings frisk along
the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the
balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy
exceeds;
Yet what but high-strung health this
dancing pleasure breeds?

CONTENTMENT.

If those, who live in shepherd's
bower,
Press not the rich and stately bed:
The new-mown hay and breathing
flower
A softer couch beneath them
spread.

If those, who sit at shepherd's board,
Soothe not their taste by wanton
art;
They take what Nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's
bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can
boast,
With wholesome cups they cheer the
soul,
And crown them with the village
toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
Have not the splendor of a court:
Yet love adorns the merry round.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's
command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this
strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the
waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blessed as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants
fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and
free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign
stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall
tame:
All their attempts to bend thee
down

Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:

All thine shall be the subject main:
And every shore it circles thine.

Rule, etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blessed isle! with matchless beauty crowned,

And manly hearts to guard the fair:

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;

Britons never will be slaves.

THEODORE TILTON.

[From *Thou and I*.]

LOVE IN AGE.

FOR us, the almond-tree
Doth flourish now:
Its whitest bloom is on our brow.
Let others triumph as they may
And wear their garlands gay
Of olive, oak, or bay:
Our crown of glory is, instead,
The hoary head.

Our threescore years and ten,
That measure life to mortal men,
Have lingered to a longer length
By reason of our strength;
Yet, like a tale that hath been told,
They all have passed, and now, behold!

We verily are old;—

Yea, old like Abraham, when he went,
With head down bent,
And mantle rent,
In dole for her who lay in death,
And to the Sons of Heth
The silver shekels gave
For Mamre's gloomy cave,
To be her grave;—

Or, older still, like him
Who, feeble not of limb,
With eyes not dim,
Upclimbed, with staff in hand,
To where Mount Nebo cleft the sky,
And looked and saw the Promised Land

(Forbidden him from on high)
Till, with an unrecorded cry,
He laid him down to die.

So too, for us, the end is nigh.
Our mortal race is nearly run;
Our earthly toil is nearly done!
Ah, thou and I,
Who in the grave so soon shall lie,
Have little time to see the sun—
So little it is nearly none!

What then?

Amen!

All hail, my love, good cheer!

Keep back thy unshed tear!

Not thou nor I

Shall mourn or sigh.

Nay now, we twain—

Old man, old wife.

The few days that remain—

Let us make merry—let us laugh!—

For now at length we quaff

The last, best wine of life,—

The very last—the very best,

The double cup of love and rest.

What though the groaning world
declare

That life is but a load of care?—

A burden wearisome to bear?—

That as we journey down the years,

The path is through a vale of tears?—

Yet we who have the burden borne,

And travelled until travel-worn,

Forget the weight upon the back,

Forget the long and weary track,

And sit remembering here to-day
How we were children at our play: —

And half in doze, at idle ease,
Before the hearth-fire's dying brands,
With elbows on our trembling knees,
With chin between our wrinkled
hands,

We sail unnavigable seas, —
We roam impenetrable lands, —
We leap from clime to clime, —
We conquer space and time.

And, howsoever strange it seems,
The dearest of our drowsy dreams
Is of that billow-beaten shore
Where, in our childish days of yore,
We piled the salty sands
Into a palace that still stands! —
Not where it first arose,
Not where the wild wind blows,
Not by the ocean's roar, —
(For, long ago, those turrets fell
Beneath that billowy swell), —
But, down within the heart's deep
core,

Our tumbled tower we oft restore
And ever build it o'er and o'er!

We have one palace more, —
Not made with hands, —
Nor have our feet yet entered at its
door!

It lieth not behind us, but before!

Dear love, our pilgrimage is thither
tending.
And there shall have its ending!

Ah, though the rapturous vision
Allures us to a Land Elysian,
Yet aged are our feet, and slow,
And not in haste to go.

Life still hath many joys to give,
Whereof the sweetest is — to live.

Then fear we death? Not so!
Or do we tremble? No!
Nor do we even grieve!
And yet a gentle sigh we heave,
And unto Him who fixes fate, —
Without whose sovereign leave,

Down-whispered from on high,
Not even the daisy dares to die, —
We, jointly, thou and I,
Implore a little longer date, —
A little term of kind reprieve, —
A little lease till by and by!

May it be Heaven's decree, —
Here, now, to thee and me, —
That, for a season still,
The eye shall not grow dim;
That, for a few more days,
The ear cease not to hear the hymn
Which the tongue utters to His
praise;

That, for a little while,
The heart faint not, nor fail;
For even the wintry sun is bright,
And cheering to our aged sight;
Yea, though the frosts prevail,
Yet even the icy air,
The frozen plain, the leafless wood
Still keep the earth as fresh and
fair

As when from Heaven, He called it
good!

O final Summoner of the soul!
Grant, of thy pitying grace,
That, for a little longer space,
The pitcher at the fountain's rim
Be shattered not, but still kept
whole, —
Still overflowing at the brim!
If but a year, if but a day,
Thy lifted hand, O stay!
Loose Thou not yet, O Lord,
The silver cord!
Break Thou not yet the golden
bowl!

[From *Thou and I*.]

UNDER THE SOD.

"THOU and I!"
The voice no longer said;
But two white stones, instead,
Above the twain, long dead,
Still utter, each to each,
The same familiar speech,
"Thou and I!" . . .

Will but arouse thv —
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T

*Not when in the presence of,
And not as if beneath the grass,
Lay, under foot of all who pass,
The sleeping dust should wake to say,
Each in the same old way,
"Thou and I!"*

*And each to either should reply, —
(Tomb murmuring unto tomb,
Stone answering unto stone,
Yet not with sound of human moan,
Nor breath of mortal sigh,
But voiceless as the dead's dumb
cry.) —
"Thou and I!"*

"The spirit and the body part,
Yet love abideth, heart to heart.

"O silent comrade of my rest,
With hands here crossed upon thy
breast,

I know thee who thou art!
O marble brow,
Here pillowed next to mine,
I know the soul divine
That tenanted thy shrine!

"For, though above us, green and
high,

The yew-trees grow,
And churchyard ravens fly,
And mourners come and go,
Yet thou and I,
Who dust to dust lie here below,
Still one another know!

"Yea, thee I know — it still is thou;
And me thou know'st — it still is I;
True lovers once, true lovers now! —
The same old vow,
The same old thrill,
The same old love between us still!

"The gloomy grave hath frosts that
kill,
But love is chilled not with their
chill.

"Love's flame —
Consuming, unconsumed —
In breasts that breathe — in hearts
entombed —
Is fed by life and death the same!

THE

"Love's spark
Is brightest when love's house is dark!

"Love's shroud —
That wraps its bosom round —
Must crumble in the charnel ground,
Till all the long white winding-sheet
Shall drop to dust from head to feet:
But love's strong cord,
The eternal tie,
The immortal bond that binds
Love's twain immortal minds; —
This silken knot
Shall never rot —
Nor moulder in the mouldy mound —
Nor mildew — nor decay —
Nor fall apart — nor drop away —
Nor ever be unbound!

"Love's dust,
Whatever grave it fill,
Though buried deep, is deathless still!
Love hath no death, and cannot die!
This love is ours, as here we lie, —
Thou and I!"

THE FOUR SEASONS.

In the balmy April weather,
My love, you know,
When the corn began to grow,
What walks we took together,
What sighs we breathed together,
What vows we pledged together,
In the days of long ago!

In the golden summer weather,
My love, you know,
When the mowers went to mow,
What home we built together,
What babes we watched together,
What plans we planned together,
While the skies were all aglow!

In the rainy autumn weather,
My love, you know,
When the winds began to blow,
What tears we shed together,
What mounds we heaped together,
What hopes we lost together,
When we laid our darlings low!

In the wild and wintry weather,
 My love, you know,
 With our heads as white as
 snow,
 What prayers we pray together,
 What fears we share together,
 What Heaven we seek together,
 For our time has come to go!

—
SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS.

I won a noble fame;
 But, with a sudden frown,
 The people snatched my crown,
 And, in the mire, trod down
 My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse;
 And beggars by the way
 Then blessed me, day by day;
 But I, grown poor as they,
 Have now their curse.

I gained what men call friends;
 But now their love is hate,
 And I have learned, too late,
 How mated minds unmate,
 And friendship ends.

I clasped a woman's breast,—
 As if her heart, I knew,
 Or fancied, would be true,—
 Who proved, alas! she too!
 False like the rest.

I now am all bereft,—
 As when some tower doth fall,
 With battlement, and wall,
 And gate, and bridge, and all,—
 And nothing left.

But I account it worth
 All pangs of fair hopes crossed —
 All loves and honors lost,—
 To gain the heavens, at cost
 Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
 To render ill for ill,—
 Henceforth in me instill,
 O God, a sweet good will
 To all mankind.

RECOMPENSE.

THE Temple of the Lord stood open
 wide,
 And worshippers went up from many
 lands,
 Who, kneeling at the altar; side by
 side,
 Made votive offerings with uplifted
 hands.
 Their gifts were gold, and frankin-
 cense, and myrrh.
 Then, with a lustrous gleam and rap-
 turous stir,
 While all the people trembled and
 turned pale.
 There flew an angel to the altar-rail,
 Who, with anointed eyes, keen to
 discern,
 Gazed, noting all the kneelers, who
 they were,
 And what was each one's tribute to
 the Lord,—
 And, gift for gift, with sudden, swift
 return,
 Bestowed on every suppliant his re-
 ward.
 O mocking recompense! To one, a
 spear!
 To many, each a thorn! To some a
 nail!
 To all, a cross! But unto none a
 crown!

At last, they saw the angel disappear.
 Then, as their timid hearts shook off
 their fear,
 Some rose in anger, flung their treas-
 ures down,
 And cried, "Such gifts from Heaven
 as these, we spurn!
 They are too cruel, and too keen to
 bear!
 They are too grievous for a human
 breast!
 Heaven sends us heartache, misery,
 and despair!
 We knelt for blessing, but we rise un-
 blest!
 If Heaven so mock us, we will cease
 to pray!"
 They left the altar, and they went
 their way;
 But their blaspheming hearts were
 then self-torn

Far more by pride, and heaven-defying scorn,
Than pierced before by nail, or spear,
or thorn!

A few (not many!) with their brows
down bent,
Gave thanks for each sharp gift that
Heaven had sent,—
And each embraced his separate pain
and sting,
As if it were some sweet and pleasant
thing,—
And each his cross, with joyful tears,
did take,
To bear it for the great Cross-bearer's
sake.

Then lo! as from the Temple forth
they went,
Their bleeding bosoms, though with
anguish rent,
Had, spite of all their pain! — a sweet
content;
For on each brow, though not to mortal
sight,
The vanished angel left a crown of
light!

THE TWO LADDERS.

BENIGHTED in my pilgrimage,—
alone,—
And footsore — (for the path to
heaven grew steep,)—
I looked for Jacob's pillow of a stone,
In hope of Jacob's vision in my
sleep.
Then, in my dream, whereof I quake
to tell,—
Not up from earth to heaven, but,
oh, sad sight!
The ladder was let down from earth
to hell!—
Whereon, ascending from the deep
abyss,
Came fiery spirits who, with dismal
hiss,
Made woeful clamor of their lost de-
light,
And stung my eyelids open, till, in
fright,
I caught my staff, and at the dead of
night,
I, who toward heaven and peace
had halted so.
Was fleet of foot to flee from hell
and woe!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THREE SONNETS ON PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within us one
short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to
make —
What heavy burdens from our bosoms
take,
What parchèd grounds refresh, as
with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to
lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the
near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave
and clear;
We kneel how weak, we rise how full
of power!
Why, therefore, should we do our-
selves this wrong,

Or others — that we are not always
strong;
That we are ever overborne with
care;
That we should ever weak or heart-
less be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is
prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage,
are with Thee?

A GARDEN so well watered before
morn
Is hotly up, that not the swart sun's
blaze,
Down beating with unmitigated rays,
Nor arid winds from scorching places
borne,

Shall quite prevail to make it bare
and shorn
Of its green beauty—shall not quite
prevail
That all its morning freshness shall
exhale,
Till evening and the evening dews
return—
A blessing such as this our hearts
might reap,
The freshness of the garden they
might share,
Through the long day a heavenly
freshness keep,
If, knowing how the day and the
day's glare
Must beat upon them, we would
largely steep
And water them betimes with dews
of prayer.

WHEN hearts are full of yearning
tenderness,
For the loved absent, whom we can
not reach—
By deed or token, gesture or kind
speech,
The spirit's true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost
distress, [by,
And we are doomed to stand inactive
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to
make less—
Then like a cup capacious to contain
The overflowings of the heart, is
prayer:
The longing of the soul is satisfied,
The keenest darts of anguish blunted
are;
And, though we can not cease to
yearn or grieve,
Yet we have learned in patience to
abide.

LORD, MANY TIMES I AM AWEARY.

LORD, many times I am awery
quite
Of mine own self, my sin, my
vanity—
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost out-
right,—
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce
debate:
Take Thou my part against myself,
nor share
In that just hate!

Best friends might loathe us, if what
things perverse
We know of our own selves, they
also knew:
Lord, Holy One! if Thou who know-
est worse
Shouldst loathe us too!

[From *Lines to a Friend*.]

WEAK CONSOLATION.

OH, miserable comfort! Loss is loss,
And death is death; and after all is
done—
After the flowers are scattered on the
tomb,
After the singing of the sweetest
dirge—
The mourner, with his heart uncom-
forted,
Returning to his solitary home,
Thinks with himself, if any one had
aught
Of stronger consolation, he should
speak;
If not, 'twere best for ever to hold
peace,
And not to mock him with vain
words like these.

SADNESS BORN OF BEAUTY.

ALL beautiful things bring sadness,
nor alone
Music, whereof that wisest poet
spake;*
Because in us keen longings they
awake
After the good for which we pine and
groan,
From which exiled we make continual
moan,

* I am never merry when I hear sweet
music.—SHAKESPEARE.

Till once again we may our spirits
 slake
 At those clear streams, which man
 did first forsake,
 When he would dig for fountains of
 his own.
 All beauty makes us sad, yet not in
 vain —
 For who would be ungracious to re-
 fuse,
 Or not to use, this sadness without
 pain,
 Whether it flows upon us from the
 hues
 Of sunset, from the time of stars
 and dews,
 From the clear sky, or waters pure of
 stain ?

THE LENT JEWELS.

In schools of wisdom all the day was
 spent:
 His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward
 bent,
 With homeward thoughts, which
 dwelt upon the wife
 And two fair children who consoled
 his life,
 She, meeting at the threshold, led
 him in,
 And with these words preventing,
 did begin:—
 "Ever rejoicing at your wished re-
 turn,
 Yet am I most so now: for since this
 morn
 I have been much perplexed and
 sorely tried
 Upon one point which you shall now
 decide.
 Some years ago, a friend into my
 care
 Some jewels gave—rich, precious
 gems they were;
 But having given them in my charge,
 this friend
 Did afterward nor come for them, nor
 send,
 But left them in my keeping for so
 long,
 That now it almost seems to me a
 wrong

That he should suddenly arrive to-
 day,
 To take those jewels, which he left,
 away.
 What think you? Shall I freely
 yield them back,
 And with no murmuring?—so hence-
 forth to lack
 Those gems myself, which I had
 learned to see
 Almost as mine for ever, mine in
 fee."

"What question can be here?
 Your own true heart
 Must needs advise you of the only
 part:
 That may be claimed again which
 was but lent,
 And should be yielded with no dis-
 content.
 Nor surely can we find herein a
 wrong,
 That it was left us to enjoy it long."

"Good is the word," she answered;
 "may we now
 And evermore that it is good allow!"
 And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
 And there she showed him, stretched
 upon one bed,
 Two children pale: and he the jewels
 knew,
 Which God had lent him, and re-
 sumed anew.

PATIENCE.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your
 ear against the earth;
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ
 o' the seed has birth—
 How noiselessly and gently it up-
 heaves its little way,
 Till it parts the scarcely broken
 ground, and the blade stands
 up in the day.
 Be patient! oh, be patient! The
 germs of mighty thought
 Must have their silent undergrowth;
 must underground be wrought;

But as sure as there's a power that
makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty,
the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient—go and
watch the wheat ears grow—
So imperceptibly that ye can mark
nor change nor throe—
Day after day, day after day, till the
ear is fully grown,
And then again day after day, till the
ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—though
yet our hopes are green,
The harvest-fields of freedom shall
be crowned with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening!—mature
your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued
with fire on freedom's harvest
day!

HAPPINESS IN LITTLE THINGS OF THE PRESENT.

We live not in our moments or our
years:
The present we fling from us like the
rind
Of some sweet future, which we after
find
Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with
fears,
And water it beforehand with our
tears—
Vain tears for that which never may
arrive;
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought
to live,
Neglected, or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make
ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the
present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of
birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little
things;
And of the griefs unborn to rest se-
cure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

THE ERMINE.

To miry places me the hunters drive,
Where I my robes of purest white
must stain;
Then yield I, nor for life will longer
strive,
For spotless death, ere spotted life,
is gain.

THE BEES.

We light on fruits and flowers, and
purest things;
For if on carcases or aught unclean,
When homeward we returned, with
mortal stings
Would slay us the keen watchers
round our queen.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

LEANING my bosom on a pointed
thorn,
I bleed, and bleeding sing my
sweetest strain:
For sweetest songs of saddest hearts
are born,
And who may here dis sever love
and pain?

THE SNAKE.

MYSELF I force some narrowest pas-
sage through,
Leaving my old and wrinkled skin
behind,
And issuing forth in splendor of my
new:
Hard entrance into life all creatures
find.

THE TIGER.

HEARING sweet music, as in fell de-
spite,
Himself the tiger doth in pieces
tear:
The melody of other men's delight
There are, alas! who can as little
bear.

THE DIAMOND.

I ONLY polished am in mine own
dust —
Naught else against my hardness
will prevail:
And thou, O man, in thine own
sufferings must
Be polished: every meaner art will
fail.

FALLING STARS.

ANGELS are we, that, once from
heaven exiled,
Would climb its crystal battlements
again;
But have their keen-eyed watchers
not beguiled,
Hurled by their glittering lances
back amain.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo! I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest — for around him angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph; — "is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! — our gallant Moslem no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou mayst quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water — this reprieve is thine — no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirred —
Then exclaimed: "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish — now I bid thee drink and live!"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

THE NAME IN THE BARK.

THE self of so long ago,
And the self I struggle to know, —
I sometimes think we are two, — or are we shadows of one?
To-day the shadow I am
Returns in the sweet summer calm
To trace where the earlier shadow flitted awhile in the sun.

Once more in the dewy morn
I came through the whispering corn;
Cool to my fevered cheek soft breezy kisses were blown;
The ribboned and tasselled grass
Leaned over the flattering glass,
And the sunny waters trilled the same low musical tone.

To the gray old birch I came,
Where I whittled my school-boy name:
The nimble squirrel once more ran skipingly over the rail,
The blackbirds down among
The alders noisily sung,
And under the blackberry-brier whistled the serious quail.

I came, remembering well
How my little shadow fell,
As I painfully reached and wrote to leave to the future a sign:
There, stooping a little, I found
A half-healed, curious wound.
An ancient scar in the bark, but no initial of mine!

Then the wise old boughs overhead
Took counsel together, and said, —
And the buzz of their leafy lips like a murmur of prophecy passed, —
“He is busily carving a name
In the tough old wrinkles of fame;
But, cut he as deep as he may, the lines will close over at last!”

Sadly I pondered awhile,
Then I lifted my soul with a smile,
And I said “Not cheerful men, but anxious children are we,
Still hurting ourselves with the knife,
As we toil at the letters of life,
Just marring a little the rind, never piercing the heart of the tree.”

And now by the rivulet's brink
I leisurely saunter, and think
How idle this strife will appear when circling ages have run,
If then the real I am
Descend from the heavenly calm,
To trace where the shadow I seem once flitted awhile in the sun.

THE RESTORED PICTURE.

In later years, veiling its unblest face
 In a most loathsome place,
 The cheap adornment of a house of
 shame,
 It hung, till, gnawed away
 By tooth of slow decay,
 It fell, and parted from its moulder-
 ing frame.

The rotting canvas, faintly smiling
 still,
 From worldly puff and frill,
 Its ghastly smile of coquetry and
 pride,
 Crumpling its faded charms
 And yellow jewelled arms,
 Mere rubbish now, was rudely cast
 aside.

The shadow of a Genius crossed the
 gate:
 He, skilled to re-create
 In old and ruined paintings their lost
 soul
 And beauty,—one who knew
 The Master's touch by true,
 Swift instinct, as the needle knows
 the pole,—

Looked on it, and straightway his
 searching eyes
 Saw through its coarse disguise
 Of vulgar paint and grime and var-
 nish stain
 The Art that slept beneath.—
 A chrysalis in its sheath,
 That waited to be waked to life
 again.

Upon enduring canvas to renew
 Each wondrous trait and hue,—
 This is the miracle, his chosen task!
 He bears it to his house,
 And there from lips and brows
 With loving touch removes their alien
 mask.

For so on its perfection time had laid
 An early mellowing shade;
 Then hands unskilled, each seeking
 to impart

Fresh tints to form and face.
 With some more modern grace,
 Had buried quite the mighty Master's
 Art.

First, razed from the divine original,
 Brow, cheek, and lid, went all
 That outer shape of worldliness;
 when, lo!
 Beneath the varnished crust
 Of long-embedded dust
 A fairer face appears, emerging
 slow,—

The features of a simple shepherd-
 ess!
 Pure eyes, and golden tress,
 And, lastly, crook in hand. But
 deeper still
 The Master's work lies hid;
 And still through lip and lid
 Works the Restorer with unsparing
 skill.

Behold, at length, in tender light re-
 vealed,
 The soul so long concealed!
 All heavenly faint at first, then softly
 bright,
 As smiles the young-eyed Dawn
 When darkness is withdrawn,
 A shining angel breaks upon the
 sight!

Restored, perfected, after the divine
 Imperishable design,
 Lo, now! that once despised and out-
 cast thing
 Holds its true place among
 The fairest pictures hung
 In the high palace of our Lord the
 King!

MIDWINTER.

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
 The light flakes falter and fall
 slow;

Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
 Silently drops a silvery veil;
 And all the valley is shut in
 By flickering curtains gray and thin.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall
 On bank and brier and broken wall;
 Over the orchard, waste and brown,
 All noiselessly they settle down,

Tipping the apple-boughs, and each
Light quivering twig of plum and
peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow storm spreads its ivory
woof;

It paves with pearl the garden walk;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow;
And the old door-slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows: the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn.
And clustering spangles lodge and
shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree:
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird;
And heavenly thoughts, as soft and
white.

As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised
part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

MIDSUMMER.

BECALMED along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining
rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-
day
The meadow-sides are sweet with
hay.

I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest
meet,—

Where grow the pine-trees tall and
bland,

The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-
sleeved row.

With even stroke their scythes they
swing,

In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while, warm and
still,

Slopes the broad pasture, basks the
hill,

And bright, where summer breezes
break.

The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and
swells,

The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and
hum.

The partridge beats his throbbing
drum,

The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.

The oriole flashes by; and look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his
coat,

Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
O, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read:

A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His Voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

REAL ESTATE.

THE pleasant grounds are greenly
turfed and graded;

A sturdy porter waiteth at the
gate;
The graceful avenues, serenely
shaded,
And curving paths, are interlaced
and braided

In many a maze around my fair
estate.

Here bloom the early hyacinth, and
clover

And amaranth and myrtle wreath
the ground;

The pensive lily leans her pale cheek
over;

And hither comes the bee, light-
hearted rover,

Woofing the sweet-breathed flowers
with soothing sound.

Entwining, in their manifold digres-
sions,

Lands of my neighbors, wind these
peaceful ways.

The masters, coming to their calm
possessions,

Followed in solemn state by long pro-
cessions,

Make quiet journeys these still
summer days.

This is my freehold! Elms and fringy
larches,

Maples and pines, and stately firs
of Norway,

Build round me their green pyramids
and arches;

Sweetly the robin sings, while slowly
marches

The stately pageant past my ver-
dant doorway.

Oh, sweetly sing the robin and the
sparrow!

But the pale tenant very silent
rides.

A low green roof receiveth him;—so
narrow

His hollow tenement, a schoolboy's
arrow

Might span the space betwixt its
grassy sides.

The flowers around him ring their
wind-swung chalices,

A great bell tolls the pageant's slow
advance.

The poor alike, and lords of parks
and palaces,

From all their busy schemes, their
fears and fallacies,

Find here their rest and sure inher-
itance.

No more hath Cæsar or Sardanapa-
lus!

Of all our wide dominions, soon or
late,

Only a fathom's space can aught
avail us;

This is the heritage that shall not
fail us:

Here man at last comes to his Real
Estate.

"Secure to him and to his heirs for-
ever"!

Nor wealth nor want shall vex his
spirit more.

Treasures of hope and love and high
endeavor

Follow their blest proprietor; but
never

Could pomp or riches pass this lit-
tle door.

Flatterers attend him, but alone he
enters,—

Shakes off the dust of earth, no
more to roam.

His trial ended, sealed his soul's in-
dentures,

The wanderer, weary from his long
adventures,

Beholds the peace of his eternal
home.

Lo, more than life, Man's great Estate
comprises!

While for the earthly corner of his
mansion

A little nook in shady Time suffices,
The rainbow-pillared heavenly roof
arises

Ethereal in limitless expansion!

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

ALL round the lake the wet woods
shake

From drooping boughs their show-
ers of pearl;

From floating skiff to towering cliff
The rising vapors part and curl.

The west-wind stirs among the firs
High up the mountain side emerg-
ing;

The light illumines a thousand plumes
Through billowy banners round
them surging.

A glory smites the craggy heights:
And in a halo of the haze.

Flushed with faint gold, far up, behold
That mighty face, that stony gaze!

In the wild sky upborne so high
Above us perishable creatures,
Confronting Time with those sub-
lime,

Impassive, adamantine, features.

Thou beaked and bald high front,
miscalled

The profile of a human face!

No kin art thou, O Titan brow,
To puny man's ephemeral race.

The groaning earth to thee gave
birth,—

Throes and convulsions of the
planet;

Lonely uprose, in grand repose,
Those eighty feet of facial granite.

Here long, while vast, slow ages
passed,

Thine eyes (if eyes be thine) beheld
But solitudes of crags and woods.

Where eagles screamed and pan-
thers yelled.

Before the fires of our pale sires
In the first log-built cabin twinkled,
Or red men came for fish and game,
That scalp was scarred, that face
was wrinkled.

We may not know how long ago
That ancient countenance was
young;

Thy sovereign brow was seamed as
now

When Moses wrote and Homer
sung.

Empires and states it antedates,
And wars, and arts, and crime, and
glory;

In that dim morn when man was
born

Thy head with centuries was
hoary.

Thou lonely one! nor frost, nor sun,
Nor tempest leaves on thee its
trace;

The stormy years are but as tears
That pass from thy unchanging
face.

With unconcern as grand and stern,
Those features viewed, which now
survey us,

A green world rise from seas of ice,
And order come from mud and
chaos.

Canst thou not tell what then befell?
What forces moved, or fast or
slow;

How grew the hills; what heats, what
chills,

What strange, dim life, so long ago?
High-visaged peak, wilt thou not
speak?

One word for all our learned wran-
gle!

What earthquakes shaped, what gla-
ciers scraped,

That nose, and gave the chin its
angle?

Our pygmy thought to thee is naught,
Our petty questionings are vain;

In its great trance thy countenance
Knows not compassion nor dis-
dain.

With far-off hum we go and come,
The gay, the grave, the busy-idle;
And all things done, to thee are one,
Alike the burial and the bridal.

Thy permanence, long ages hence,
Will mock the pride of mortals
still.

Returning springs, with songs and
wings fill;

And fragrance, shall these valleys
The free winds blow, fall rain or
snow,

The mountains brim their crystal
breakers;

Still come and go, still ebb and flow,
The summer tides of pleasure-seek-
ers.

The dawns shall gild the peaks where
build

The eagles, many a future pair;
The gray scud lag on wood and crag,
Dissolving in the purple air;

The sunlight gleam on lake and
stream,

Boughs wave, storms break, and
still at even

All glorious hues the world suffuse,
Heaven mantle earth, earth melt in
heaven!

Nations shall pass like summer's
grass,

And times unborn grow old and
change;

New governments and great events
Shall rise, and science new and
strange;

Yet will thy gaze confront the days
With its eternal calm and patience,

The evening red still light thy head,
Above thee burn the constellations.

O silent speech, that well can teach
The little worth of words or fame!

I go my way, but thou wilt stay
While future millions pass the
same:

But what is this I seem to miss?
Those features fall into confusion!

A further pace—where was that
face?

The veriest fugitive illusion!

Gray eidolon! so quickly gone,
When eyes that make thee onward
move;

Whose vast pretence of permanence
A little progress can disprove!

Like some huge wraith of human
faith

That to the mind takes form and
measure;

Grim monolith of creed or myth,
Outlined against the eternal azure!

O Titan, how dislimned art thou!

A withered cliff is all we see;
That giant nose, that grand repose,

Have in a moment ceased to be;
Or still depend on lines that blend.

On merging shapes, and sight, and
distance,

And in the mind alone can find
Imaginary brief existence!

STANZAS FROM "SERVICE."

WELL might red shame my cheek
consume!

O service slighted!

O Bride of Paradise, to whom
I long was plighted!

Do I with burning lips profess
To serve thee wholly,

Yet labor less for blessedness
Than fools for folly?

The wary worldling spread his toils
Whilst I was sleeping;

The wakeful miser locked his spoils,
Keen vigils keeping:

I loosed the latches of my soul
To pleading Pleasure.

Who stayed one little hour, and stole
My heavenly treasure.

A friend for friend's sake will endure
Sharp provocations;

And knaves are cunning to secure,
By cringing patience,

And smiles upon a smarting cheek,
Some dear advantage,—

Swathing their grievances in meek
Submission's bandage.

Yet for thy sake I will not take
 One drop of trial,
 But raise rebellious hands to break
 The bitter vial.
 At hardship's surly-visaged churl
 My spirit sallies;
 And melts, O Peace! thy priceless
 pearl
 In passion's chalice.

Yet never quite, in darkest night,
 Was I forsaken:
 Down trickles still some starry rill
 My heart to waken.

O Love Divine! could I resign
 This changeeful spirit
 To walk thy ways, what wealth of
 grace
 Might I inherit!

If one poor flower of thanks to thee
 Be truly given,
 All night thou snowest down to me
 Lilies of heaven!
 One task of human love fulfilled
 Thy glimpses tender,
 My days of lonely labor gild,
 With gleams of splendor!

MY COMRADE AND I.

WE two have grown up so divinely together,
 Flower within flower from seed within seed,
 The sagest philosopher cannot say whether
 His being or mine was first called and decreed.
 In the life before birth, by inscrutable ties,
 We were linked each to each; I am bound up in him;
 He sickens, I languish; without me, he dies;
 I am life of his life, he is limb of my limb.

Twin babes from one cradle, I tottered about with him,
 Chased the bright butterflies, singing, a boy with him;
 Still as a man I am borne in and out with him,
 Sup with him, sleep with him, suffer, enjoy with him.
 Faithful companion, me long he has carried
 Unseen in his bosom, a lamp to his feet;
 More near than a bridegroom, to him I am married,
 As light in the sunbeam is wedded to heat.

If my beam be withdrawn he is senseless and blind;
 I am sight to his vision, I hear with his ears;
 His the marvellous brain, I the masterful mind;
 I laugh with his laughter, and weep with his tears
 So well that the ignorant deem us but one:
 They see but one shape and they name us one name.
 O pliant accomplice! what deeds we have done,
 Thus banded together for glory or shame.

When evil waylays us, and passion surprises,
 And we are too feeble to strive or to fly,
 When hunger compels or when pleasure entices,
 Which most is the sinner, my comrade or I?
 And when over perils and pains and temptations
 I triumph, where still I should falter and faint,
 But for him, iron-nerved for heroic patience,
 Whose then is the virtue, and which is the saint?

Am I the one sinner ? of honors sole claimant
 For actions which only we two can perform ?
 Am I the true creature, and thou but the raiment ?
 Thou magical mantle, all vital and warm,
 Wrapped about me, a screen from the rough winds of Time,
 Of texture so flexible to feature and gesture !
 Can ever I part from thee ? Is there a clime
 Where Life needeth not this terrestrial vesture ?

When comes the sad summons to sever the sweet
 Subtle tie that unites us, and tremulous, fearful.
 I feel thy loosed fetters depart from my feet ;
 When friends gather round us, pale-visaged and tearful,
 Beweep and bewail thee, thou fair earthly prison !
 And kiss thy cold doors, for thy inmate mistaken ;
 Their eyes seeing not the freed captive, arisen
 From thy trammels unclasped and thy shackles downshaken ;

Oh, then shall I linger, reluctant to break
 The dear sensitive chains that about me have grown ?
 And all this bright world, can I bear to forsake
 Its embosoming beauty and love, and alone
 Journey on to I know not what regions untried ?
 Exists there, beyond the dim cloud-rack of death,
 Such life as enchants us ? O skies arched and wide !
 O delicate senses ! O exquisite breath !

Ah, tenderly, tenderly over thee hovering,
 I shall look down on thee, empty and cloven,
 Pale mould of my being !—thou visible covering
 Wherefrom my invisible raiment is woven.
 Though sad be the passage, nor pain shall appall me,
 Nor parting, assured, wheresoever I range
 The glad fields of existence that naught can befall me
 That is not still beautiful, blessed and strange.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.*

[From *Self-Acquaintance*.]

ILL-CHOSEN PURSUITS.

THE blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt making for the goal,
 The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discoursing eloquence, —
 What wonder if all fail ? the shaft flieth wide of the mark,
 Alike if itself be crooked, or the bow be strung awry ;
 And the mind which were excellent in one way, but foolishly toileth in
 another,
 What is it but an ill-strung bow, and its aim a crooked arrow ?
 By knowledge of self, thou provest thy powers ; put not the racer to the
 plough,
 Nor goad the toilsome ox to wager his slowness with the fleet.

* The extracts from this author are from *Proverbial Philosophy*.

[From Fame.]

THE DIGNITY AND PATIENCE OF GENIUS.

A GREAT mind is an altar on a hill; should the priest descend from his altitude
 To canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the plain?
 Rather with majestic perseverance, will he minister in solitary grandeur,
 Confident the time will come when pilgrims shall be flocking to the shrine.
 For fame is the birthright of genius; and he reckoneth not how long it be
 delayed:
 The heir need not hasten to his heritage, when he knoweth that his tenure
 is eternal.
 The careless poet of Avon, was he troubled for his fame?
 Or the deep-mouthed chronicler of Paradise, heeded he the suffrage of his
 equals?
 Mæonides took no thought, committing all his honors to the future,
 And Flaccus, standing on his watch-tower, spied the praise of ages.

[From Truth in Things False.]

SPIRITUAL FEELERS.

THE soul hath its feelers, cobwebs floating on the wind,
 That catch events in their approach with sure and apt presentiment,
 So that some halo of attraction heraldeth a coming friend.
 Investing, in his likeness, the stranger that passed on before;
 And while the word is in thy mouth, behold thy word fulfilled,
 And he of whom we spake can answer for himself.

[From Writing.]

LETTERS.

THEIR preciousness in absence is proved by the desire of their presence:
 When the despairing lover waiteth day after day,
 Looking for a word in reply, one word writ by that hand,
 And cursing bitterly the morn ushered in by blank disappointment:
 Or when the long-looked-for answer argueth a cooling friend,
 And the mind is plied suspiciously with dark inexplicable doubts,
 While thy wounded heart counteth its imaginary scars,
 And thou art the innocent and injured, that friend the capricious and in
 fault:
 Or when the earnest petition, that craveth for thy needs
 Unheeded, yea, unopened, tortureth with starving delay:
 Or when the silence of a son, who would have written of his welfare,
 Racketh a father's bosom with sharp-cutting fears:
 For a letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection;
 And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder.
 The pen, flowing in love, or dipped black in hate,
 Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with censure,
 Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than the sword,
 More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning fortune;
 And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath most profit in the
 world,
 For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a letter.

[*From Beauty.*]

THE CONQUEROR.

THOU mightier than Manoa's son, whence is thy great strength,
And wherein the secret of thy craft, O charmer charming wisely? —

Ajax may rout a phalanx, but beauty shall enslave him single-handed:
Pericles ruled Athens, yet is he the servant of Aspasia:
Light were the labor, and often-told the tale, to count the victories of
beauty, —

Learning sitteth at her feet, and Idleness laboreth to please her;
Folly hath flung aside his bells, and leaden Dulness gloweth;
Prudence is rash in her defence; Frugality filleth her with riches;
Despair came to her for counsel; and Bereavement was glad when she
consoled;
Justice putteth up his sword at the tear of supplicating beauty
And Mercy, with indulgent haste, hath pardoned beauty's sin.
For beauty is the substitute for all things, satisfying every absence,
The rich delirious cup, to make all else forgotten.

[*From Beauty.*]

MENTAL SUPREMACY.

THERE is a beauty of the reason: grandly independent of externals,
It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in the man triumphant.
I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen dwarf
Lit on a sudden as with glory, the brilliant light of mind:
Who then imagined him deformed? intelligence is blazing on his forehead,
There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and his brown cheek
glittereth with beauty:
And I have known some Nireus of the camp, a varnished paragon of
chamberers,
Fine, elegant, and shapely, moulded as the masterpiece of Phidias, —
Such an one, with intellects abased, have I noted crouching to the dwarf,
Whilst his lovers scorn the fool whose beauty hath departed!

[*From Beauty.*]

THE SOURCE OF MAN'S RULING PASSION.

VERILY the fancy may be false, yet hath it met me in my musings,
(As expounding the pleasantness of pleasure, but no ways extenuating
license,)
That even those yearnings after beauty, in wayward wanton youth,
When guileless of ulterior end, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,
Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering pre-existence,
And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost god to satisfy its longing;
God, the undiluted good, is root and stock of beauty,
And every child of reason drew his essence from that stem.
Therefore, it is of intuition, an innate hankering for home,

A sweet returning to the well, from which our spirit flowed,
That we, unconscious of a cause, should bask these darkened souls
In some poor relics of the light that blazed in primal beauty.

Only, being burdened with the body, spiritual appetite is warped,
And sensual man, with taste corrupted, drinketh of pollutions:
Impulse is left, but indiscriminate; his hunger feasteth upon carrion;
His natural love of beauty doteth over beauty in decay.
He still thirsteth for the beautiful; but his delicate ideal hath grown gross,
And the very sense of thirst hath been fevered from affection into passion.

[*From Indirect Influences.*]

ARGUMENT.

THE weakness of accident is strong, where the strength of design is weak,
And a casual analogy convinceth, when a mind beareth not argument.
Will not a man listen? be silent; and prove thy maxim by example:
Never fear, thou lovest not thy hold, though thy mouth doth not render a
reason.
Content not in wisdom with a fool; for thy sense maketh much of his
conceit,
And some errors never would have thriven, had it not been for learned
refutation;
Yea, much evil hath been caused by an honest wrestler for truth.
And much of unconscious good, by the man that hated wisdom:
For the intellect judgeth closely, and if thou overstep thy argument,
Or seem not consistent with thyself, or fail in thy direct purpose,
The mind that went along with thee, shall stop and return without thee,
And thou shalt have raised a foe, where thou mightest have won a friend.

[*From Indirect Influences.*]

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

HINTS, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit,
Where a barefaced accusation would be too ridiculous for calumny:
The sly suggestion touches nerves, and nerves contract the fronds,
And the sensitive mimosa of affection trembleth to its root;
And friendships, the growth of half a century, those oaks that laugh at
storms,
Have been cankered in a night by a worm, even as the prophet's gourd.
Hast thou loved, and not known jealousy? for a sidelong look
Can please or pain thy heart more than the multitude of proofs:
Hast thou hated, and not learned that thy silent scorn
Doth deeper aggravate thy foe than loud-cursing malice? —

Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture on a ruin,
Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect pile?
And wherefore not — but that light hints, suggesting unseen beauties
Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits?

And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the painter,
 Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel:
 And so, the Helvetic lion cavered in the living rock
 Hath more of majesty and force, than if upon a marble pedestal.

. What hath charmed thine ear in music ?
 Is it the labored theme, the curious fugue or cento, —
 Nor rather the sparkles of intelligence flashing from some strange note
 Or the soft melody of sounds far sweeter for simplicity ?

. What hath filled thy mind in reading ?
 Is it the volume of detail, where all is orderly set down,
 And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think;
 The book carefully accurate, that counteth thee no better than a fool,
 Gorging the passive mind with annotated notes; —
 Nor rather the half-suggested thoughts, the riddles thou mayest solve;

The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learning,
 The confidence implied in thy skill to unravel meaning mysteries ?
 For ideas are oftentimes shy of the close furniture of words,
 And thought, wherein only is power, may be best conveyed by a suggestion.
 The flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark midnight of a storm,
 Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty summers.

[From *Names*.]

ILL-CHRISTENED.

Who would call the tench a whale, or style a torch, Orion ?
 Yet many a silly parent hath dealt likewise with his nursing.
 Give thy child a fit distinguishment, making him sole tenant of a name,
 For it were sore hindrance to hold it in common with a hundred;
 In the Babel of confused identities fame is little feasible,
 The felon shall detract from the philanthropist, and the sage share honors
 with the simple:

Still, in thy title of distinguishment, fall not into arrogant assumption.
 Steering from caprice and affectations; and for all thou doest have a reason.
 He that is ambitious for his son, should give him untried names,
 For those that have served other men, haply may injure by their evils:
 Or otherwise may hinder by their glories; therefore set him by himself,
 To win for his individual name some clear specific praise.
 There were nine Homers, all goodly sons of song; but where is any record
 of the eight ?

One grew to fame, an Aaron's rod, and swallowed up his brethren.
 Who knoweth ? more distinctly titled, those dead eight had lived;

Art thou named of a family, the same in successive generations ?
 It is open to thee still to earn by epithets, such an one, the good or great.
 Art thou named foolishly ? show that thou art wiser than thy fathers,
 Live to shame their vanity or sin by dutiful devotion to thy sphere.
 Art thou named discreetly ? it is well, the course is free;
 No competitor shall claim thy colors, neither fix his faults upon thee:
 Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty,
 And win a blessing from the world, that men may love thy name;

[From *Indirect Influences.*]

THE FORCE OF TRIFLES.

A SENTENCE hath formed a character, and a character subdued a kingdom;
A picture hath ruined souls, or raised them to commerce with the skies.

Planets govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of man,
But trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.

[From *Neglect.*]

TO MURMURERS.

YET once more, griever at Neglect, bear me to thy comfort, or rebuke;
For, after all thy just complaint, the world is full of love.

For human benevolence is large, though many matters dwarf it,
Prudence, ignorance, imposture, and the straitenings of circumstance and time.

And if to the body, so to the mind, the mass of men are generous:
Their estimate who know us best, is seldom seen to err:
Be sure the fault is thine, as pride, or shallowness, or vanity,
If all around thee, good and bad, neglect thy seeming merit.

Therefore examine thy state, O self-accounted martyr of Neglect,
It may be, thy merit is a cubit, and thy measure thereof a furlong:
But grant it greater than thy thoughts, and grant that men thy fellows
For pleasure, business, or interest, misuse, forget, neglect thee, —
Still be thou conqueror in this, the consciousness of high deservings;
Let it suffice thee to be worthy; faint not thou for praise;
For that thou art, be grateful; go humbly even in thy confidence;
And set thy foot on the neck of an enemy so harmless as Neglect.

[From *Memory.*]

HINTS OF PRE-EXISTENCE.

WERE I at Petra, could I not declare, My soul hath been here before me?
Am I strange to the columned halls, the calm dead grandeur of Palmyra?
Know I not thy mount, O Carmel! Have I not voyaged on the Danube
Nor seen the glare of Arctic snows, — nor the black tents of the Tartar?
Is it then a dream, that I remember the faces of them of old?

Be ye my judges, imaginative minds, full-fledged to soar into the sun,
Whose grosser natural thoughts the chemistry of wisdom hath sublimed,
Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness, strange and vague,
That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your daily life,
Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps?
Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old familiar,
Some newest circumstance or place teemed as with ancient memories?
A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an instant,
And then it is quenched, as in darkness, and leaveth the cold spirit
trembling.

[*From Neglect.*]**LATE VALUATION.**

Good men are the health of the world, valued only when it perisheth;
 Like water, light, and air, all precious in their absence.
 Who hath considered the blessing of his breath, till the poison of an asthma
 struck him?
 Who hath regarded the just pulses of his heart, till spasm or paralysis
 have stopped them?
 Even thus, an unobserved routine of daily grace and wisdom,
 When no more here, had worship of a world, whose penitence atoned for
 its neglect.

[*From Mystery.*]**FOREKNOWLEDGE UNDESIRABLE.**

For mystery is man's life; we wake to the whisperings of novelty:
 And what though we lie down disappointed? we sleep, to wake in hope.
 The letter, or the news, the chances and the changes, matters that may
 happen,
 Sweeten or embitter daily life with the honey-gall of mystery.
 For we walk blindfold, — and a minute may be much, — a step may reach
 the precipice;
 What earthly loss, what heavenly gain, may not this day produce?
 Levelled of Alps and Andes, without its valleys and ravines,
 How dull the face of earth, unfeatured of both beauty and sublimity:
 And so, shorn of mystery, beggared in its hopes and fears,
 How flat the prospect of existence, mapped by intuitive foreknowledge?

[*From To-Day.*]**LIFE.**

A MAN's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,
 That, as he toleth upward, crumble successively behind him:
 No going back, the past is an abyss; no stopping, for the present perisheth;
 But ever hasting on, precarious on the foothold of To-day.

[*From To-Morrow.*]**THE WORD OF BANE AND BLESSING.**

OFTEN, the painful present is comforted by flattering the future.
 And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day.
 To-morrow, whispereth weakness; and To-morrow findeth him the weaker.
 To-morrow, promiseth conscience; and behold, no to-day for a fulfilment.
 O name of happy omen unto youth, O bitter word of terror to the dotard,
 Goal of folly's lazy wish, and sorrow's ever-coming friend,
 Fraud's loophole, — caution's hint, — and trap to catch the honest, —
 Thou wealth to many poor, disgrace to many noble,
 Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy, thou ruin,
 How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round To-morrow.

[From *To-Morrow*.]

PROCRASTINATION.

Lo, it is the even of To-day, — a day so lately a To-morrow;
Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yesternight?
O faint heart, still shall thy whisper be, To-morrow,
And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that easy slope?
Alas, it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a Sisyphus may not
stop it;
But haste thee with the lever of a prayer, and stem its strength To-day.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

DEAR, secret greenness! nurst below!
Tempests and winds and winter-
nights
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow,
That One made all these lesser
lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one crown,
Both sun and stars would hide their
heads;
And moons, though full, would get
them down.

Let glory be their bait whose minds
Are all too high for a low cell:
Though hawks can prey through
storms and winds,
The poor bee in her hive must
dwell.

Glory, the crowd's cheap tinsel, still
To what most takes them is a
drudge;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for virtue judge.

What needs a conscience calm and
bright
Within itself an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to take more
light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor
catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and
dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and
watch,
Till the white-winged reapers come!

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of
light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy
breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this
hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my
days;
My days, which are at best but dull
and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have
shewed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the jewel of
the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy
dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged
bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings
in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter
dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth
sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend
our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

FROM "CHILDHOOD."

DEAR, harmless age! the short, swift
span,
Where weeping virtue parts with
man;
Where love without lust dwells, and
bends
What way we please without self-
ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face
see;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits, crowned with
smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul, awake)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
The fortress, and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

THE PURSUIT.

LORD! what a busy, restless thing,
Hast thou made man!
Each day and hour he is on wing,
Rests not a span.
Then having lost the sun and light,
By clouds surprised,
He keeps a commerce in the night
With air disguised.
Hadst thou given to this active dust
A state untired,
The lost son had not left the husk,
Nor home desir'd.
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
Then this must do.
Ah, Lord! and what a purchase will
that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not
take thee!

FROM "ST. MARY MAGDALEN."

CHEAP, mighty art! her art of love,
Who loved much, and much more
could move;
Her art! whose memory must last
Till truth through all the world be
past;
Till his abused, despised flame
Return to heaven from whence it
came,
And send a fire down, that shall
bring
Destruction on his ruddy wing.

Her art! whose pensive, weeping
 eyes
 Were once sin's loose and tempting
 spies;
 But now are fixèd stars, whose light
 Helps such dark stragglers to their
 sight.

Self-boasting Pharisee! how blind
 A judge wert thou, and how unkind!
 It was impossible, that thou,
 Who wert all false, should'st true
 grief know.
 Is't just to judge her faithful tears
 By that foul rheum thy false eye
 wears?

"This woman," say'st thou, "is a
 sinner!"

And sate there none such at thy din-
 ner?

Go, leper, go! wash till thy flesh
 Comes like a child's, spotless and
 fresh;

He is still leprous that still paints:
 Who saint themselves, they are no
 saints.

FROM THE "CHRISTIAN POLITICIAN."

COME, then, rare politicians of the
 time,
 Brains of some standing, elders in our
 clime,

See here the method. A wise, solid
 state

Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
 Joint in advice, in resolutions just,
 Mild in success, true to the common
 trust.

It cements ruptures, and by gentle
 hand

Allays the heat and burnings of a
 land.

Religion guides it; and in all the
 Designs so twist, that Heaven con-
 firms the act.

If from these lists you wander, as
 you steer,

Look back, and catechize your actions
 here.

These are the marks to which true
 statesmen tend,

And greatness here with goodness
 hath one end.

PROVIDENCE.

SACRED and secret hand!
 By whose assisting, swift command
 The angel shewed that holy well,
 Which freed poor Hagar from her
 fears,
 And turn'd to smiles the begging
 tears
 Of young, distressèd Ishmael.

How, in a mystic cloud
 Which doth thy strange, sure mercies
 shroud,
 Dost thou convey man food and
 money,
 Unseen by him till they arrive
 Just at his mouth, that thankless
 hive,
 Which kills thy bees, and eats thy
 honey!

If I thy servant be,
 Whose service makes even captives
 free,
 A fish shall all my tribute pay,
 The swift-winged raven shall bring
 me meat,
 And I like flowers shall still go
 neat,
 As if I knew no month but May.

I will not fear what man,
 With all his plots and power, can.
 Bags that wax old may plundered be;
 But none can sequester or let
 A state that with the sun doth set,
 And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,
 And herbs which on dry hills do
 spring,
 Or in the howling wilderness
 Do know thy dewy morning hours,
 And watch all night for mists or
 showers,
 Then drink and praise thy bounteous-
 ness.

May he for ever die
 Who trusts not thee! but wretchedly
 Hunts gold and wealth, and will not
 lend
 Thy service nor his soul one day!

May his crown, like his hopes be
clay;
And, what he saves, may his foes
spend!

If all my portion here,
The measure given by thee each year,
Were by my causeless enemies
Usurped, it never should me grieve
Who know how well thou canst
relieve
Whose hands are open as thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth!
Who would'st not hate my froward
youth,
And wilt not leave me when grown
old;

Gladly will I, like Pontic sheep,
Unto my wormwood diet keep,
Since thou hast made thy arm my
fold.

SUNDAYS.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some
shoots of bliss;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossess
in this;

A day to seek;
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that
light
Man through his heap of dark days;
and the rich
And full redemption of the whole
week's flight!

The pulleys unto headlong man;
time's bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted Paradise; God's walk-
ing-hour;
The cool o'th' day!

The creature's jubilee; God's parle
with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of
mirth and flowers;
Angels descending; the returns of
trust;
A gleam of glory after six-days-
showers!

The church's love-feasts; time's pre-
rogative,
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs
and hive,
And home of rest;
The milky way chalked out with
suns; a clue,
That guides through erring hours;
and in full story
A taste of heaven on earth; the
pledge and cue
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of
glory.

THE SHOWER.

WATERS above! eternal springs!
The dew that silvers the Dove's
wings!
O welcome, welcome, to the sad!
Give dry dust drink, drink that
makes glad.
Many fair evenings, many flowers
Sweetened with rich and gentle show-
ers,
Have I enjoyed; and down have run
Many a fine and shining sun;
But never, till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an evening
shower!

FROM "RULES AND LESSONS."

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy
soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread
and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the
sun.
Give him thy first thoughts then;
so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him
sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer
should
Dawn with the day. There are set,
awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The manna
was not good

After sun-rising ; far-day sullies
flowers.

Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth
sins glut,

And heaven's gate opens when this
world's is shut.

Serve God before the world; let him
not go,

Until thou hast a blessing; then re-
sign

The whole unto him; and remember
who

Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun
did shine.

Pour oil upon the stones; weep for
thy sin;

Then journey on, and have an eye
to heaven.

When the world's up, and every
swarm abroad,

Keep thou thy temper; mix not with
each clay;

Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely
may,

Yet keep those cares without thee,
let the heart

Be God's alone, and choose the
better part.

To God, thy country, and thy friend
be true;

If priest and people change, keep
thou thy ground.

Who sells religion is a Judas Jew;
And, oaths once broke, the soul can-

not be sound.

The perjurer's a devil let loose:
what can

Tie up his hands, that dares mock
God and man ?

Seek not the same steps with the
crowd; stick thou

To thy sure trot; a constant, humble
mind

Is both his own joy, and his Maker's
too;

Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.
A sweet self-privacy in a right soul

Outruns the earth, and lines the
utmost pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open
heart;

Make not thy breast a labyrinth or
trap;

If trials come, this will make good
thy part,

For honesty is safe, come what can
happ;

It is the good man's feast, the
prince of flowers,

Which thrives in storms, and smells
best after showers.

Spend not an hour so as to weep an-
other,

For tears are not thine own; if thou
giv'st words,

Dash not with them thy friend, nor
heaven; oh, smother

A viperous thought; some syllables
are swords.

Unbitted tongues are in their pres-
ence double;

They shame their owners, and their
hearers trouble.

When night comes, list thy deeds;
make plain the way

'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not
with delays;

But perfect all before thou sleep'st;
then say,

"There's one sun more strung on my
bead of days."

What's good score up for joy; the
bad well scann'd

Wash off with tears, and get thy
Master's hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the
grave one hour

Before thy time; be not a stranger
there,

Where thou may'st sleep whole ages;
life's poor flower

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad
spirits fear

This conversation; but the good
man lies

Entomb'd many days before he
dies.

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close
 not thy eyes
 Up with thy curtains; give thy soul
 the wing
 In some good thoughts; so when thy
 day shall rise,
 And thou unrakest thy fire, those
 sparks will bring
 New flames; besides where these
 lodge, vain heats mourn
 And die; that bush, where God is,
 shall not burn.

TO HIS BOOKS.

BRIGHT books! the perspectives to
 our weak sights,
 The clear projections of discerning
 lights,
 Burning and shining thoughts, man's
 posthume day,
 The track of fled souls, and their
 milky way, voice
 The dead alive and busy, the still
 Of enlarged spirits, kind Heaven's
 white decoys!
 Who lives with you lives like those
 knowing flowers,
 Which in commerce with light spend
 all their hours;
 Which shut to clouds, and shadows
 nicely shun,
 But with glad haste unvell to kiss
 the sun. (night,
 Beneath you all is dark, and a dead
 Which whoso lives in, wants both
 health and sight.
 By sucking you, the wise, like bees,
 do grow
 Healing and rich, though this they
 do most slow,
 Because most choicely; for as great a
 store
 Have we of books as bees of herbs,
 or more:

And the great task to try, then know,
 the good,
 To discern weeds, and judge of
 wholesome food,
 Is a rare scant performance. For
 man dies
 Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds
 and flies.
 But you were all choice flowers; all
 set and dressed
 By old sage florists, who well knew
 the best;
 And I amidst you all am turned a
 weed,
 Not wanting knowledge, but for want
 of heed.
 Then thank thyself, wild fool, that
 would'st not be
 Content to know — what was too
 much for thee!

LIKE AS A NURSE.

EVEN as a nurse, whose child's im-
 patient pace
 Can hardly lead his feet from place
 to place,
 Leaves her fond kissing, sets him
 down to go,
 Nor does uphold him for a step or
 two;
 But when she finds that he begins to
 fall,
 She holds him up and kisses him
 withal;
 So God from man sometimes with-
 draws his hand
 Awhile, to teach his infant faith to
 stand;
 But when He sees his feeble strength
 begin
 To fail, He gently takes him up
 again.

JONES VERY.

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when
I come by,
Because my feet find measure with
its call;
The birds know when the friend they
love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great
and small.
The flower that on the lonely hill-
side grows
Expects me there when spring its
bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wan-
derings knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars
of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks
aright,
Shall be their lord as Adam was be-
fore;
His ear shall catch each sound with
new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then
it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he
stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all
is good.

THE WORLD.

'Tis all a great show,
The world that we're in —
None can tell when 'twas finished,
None saw it begin;
Men wander and gaze through
Its courts and its halls,
Like children whose love is
The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,
There are clouds in the sky —
Songs pour from the woodland,
The waters glide by:

Too many, too many
For eye or for ear,
The sights that we see,
And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
Comes down on the mind;
So swift is life's train
To its objects we're blind;
I myself am but one
In the fleet-gliding show —
Like others I walk,
But know not where I go.

One saint to another
I heard say "How long?"
I listened, but nought more
I heard of his song;
The shadows are walking
Through city and plain, —
How long shall the night
And its shadow remain?

How long ere shall shine,
In this glimmer of things,
The light of which prophet
In prophecy sings?
And the gates of that city
Be open, whose sun
No more to the west
Its circuit shall run!

HOME AND HEAVEN.

WITH the same letter heaven and
home begin,
And the words dwell together in the
mind;
For they who would a home in heav-
en win,
Must first a heaven in home begin to
find.
Be happy here, yet with a humble
soul
That looks for perfect happiness in
heaven;

For what thou hast is earnest of the whole Which to the faithful shall at last be given. As once the patriarch, in a vision blessed, Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,	And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest Became to him the gate of heaven below; So may to thee, when life itself is done, Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.
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EDMUND WALLER.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE seas are quiet when the winds
 give o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no
 more. [to boast
 For then we know how vain it was
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be
 lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger
 eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age
 descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and
 decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks
 that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men be-
 come, [home.
 As they draw near to their eternal
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once
 they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the
 new.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired;
 Bid her come forth —
 Suffer herself to be desired.
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee —
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely dear,
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair;
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

FROM "A PREACHER."

I KNOW not how it is;
 I take the faith in earnest, I believe,
 Even at happy times I think I love,
 I try to pattern me upon the type
 My Master left us, am no hypocrite
 Playing my soul against good men's
 applause,
 Nor monger of the Gospel for a cure,
 But serve a Master whom I chose
 because
 It seemed to me I loved Him, whom
 till now
 My longing is to love; and yet I feel
 A falseness somewhere clogging me.
 I seem
 Divided from myself; I can speak
 words
 Of burning faith and fire myself with
 them;
 I can, while upturned faces gaze on
 me
 As if I were their Gospel manifest,
 Break into unplanned turns as natu-
 ral
 As the blind man's cry for healing,
 pass beyond
 My bounded manhood in the earnest-
 ness
 Of a messenger from God. And then
 I come
 And in my study's quiet find again
 The callous actor who, because long
 since
 He had some feelings in him like the
 talk
 The book puts in his mouth, still
 warms his pit
 And even, in his lucky moods, him-
 self,
 With the passion of his part, but
 lays aside
 His heroism with his satin suit
 And thinks "the part is good and
 well conceived
 And very natural — no flaw to find"
 And then forgets it.

Yes, I preach to others
 And am — I know not what — a cast-
 away?
 No, but a man who feels his heart
 asleep,
 As he might feel his hand or foot.

 To-night now I might triumph. Not
 a breath
 But shivered when I pictured the
 dead soul
 Awakening when the body dies, to
 know
 Itself has lived too late; and drew in
 long
 With yearning when I showed how
 perfect love
 Might make Earth's self be but an
 earlier Heaven.
 And I may say and not be over-bold,
 Judging from former fruits, "Some
 one to-night
 Has come more near to God, some
 one has felt
 What it may mean to love Him,
 some one learned
 A new great horror against death
 and sin,
 Some one at least — it may be
 many."

 And yet, I know not why it is, this
 knack
 Of sermon-making seems to carry
 me
 Athwart the truth at times before I
 know —
 In little things at least; thank God
 the greater
 Have not yet grown, by the familiar
 use,
 Such puppets of a phrase as to slip
 by
 Without clear recognition. Take to-
 night —
 I preached a careful sermon, gravely
 planned,

All of it written. Not a line was meant
 To fit the mood of any differing
 From my own judgment: not the less I find —
 (I thought of it coming home while my good Jane
 Talked of the Shetland pony I must get
 For the boys to learn to ride:) yes, here it is,
 And here again on this page — blame by rote,
 Where by my private judgment I blame not.
 "We think our own thoughts on this day," I said,
 "Harmless it may be, kindly even, still
 Not Heaven's thoughts — not Sunday thoughts I'll say."
 Well now, do I, now that I think of it,
 Advise a separation of our thoughts
 By Sundays and by week-days, Heaven's and ours?
 By no means, for I think the bar is bad.
 I'll teach my children "Keep all thinkings pure,
 And think them when you like, if but the time
 Is free to any thinking. Think of God
 So often that in anything you do
 It cannot seem you have forgotten Him,
 Just as you would not have forgotten us,
 Your mother and myself, although your thoughts
 Were not distinctly on us, while you played;
 And, if you do this, in the Sunday's rest
 You will most naturally think of Him."

Then here again "the pleasures of the world
 That tempt the younger members of my flock."
 Now I think really that they've not enough

Of these same pleasures. Gray and joyless lives
 A many of them have, whom I would see
 Sharing the natural gayeties of youth.
 I wish they'd more temptations of the kind.

Now Donne and Allan preach such things as these
 Meaning them and believing. As for me,
 What did I mean? Neither to feign nor teach
 A Pharisaic service. 'Twas just this, That there are lessons and rebukes long made
 So much a thing of course that, unobserving,
 One sets them down as one puts dots to i's,
 Crosses to t's.

[From A Painter.]

THE ARTIST'S DREAD OF BLINDNESS.

How one can live on beauty and be rich
 Having only that! — a thing not hard to find,
 For all the world is beauty. We know that,
 We painters, we whom God shows how to see.
 We have beauty ours, we take it where we go.
 Ay, my wise critics, rob me of my bread,
 You can do that, but of my birth-right, no.
 Imprison me away from skies and seas,
 And the open sight of earth and her rich life,
 And the lesson of a face or golden hair:
 I'll find it for you on a whitewashed wall,
 Where the slow shadows only change so much
 As shows the street has different darkneses
 At noontime and at twilight.

Only that
 Could make me poor of beauty which
 I dread
 Sometimes, I know not why, save
 that it is
 The one thing which I could not
 bear, not bear
 Even with Ruth by me, even for
 Ruth's sake —
 If this perpetual plodding with the
 brush
 Should blind my fretted eyes!

ON THE LAKE.

A SUMMER mist on the mountain
 heights,
 A golden haze in the sky,
 A glow on the shore of sleeping
 lights,
 And shadows lie heavily.

Far in the valley the town lies still,
 Dreaming asleep in the glare,
 Dreamily near purs the drowsy rill,
 Dreams are afloat in the air.

Dreaming above us the languid sky,
 Dreaming the slumbering lake,
 And we who rest floating listlessly,
 Say, love, do we dream or wake?

THE GIFT.

O HAPPY glow, O sun-bathed tree,
 O golden-lighted river,
 A love-gift has been given me,
 And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
 Musing a mournful measure,
 Now all my heart in me is glad
 With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
 Half-sick of life's vexed story,
 And now it grows of you a part,
 Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept
 And laughs through all my being,
 New joy into my life has leapt,
 A joy of only seeing!

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
 O golden-lighted river,
 A love-gift has been given me,
 And which of you is giver?

TWO MAIDENS.

Two maidens listening to the sea —
 The younger said "The waves are
 glad,
 The waves are singing as they break."
 The elder spake:
 "Sister, their murmur sounds to me
 So very sad."

Two maidens looking at a grave —
 One smiled, "A place of happy sleep.
 It would be happy if I slept."
 The younger wept:
 "Oh, save me from the rest you crave,
 So lone, so deep."

Two maidens gazing into life —
 The younger said, "It is so fair,
 So warm with light and love and
 pride."
 The elder sighed:
 "It seems to me so vexed with strife,
 So cold and bare."

Two maidens face to face with death:
 The elder said, "With quiet bliss
 Upon his breast I lay my head."
 The younger said:
 "His kiss has frozen all my breath,
 Must I be his?"

CHARLES WESLEY.

STANZAS FROM "THE TRUE USE
OF MUSIC."

LISTED into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil?
 Music, alas! too long has been
 Pressed to obey the devil—
 Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
 Flowed to the soul's undoing—
 Widened, and strewed with flowers,
 the way
 Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,
 Innocent sound recover—
 Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover—
 Strip him of every moving strain,
 Every melting measure—
 Music in virtue's cause retain,
 Rescue the holy pleasure?

Come, let us try if Jesus' love
 Will not as well inspire us;
 This is the theme of those above—
 This upon earth shall fire us.
 Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing
 Is there a subject greater?
 Harmony all its strains may bring;
 Jesus' name is sweeter.

THE ONLY LIGHT.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night!
 Day-spring from on high, be near!
 Day-star, in my heart appear!

Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by Thee;
 Joyless is the day's return
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till thy inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
 Fill me, Radiance Divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief!
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past:
 Safe into Thy haven guide—
 O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none—
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care;
 Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
 While I of Thy strength receive!
 Hoping against hope I stand—
 Dying, and behold I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want—
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name—
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin I am:—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is
found,—

Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound —
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art —
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart —
Rise to all eternity.

COME, LET US ANEW.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the Master
appear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the
labor of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a
stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay.

The arrow is flown; the moment is
gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
here.

O that each in the day of his coming
may say,
“I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst
give me to do.”

O that each, from his Lord, may re-
ceive the glad word,
“Well and faithfully done;
“Enter into my joy, and sit down on
my throne.”

ELLA WHEELER.

SECRETS.

THINK not some knowledge rests with thee alone.
Why, even God's stupendous secret, Death,
We one by one, with our expiring breath,
Do, pale with wonder, seize and make our own.
The bosomed treasures of the earth are shown
Despite her careful hiding; and the air
Yields its mysterious marvels in despair,
To swell the mighty storehouse of things known.

In vain the sea expostulates and raves;
It cannot cover from the keen world's sight
The curious wonders of its coral caves.
And so, despite thy caution or thy tears,
The prying fingers of detective years
Shall drag thy secret out into the light.

BLANCO WHITE.

TO NIGHT.

<p>MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew Thee from report divine, and heard thy name; Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great set- ting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came,</p>	<p>And lo! creation widened in man's view. Who could have thought such dark- ness lay concealed Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, While fly, and leaf, and insect lay re- vealed, That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind! Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?— If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?</p>
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HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen
sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately
fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first ques-
tioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the
fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the
year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping
gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid
the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on
her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of
breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him
home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its
breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden
 wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me
 too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resigned, thy
peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation in her cell;
Hears with faint eye the lingering
 knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all
was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit
 hurled,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from
 heaven
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that
never, never die.

What is this passing scene!
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the
 plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with
him in the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a
 cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall:
Her praise resounds no more when
mantled in the pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing
 sweet;
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form
beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth de-
 stroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze,
this throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad mistress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow and say, My God, Thy
will be done.

THE STANZA ADDED TO WALLER'S
"ROSE."

YET, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance
rise;
And teach the maid,
That goodness Time's rude hand de-
fies,
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

TO MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE, I am young,— my chin
is bare,
And I have wondered much when
men have told
How youth was free from sorrow and
from care,
That thou should'st dwell with me,
and leave the old.
Sure dost not like me! — Shrivelled
hag of hate,
My phiz, and thanks to thee, is
sadly long;
I am not either, beldame, over
strong;
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,
For thou, sweet Fury, art my utter
hate.
Nay, shake not thus thy miserable
pate; | face;
I am yet young, and do not like thy
And lest thou should'st resume the
wild-goose chase,

I'll tell thee something all thy heat
to assuage,
Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my
age.

A LITTLE BEFORE DEATH.

Yes, 'twill be over soon. — This
sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my fever-
ish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will re-
deem
From this wild region of unvaried
pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as be-
fore,—
Yon landscape smile,— yon golden
harvest grow,
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing
will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no
more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends
caress,
They laugh in health, and future
evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling chil-
dren bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent
grave.
God of the just, — Thou gavest the
bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

EQUINOCTIAL.

THE sun of life has crossed the line;
The summer-shine of lengthened
light
Faded and failed, till where I stand
'Tis equal day and equal night.
One after one, as dwindling hours,
Youth's glowing hopes have drop-
ped away,
And soon may barely leave the gleam
That coldly scores a winter's day.

I am not young; I am not old;
The flush of morn, the sunset calm,
Paling and deepening, each to each,
Meet midway with a solemn charm.
One side I see the summer fields
Not yet disrobed of all their green;
While westerly, along the hills
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.
Ah, middle point, where cloud and
storm
Make battle-ground of this, my life!

Where, even-matched, the night and
day
Wage round me their September
strife!

I bow me to the threatening gale;
I know when that is overpast,
Among the peaceful harvest days,
An Indian summer comes at last!

BEHIND THE MASK.

It was an old, distorted face,—
An uncouth visage, rough and
wild,—
Yet, from behind, with laughing
grace,
Peeped the fresh beauty of a child.

And so, contrasting strange to-day,
My heart of youth doth only ask
If half earth's wrinkled grimness
may
Be but the baby in the mask.

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow
And withered look that life puts
on,
Each, as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides, and is not
gone.

For while the inexorable years
To saddened features fit their
mould,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow
old!

The rifted pine upon the hill,
Scarred by the lightning and the
wind,
Through bolt and blight doth nurture
still
Young fibres underneath the rind;

And many a storm-blast, fiercely sent,
And wasted hope, and sinful stain,
Roughen the strange integument
The struggling soul must wear in
pain;

Yet when she comes to claim her own,
Heaven's angel, happily, shall not
ask
For that last look the world hath
known,
But for the face behind the mask!

THE THREE LIGHTS.

MY window that looks down the west,
Where the cloud-thrones and islands
rest,
One evening, to my random sight,
Showed forth this picture of delight.

The shifting glories were all gone;
The clear blue stillness coming on;
And the soft shade, 'twixt day and
night
Held the old earth in tender light.

Up in the ether hung the horn
Of a young moon; and, newly born
From out the shadows, trembled far
The shining of a single star.

Only a hand's breadth was between:
So close they seemed, so sweet-
serene,
As if in heaven some child and
mother,
With peace untold, had found each
other.

Then my glance fell from that fair
sky
A little down, yet very nigh,
Just where the neighboring tree-tops
made
A lifted line of billowy shade,—

And from the earth-dark twinkled
clear
One other spark, of human cheer:
A home-smile, telling where there
stood
A farmer's house beneath the wood.

Only these three in all the space:
Far telegraphs of various place.
Which seeing, this glad thought was
mine,—
Be it but little candle-shine,

Or golden disk of moon that swings
Nearest of all the heavenly things,
Or world in awful distance small,
One Light doth feed and link them
all!

"I WILL ABIDE IN THINE HOUSE."

AMONG so many, can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes,—a myriad ways,—
And God's eye over every place.

O'er; but in? The world is full;
A grand omnipotence must rule;
But is there life that doth abide
With mine own living, side by side?

So many, and so wide abroad:
Can any heart have all of God?
From the great spaces, vague and dim,
May one small household gather Him?

I asked: my soul bethought of this:—
In just that very place of his
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!

HEARTH-GLOW.

IN the fireshine at the twilight,
The pictures that I see
Are less with mimic landscape bright
Than with life and mystery.

Where the embers flush and flicker
With their palpitating glow,
I see, fitfuller and quicker,
Heart-pulses come and go.

And here and there, with eager flame,
A little tongue of light
Up preaches earnestly to claim
A somewhat out of sight.

I know, with instinct sure and high,
A somewhat must be there;
Else should the fiery impulse die.
In ashes of despair.

Through the red tracery I discern
A parable sublime;
A solemn myth of souls that burn
In ordeals of time.

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

GOD sets some souls in shade, alone;
They have no daylight of their own:
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy
night,
Thy greater heaven hath grander
light.

To-day is close; the hours are small;
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind;
Reach forth a larger bliss to find.
To-day is brief: the inclusive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

LARVÆ.

MY little maiden of four years old—
No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold—
Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,
She cried, "O mother! I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
Yet a glance in its daring, half awed, half shy,
She added, "While they were about it, mother
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
 From the coarser form of a partial growth,
 Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns
 With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
 On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
 For the possible glory that underlies
 The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below
 From the holy height of their heaven above,
 Could n't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.

CHARITY.

<p>THE pilgrim and stranger, who, through the day, Holds over the desert his trackless way, Where the terrible sands no shade have known, No sound of life save his camel's moan, Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to all, From his tent-door, at evening, the Bedouin's call: "Whoever thou art, whose need is great, In the name of God, the Compas- sionate And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"</p>	<p>For gifts, in his name, of food and rest, The tents of Islam, of God are blest. Thou, who hast faith in the Christ above, Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love? O Christian! — open thy heart and door, — Cry, east and west, to the wandering poor, — "Whoever thou art, whose need is great, In the name of Christ, the Compas- sionate And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"</p>
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JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;

With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy, —
 I was once a barefoot boy!
 Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollar'd ride!
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,

Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned in schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place.
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters
shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy. —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the
night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew

Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold;
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spear'd the new-mown
sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the
road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.
Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scar'd by raps official;
The warpir floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

- He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because." — the brown eyes lower
fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard
school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing
low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's
hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, — I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given:

The woods shall wear their robes of
praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the
sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to
heal, —
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have
swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick
stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland;

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel
horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early
fall,
When Lee marched over the moun-
tain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the
sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not
one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and
ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled
down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his
sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood
fast;

"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and
sash,
It rent the banner with seam and
gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken
scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-
sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray
head,
But spare your country's flag," she
said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd
To life at that woman's deed and
word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And, through the hill-gaps, sunset
light
Shone over it with a warm good-
night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no
more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's
bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the
wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry
glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off
town,
White from its hill-slope looking
down,

The sweet song died, and a vague
unrest
And a nameless longing filled her
breast, —

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had
known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid;

And asked a draught from the spring
that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring
bubbled up.
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking
down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered
gown.

"Thanks," said the judge, "a
sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never
quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers
and trees,
Of the singing birds and the hum-
ming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and won-
dered whether
The cloud in the west would bring
foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and
brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel
eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed:
"Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so
fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine

"My father should wear a broadcloth
coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and
gay,
And the baby should have a new toy
each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe
the poor,
And all should bless me who left our
door."

The judge looked back as he climbed
the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more
sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and grace-
ful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and
wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless
tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving
words."

But he thought of his sisters proud
and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and
gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode
on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that after-
noon,
When he hummed in court an old
love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the
well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover
fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for
power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright
glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was
red,
He longed for the wayside well in-
stead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished
rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-
blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a
secret pain:

"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked
her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and
poor,
And many children played round
her door.

But care, and sorrow, and childbirth
pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone
hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow
lot.

And she heard the little spring-brook
fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down, with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her
face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney
lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and
mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life
again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas, for maiden, alas, for judge,
For rich repiner and household
drudge!

God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth re-
call.

For of all sad words of tongue or
pen,
The saddest are these: "It might
have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope
lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

[From *The Tent on the Beach*. — *The Grave
by the Lake*.]

UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

O THE generations old
Over whom no church-bells tolled,
Christless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies!
For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted,

Hearst thou, O of little faith.
What to thee the mountain saith,
What is whispered by the trees? —
"Cast on God thy care for these;
Trust him, if thy sight be dim;
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut eyes
Where like night the sunshine lies,
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain
Binding ever sin to pain,
Strong their prison-house of will,
But without He waiteth still.

"Not with hatred's undertow
Doth the Love Eternal flow;
Every chain that spirits wear
Crumbles in the breath of prayer;
And the penitent's desire
Opens every gate of fire.

"Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach these souls in prison!
Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of Thy cross!
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound!"

[From *The Tent on the Beach*. — *Abraham
Davenport*.]

NATURE'S REVERENCE.

THE harp at Nature's advent, strung
Has never ceased to play:
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is
given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures
forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense
up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are
loud,
Or low with sobs of pain, —
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches
crossed

The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

THE time of gifts has come again,
And, on my northern window-pane,
Outlined against the day's brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in sight.
The wayside travellers, as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass;
And the dull blankness seems, per-
chance,
Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it hath for me;
For there the flower, whose fringes
through

The frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without its face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth,
Seem some sweet souls who veil
their worth,
And offer to the careless glance
The clouding gray of circumstance.
They blossom best where hearth-fires
burn,

To loving eyes alone they turn
The flowers of inward grace, that
hide

Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,
My half-immortal flower, from thee!

Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew;
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side!

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low:
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear:
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flow-
ers,

My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing
spring.

The music and the bloom.

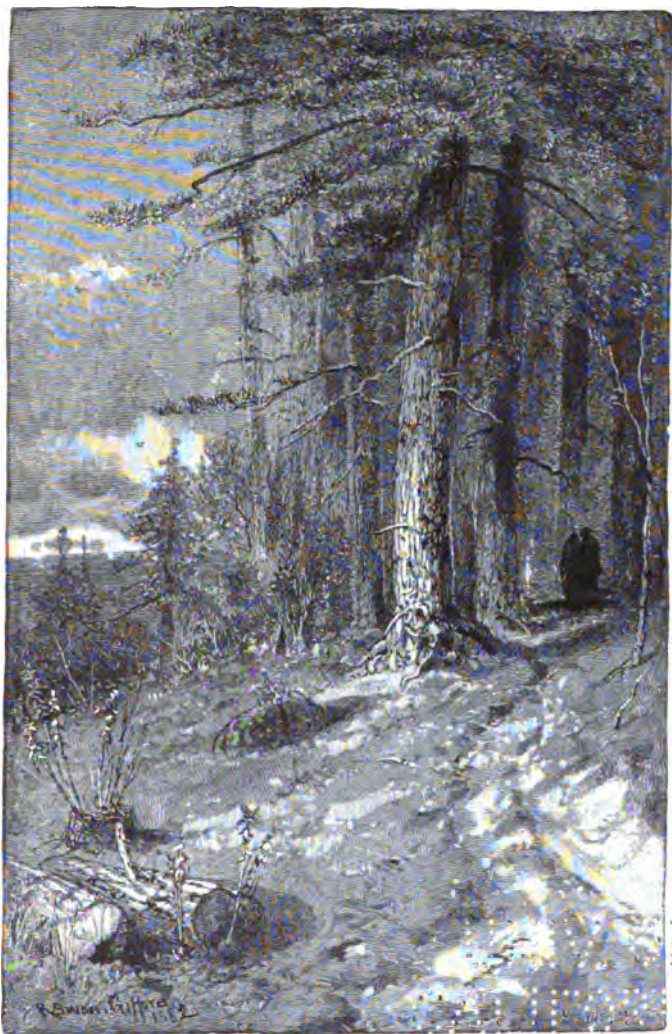
She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful
boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May
morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown, —
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.



THE PINES WERE DARK ON RAMOTH HILL.

The figure consists of four scatter plots arranged in a 2x2 grid. Each plot has 'Number of children' on the x-axis and 'Number of adults' on the y-axis. The top-left plot shows a positive correlation, with data points generally increasing from left to right. The top-right plot shows a negative correlation, with data points generally decreasing from left to right. The bottom-left plot shows a positive correlation, with data points generally increasing from left to right. The bottom-right plot shows a negative correlation, with data points generally decreasing from left to right.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make
sweet

The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems. —
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood,
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours, —
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and
fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The songs of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

OSCAR WILDE.

EASTER-DAY.

THE silver trumpets rang across the
dome:

The people knelt upon the ground
with awe:

And bowed upon the necks of men
I saw,

Like some great god, the Holy Lord
of Rome.

Priest-like, he wore a robe more
white than foam,

And, king-like, swathed himself
in royal red,

Three crowns of gold rose high
upon his head:

In splendor and in light the Pope
passed home.

My heart stole back across wide
wastes of years

To One who wandered by a
lonely sea.

And sought in vain for any place
of rest:

"Foxes have holes, and every bird
its nest,

I, only I, must wander wearily,
And bruise my feet, and drink

wine salt with tears."

MADONNA MIA.

A LILY-GIRL, not made for this
world's pain,

With brown, soft hair close braided
by her ears,

And longing eyes half veiled by
slumberous tears

Like bluest water seen through mists
of rain:

Pale cheeks whereon no love hath
left its stain,

Red underlip drawn in for fear of
love,

And white throat, whiter than the
silvered dove,

Through whose wan marble creeps
one purple vein.

Yet, though my lips shall praise her
without cease,

Even to kiss her feet I am not
bold, [of awe.

Being o'ershadowed by the wings
Like Dante, when he stood with

Beatrice

Beneath the flaming lion's breast,
and saw

The seventh Crystal, and the Stair
of Gold.

SONNET.

ON HEARING THE *DIES IRÆ* SUNG IN
THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

NAY, Lord, not thus! white lilies in
the spring,
Sad olive-groves, or silver-breasted
dove,

Teach me more clearly of Thy life
and love
Than terrors of red flame and thun-
dering.

The empurpled vines dear memories
of Thee bring:

A bird at evening flying to its nest,
Tells me of One who had no place
of rest:

I think it is of Thee the sparrows
sing.

Come rather on some autumn after-
noon,

When red and brown are burnished
on the leaves,
And the fields echo to the gleaner's
song.

Come when the splendid fulness of
the moon

Looks down upon the rows of
golden sheaves,

And reap Thy harvest: we have
waited long.

IMPRESSION DU MATIN.

THE Thames nocturne of blue and
gold

Changed to a harmony in gray:

A barge with ochre-colored hay
Dropt from the wharf: and chill and
cold

The yellow fog came creeping down

The bridges, till the houses' walls
Seemed changed to shadows, and
St. Paul's

Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

Then suddenly arose the clang

Of waking life; the streets were
stirred

With country wagons: and a bird
Flew to the glistening roofs and sang.

But one pale woman all alone,
The daylight kissing her wan hair,
Loitered beneath the gas-lamps'
flare,

With lips of flame and heart of stone.

SUNRISE.

THE sky is laced with fitful red,
The circling mists and shadows
flee,

The dawn is rising from the sea,
Like a white lady from her bed.

And jagged brazen arrows fall
Athwart the feathers of the night,
And a long wave of yellow light
Breaks silently on tower and hall,

And spreading wide across the
wold

Wakes into flight some fluttering
bird,

And all the chestnut tops are
stirred

And all the branches streaked with
gold.

SILHOUETTES.

THE sea is flecked with bars of gray
The dull dead wind is out of tune,
And like a withered leaf the moon
Is blown across the stormy bay.

Etched clear upon the pallid sand

The black boat lies: a sailor boy

Clambers aboard in careless joy
With laughing face and gleaming
hand.

And overhead the curlews cry,

Where through the dusky upland
grass

The young brown-throated reapers
pass,

Like silhouettes against the sky.

REQUIESCAT.

TREAD lightly, she is near

Under the snow,

Speak gently, she can hear

The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground — to die.
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see, —
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale
ray!

Its hold is frail, its date is brief;
Restless, and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree, —
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the
sea, —
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods! thou
motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery de-
scribe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and
gibe:
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy
tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's
school;
To thee, the palm of scoffing, we as-
cribe,
Arch-mocker and mad abbot of mis-
rule!
For such thou art by day — but all
night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive,
solemn, strain,
As if thou didst, in this thy moon-
light song,
Like to the melancholy Jacques com-
plain, —
Musing on falsehood, folly, sin, and
wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat
again.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

WHILST THEE I SEEK.

WHILST Thee I seek, protecting
Power!

Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought be-
stowed,—

To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored
hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow
lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;

My steadfast heart shall know no
fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

SONNET TO HOPE.

OH, ever skilled to wear the form we
love,

To bid the shapes of fear and grief
depart,—

Come, gentle Hope! with one gay
smile remove

The lasting sadness of an aching
heart.

Thy voice, benign enchantress! let
me hear;

Say that for me some pleasures yet
shall bloom;

That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's
precious tear,

Shall soften or shall chase misfor-
tune's gloom.

But come not glowing in the dazzling
ray

Which once with dear illusions
charmed my eye;

Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer,
on my way

The flowers I fondly thought too
bright to die.

Visions less fair will soothe my pen-
sive breast,

That asks not happiness, but longs
for rest.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

STOOP to my window, thou beautiful
dove!

Thy daily visits have touched my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow
throat,

And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated
eaves,

And forsake the wood with its fresh-
ened leaves?

Why dost thou haunt the sultry
street,

When the paths of the forest are cool
and sweet?

How canst thou bear

This noise of people — this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feathered race
Dost look unscared on the human
face;

Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts
to be;

And the "gentle dove"
Has become a name for trust and
love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
Thou'rt named with childhood's ear-
liest word!

Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh
and wild

In the prisoned thoughts of the city
child;

And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving
things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set
apart,

Wisely by Him who has tamed thy
heart,

To stir the love for the bright and
fair

That else were sealed in this crowded
air;

I sometimes dream
Angelical rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever, when daylight
leaves

The page I read, to my humble
eaves,

And wash thy breast in the hollow
spout,

And murmur thy low sweet music
out!

I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in
thee!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like
this,

Of wild and careless play.
And persuade myself that I am not
old,

And my locks are not yet gray;

For it stirs the blood in an old man's
heart,

And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore
years;

And they say that I am old,
That my heart is ripe for the reaper,
Death,

And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;

I'm old, and "I 'bide my time:"
But my heart will leap at a scene like
this,

And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring:

I can feel the thrill of the daring
jump,

And the rush of the breathless
swing.

I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,

And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time
shall come.

And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;

But the grave is dark, and the heart
will fail

In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its drear-
iness

To see the young so gay.

*ON THE PICTURE OF A "CHILD
TIRED OF PLAY."*

TIRED of play! tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong
day?

The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and
tree;

The doves have flown to the shelter-
ing eaves,

And the nests are dark with the
drooping leaves;

Twilight gathers, and day is done —
How hast thou spent it — restless one ?

Playing ? But what hast thou done
beside,

To tell thy mother at eventide ?

What promise of morn is left un-
broken ?

What kind word to thy playmate
spoken ?

Whom hast thou pitied, and whom
forgiven ?

How with thy faults has duty striven ?

What hast thou learned by field and
hill,

By greenwood path, and by singing
rill ?

There will come an eve to a longer
day.

That will find thee tired — but not of
play ?

And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest
now,

With drooping limbs and aching
brow,

And wish the shadows would faster
creep,

And long to go to thy quiet sleep.

Well were it then if thine aching
brow

Were as free from sin and shame as
now !

Well for thee if thy lip could tell

A tale like this of a day spent
well ;

If thine open hand hath relieved dis-
tress,

If thy pity hath sprung to wretched-
ness ;

If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with peni-
tence ;

If Nature's voices have spoken to
thee

With her holy meanings eloquently ;

If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brood-
ing dove ;

If never a sad, low-spoken word

Hath plead with thy human heart
unheard,—

Then, when the night steals on, as
now,

It will bring relief to thine aching
brow,

And, with joy and peace at the
thought of rest,

Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy
mother's breast.

THE BURIAL OF THE CHAMPION OF HIS CLASS.

YE'VE gathered to your place of
prayer

With slow and measured tread :
Your ranks are full, your mates all
there —

But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all ;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall ?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
Oh, had it been but told you then,
To mark whose lamp was dim —
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped
men,

Would ye have singled him ?

Whose was the sinewy arm that flung
Defiance to the ring ?

Whose laugh of victory loudest rung —
Yet not for glorying ?

Whose heart, in generous deed and
thought,

No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not ?
There lies he — go and look !

On now — his requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said —

On to his burial, comrades — on,
With a friend and brother dead !

Slow — for it presses heavily —

It is a man ye bear !

Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the gallant sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades! — we have
laid

His dark locks on his brow —
Like life — save deeper light and
shade:

We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly — for 'tis beautiful,
That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye, death left so dull —
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now! his journeying is done —
Your feet are on his sod —
Death's blow has felled your cham-
pion —

He waiteth here his God.
Ay — turn and weep — 'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here —
For the grave of one, the best of us,
Is watered by the tear.

TO GIULIA GRISI.

AFTER HEARING HER IN "ANNA BO-
LENA."

WHEN the rose is brightest,
Its bloom will soonest die;
When burns the meteor brightest,
'Twill vanish from the sky.
If Death but wait until delight
O'errun the heart, like wine,
And break the cup when brimming
quite,
I die — for thou hast poured to-night
The last drop into mine.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide —
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her
feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair —
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true —
For her heart was cold to all but
gold,
And the rich came not to woo —
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more
fair —

A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail —
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked
forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved
in air,
Her woman's heart gave way! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in
heaven
By man is cursed away!

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross-beam under the Old
South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded
well.
In summer and winter that bird is
there,
Out and in with the morning air:
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has
passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding
note,
And the trembling throb in its mot-
tled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling
breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly
crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel —
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy
bell —

Chime of the hour or funeral knell —
The dove in the belfry must hear it
well.

When the tongue swings out to the
midnight moon —

When the sexton cheerily rings for
noon —

When the clock strikes clear at morn-
ing light,

When the child is waked with "nine
at night" —

When the chimes play soft in the
Sabbath air,

Filling the spirit with tones of prayer;
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike thee, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and
soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy
breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

FROM "ABSALOM."

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou
shouldst die!

Thou, who wert made so beauti-
fully fair!

That Death should settle in thy glo-
rious eye,

And leave his stillness in this clus-
tering hair!

How could he mark thee for the silent
tomb?

My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am
chill,

As to my bosom I have tried to press
thee!

How was I wont to feel my pulses
thrill,

Like a rich harp-string, yearning to
caress thee,

And hear thy sweet '*my father!*'
from these dumb

And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear
the gush

Of music, and the voices of the
young;

And life will pass me in the mantling
blush,

And the dark tresses to the soft
winds flung;—

But thou no more, with thy sweet
voice, shalt come

To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and
my heart,

Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be
broken,

How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last
deep token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gath-
ering gloom,

To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to
give thee up,

With death so like a gentle slum-
ber on thee;—

And thy dark sin!— Oh! I could
drink the cup,

If from this woe its bitterness had
won thee.

May God have called thee, like a wan-
derer, home,

My lost boy, Absalom!"

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"COME a little nearer, doctor, — thank you, — let me take the cup;
Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just another little sup!
May be you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up, —
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try" —
"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;
"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"
"What you say will make no difference, doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"
"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor, — Doctor, please to stay!
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it couldn't ha' been so, —
For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time the lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:
'Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!' — just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it couldn't be the lighter, — he could not have spoken so, —
And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go;
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore:
Just another foolish grapevine, — and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
'Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!' — even plainer than before:

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: 'It is the eleventh hour!
Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton — it is the eleventh hour!'

"Doctor Austin! what day is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."
"Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!
What time is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve." "Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago?

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost, —
And the same old transport came and took me over — or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss, — there McClelland met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlburt's heroes died, —
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win, —
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead, —
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence! — Death and silence! all around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered, — up into the infinite, —
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding-stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare, —
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke, of — 'Halt, and who goes there!'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced! That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne! —
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line! —
'Welcome, my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;
'That's the way, sir, to headquarters.' What headquarters? 'Of the brave.'
'But the great tower?' 'That,' he answered, 'is the way, sir, of the
brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me, at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright:
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night, —
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting there, and I —
Doctor, — did you hear a footstep? Hark! — God bless you all! Good-by!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son — my son that's coming, — he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before, —
 And to carry that old musket" — Hark! a knock is at the door! —
 "Till the Union" — See! it opens! — "Father! Father! speak once more!"
 "Bless you!" gasped the old, gray sergeant, and he lay and said no more!

JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH.)

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting
 sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided
 snow:
 Long had I watched the glory moving
 on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake
 below.
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated
 slow!
 Even in its very motion there was
 rest;
 While every breath of eve that
 chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous
 west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed
 soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of
 bliss is given;
 And by the breath of mercy made to
 roll
 Right onwards to the golden gates of
 heaven,
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful
 lies,
 And tells to man his glorious desti-
 nies.

[From the Isle of Palms.]

THE SHIPWRECK.

BUT list! a low and moaning sound
 At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
 And now it reigns above, around,
 As if it called the ship along.
 The moon is sunk; and a clouded
 gray
 Declares that her course is run,

And like a god who brings the day,
 Up mounts the glorious sun.
 Soon as his light has warmed the
 seas,
 From the parting cloud fresh blows
 the breeze;
 And that is the spirit whose well-
 known song
 Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
 No fears hath she; her giant form
 O'er wrathful surge, through black-
 ening storm,
 Majestically calm would go
 'Mid the deep darkness white as
 snow!
 But gently now the small waves
 glide
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's
 side.
 So stately her bearing, so proud her
 array,
 The main she will traverse for ever
 and aye.
 Many ports will exult at the gleam
 of her mast; —
 Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this
 hour is her last.
 Five hundred souls in one instant of
 dread
 Are hurried o'er the deck;
 And fast the miserable ship
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden
 rock,
 Her planks are torn asunder,
 And down come her masts with a
 reeling shock,
 And a hideous crash like thunder.
 Her sails are dragged in the brine,
 That gladdened late the skies,
 And her pennant, that kissed the fair
 moonshine,
 Down many a fathom lies.

Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow
hues

Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring
snow,

To the coral-rock are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colors as bright as their
own.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs dis-
turbed

The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming-tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the
eaves.

His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow
and joy

To the dangers his father had
passed;
And his wife—by turns she wept
and smiled,

As she looked on the father of her
child,

Returned to her heart at last.
He wakes at the vessel's sudden
roll

And the rush of waters is in his
soul.

Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly
faces;

The whole ship's crew are there!
Wailing around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair.

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of
day.

No image meets my wandering eye,
But the new-risen sun and the sunny
sky.

Though the night-shades are gone,
yet a vapor dull

Bedins the waves so beautiful:
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE WHITE FLAG.

BRING poppies for a weary mind
That saddens in a senseless din,
And let my spirit leave behind
A world of riot and of sin,—
In action's torpor deaf and blind.

Bring poppies—that I may forget!
Bring poppies—that I may not
learn!

But bid the audacious sun to set,
And bid the peaceful starlight burn
O'er buried memory and regret.

Then will the slumberous grasses grow
Above the bed wherein I sleep;
While winds I love will softly blow,
And dews I love will softly weep,
O'er rest and silence hid below,

Bring poppies,—for this work is
vain!

I cannot mould the clay of life.
A stronger hand must grasp the rein,
A stouter arm annul the strife.
A braver heart defy the pain.

Youth was my friend,—but Youth
had wings,

And he has flown unto the day,
And left me, in a night of things,
Bewildered, on a lonesome way,
And careless what the future brings.

Let there be sleep! nor any more
The noise of useless deed or word:
While the free spirit hovers o'er
A sea where not a sound is heard—
A sea of dreams, without a shore.

Dark Angel, counselling defeat,
I see thy mournful, tender eyes:
I hear thy voice, so faint, so sweet,
And very dearly should I prize
Thy perfect peace, thy rest complete.

But is it rest to vanish hence,
To mix with earth, or sea, or air?
Is death indeed a full defence
Against the tyranny of care?
Or is it cruellest pretence?

And, if an hour of peace draws nigh,
Shall we, who know the arts of war,
Turn from the field and basely fly,
Nor take what fate reserves us for,
Because we dream 'twere sweet to die?

What shall the untried warriors do,
If we, the battered veterans, fail?
How strive, and suffer, and be true,
In storms that make our spirits quail,
Except our valor lead them through?

Though for ourselves we droop and tire,
Let us at least for them be strong.
'Tis but to bear familiar fire:
Life at the longest is not long,
And peace at last will crown desire.

So Death, I will not hear thee speak!
But I will labor — and endure
All storms of pain that time can wreak.
My flag be white because 'tis pure,
And not because my soul is weak!

HOMAGE.

WHITE daisies on the meadow green
Present thy beauteous form to me:
Peaceful and joyful these are seen,
And peace and joy encompass thee.
I watch them, where they dance and shine,
And love them — for their charm is thine.

Red roses o'er the woodland brook
Remember me thy lovely face:
So blushing and so fresh its look,
So wild and shy its radiant grace!
I kiss them, in their coy retreat,
And think of lips more soft and sweet.

Gold arrows of the merry morn,
Shot swiftly over orient seas;
Gold tassels of the bending corn
That ripple in the August breeze;
Thy wildering smile, thy glorious hair,
And all thy power and state declare.

White, red, and gold — the awful crown
Of beauty and of virtue too!
From what a height those eyes look down
On him who proudly dares to sue!
Yet, free from self as God from sin,
Is love that loves, nor asks to win.

Let me but love thee in the flower,
The waving grass, the dancing wave,
The fragrant pomp of garden bower,
The violet of the nameless grave,
Sweet dreams by night, sweet thoughts by day, —
And time shall tire ere love decay!

Let me but love thee in the glow
When morning on the ocean shines,
Or in the mighty winds that blow,
Snow-laden, through the mountain pines —
In all that's fair, or grand or dread,
And all shall die ere love be dead!

AFTER ALL.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
While a gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come,
Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper, —
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows, .
The rosebuds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone;
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

THE QUESTION.

BECAUSE love's sigh is but a sigh,
Doth it the less love's heart disclose?
Because the rose must fade and die,
Is it the less the lovely rose?
Because black night must shroud the day,
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?

Because chill autumn frights the birds,
Shall we distrust that spring will come?

Because sweet words are only words,
Shall love forevermore be dumb?
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,
Shall we who love forbear to kiss?

Because those eyes of gentle mirth
Must some time cease my heart to thrill,
Because the sweetest voice on earth
Sooner or later must be still,
Because its idol is unsure,
Shall my strong love the less endure?

Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs,
And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn in lips and eyes,
And pleasure's merry world go round:
Let golden sunshine flood the sky,
And let me love, or let me die!

WITHERED ROSES.

NOT made by worth, nor marred by flaw,
Not won by good, nor lost by ill,
Love is its own and only law,
And lives and dies by its own will.
It was our fate, and not our sin,
That we should love, and love should win.

Not bound by oath, nor stayed by prayer,
Nor held by thirst of strong desire,
Love lives like fragrance in the air,
And dies as breaking waves expire.
'Twas death, not falsehood, bade us part, —
The death of love that broke my heart.

Not kind, as dreaming poets think,
Nor merciful, as sages say —
Love heeds not where its victims sink,
When once its passion ebbs away.
'Twas nature — it was not disdain —
That made thee careless of my pain.

Not thrall'd by law, nor ruled by right,
Love keeps no audit with the skies;
Its star, that once is quenched in night,
Has set — and never more will rise.
My soul is lost, by thee forgot;
And there's no heaven where thou art not.

But happy he, though scathed and
 lone,
 Who sees afar love's fading wings—
 Whose seared and blighted heart has
 known

The splendid agony it brings!
 No life that is, no life to be
 Can ever take the Past from me!

Red roses bloom for other lives —
 Your withered leaves alone are
 mine;
 Yet, not for all that Time survives
 Would I your heavenly gift re-
 sign —
 Now cold and dead, once warm and
 true,
 The love that lived and died in you.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE.

WHAT though I sing no other song?
 What though I speak no other
 word?
 Is silence shame? Is patience
 wrong? —
 At least one song of mine was
 heard:

One echo from the mountain air,
 One ocean murmur, glad and free —
 One sign that nothing grand or fair,
 In all this world was lost to me.

I will not wake the sleeping lyre;
 I will not strain the chords of
 thought:
 The sweetest fruit of all desire
 Comes its own way, and comes un-
 sought.

Though all the bards of earth were
 dead,
 And all their music passed away,
 What nature wishes should be said
 She'll find the rightful voice to say!

Her heart is in the shimmering leaf,
 The drifting cloud, the lonely sky,
 And all we know of bliss or grief
 She speaks, in forms that cannot
 die.

The mountain peaks that shine afar,
 The silent stars, the pathless sea,
 Are living signs of all we are,
 And types of all we hope to be.

A DIRGE.

IN MEMORY OF POE.

COLD is the pæan honor sings,
 And chill is glory's icy breath,
 And pale the garland memory brings
 To grace the iron doors of death.

Fame's echoing thunders, long and
 loud,
 The pomp of pride that decks the
 pall,
 The plaudits of the vacant crowd —
 One word of love is worth them all!

With dew of grief our eyes are dim:
 Ah, bid the tear of sorrow start;
 And honor, in ourselves and him,
 The great and tender human heart!

Through many a night of want and
 woe
 His frenzied spirit wandered wild,
 Till kind disaster laid him low,
 And love reclaimed its wayward
 child.

Through many a year his fame has
 grown,—
 Like midnight, vast; like starlight,
 sweet,—
 Till now his genius fills a throne,
 And homage makes his realm com-
 plete.

One meed of justice, long delayed.
 One crowning grace his virtues
 crave!
 Ah, take, thou great and injured
 shade,
 The love that sanctifies the grave.

And may thy spirit, hovering nigh,
 Pierce the dense cloud of darkness
 through,
 And know, with fame that cannot
 die,
 Thou hast the world's compassion
 too!

GEORGE WITHER.

HYMN FOR ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE DAYS.

LORD, living here are we —
 As fast united yet
 As when our hands and hearts by
 Thee

Together first were knit.
 And in a thankful song
 Now sing we will Thy praise,
 For that Thou dost as well prolong
 Our loving, as our days.

Together we have now
 Begun another year;
 But how much time Thou wilt allow
 Thou makest it not appear.
 We, therefore, do implore
 That live and love we may.
 Still so as if but one day more
 Together we should stay.

Let each of other's wealth
 Preserve a faithful care,
 And of each other's joy and health
 As if one soul we were.
 Such conscience let us make,
 Each other not to grieve,
 As if we daily were to take
 Our everlasting leave.

The frowardness that springs
 From our corrupted kind,
 Or from those troublous outward
 things

Which may distract the mind,
 Permit Thou not, O Lord,
 Our constant love to shake —
 Or to disturb our true accord,
 Or make our hearts to ache.

But let these frailties prove
 Affection's exercise;
 And let discretion teach our love
 Which wins the noblest prize.
 So time, which wears away.
 And ruins all things else,
 Shall fix our love on Thee for aye,
 In whom perfection dwells.

FROM "POVERTY."

THE works my calling doth propose,
 Let me not idly shun;
 For he whom idleness undoes,
 Is more than twice undone:
 If my estate enlarge I may,
 Enlarge my love for Thee;
 And though I more and more decay,
 Yet let me thankful be.

For be we poor or be we rich,
 If well employed we are,
 It neither helps nor hinders much,
 Things needful to prepare;
 Since God disposeth riches now,
 As manna heretofore.
 The feeblest gatherer got enow,
 The strongest got no more.

Nor poverty nor wealth is that
 Whereby we may acquire
 That blessed and most happy state,
 Whereto we should aspire;
 But if Thy Spirit make me wise,
 And strive to do my best,
 There may be in the worst of these
 A means of being blessed.

The rich in love obtain from Thee
 Thy special gifts of grace;
 The poor in spirit those men be
 Who shall behold Thy face:
 Lord! grant I may be one of these,
 Thus poor, or else thus rich;
 E'en whether of the two Thou please
 I care not greatly which.

FOR A WIDOWER OR WIDOW.

How near me came the hand of
 death,

When at my side he struck my dear.
 And took away the precious breath
 Which quickened my beloved peer!
 How helpless am I thereby made —
 By day how grieved, by night how
 sad

And now my life's delight is gone,
 Alas! how am I left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day—

Those now by me, as they have
been!

Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus —
So little hold of them have we
That we from them or they from us
May in a moment ravished be;

Yet we are neither just nor wise

If present mercies we despise,
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

I therefore do not so bemoan,
Though these beseeming tears I drop,
The loss of my beloved one
As they that are deprived of hope;

But in expressing of my grief

My heart receiveth some relief,
And joyeth in the good I had,
Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord, keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me!
To him now dead preserve me just
In all that should performèd be;

For though our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithful friend.

Those helps which I through him en-
joyed,

Let Thy continual aid supply —

That, though some hopes in him are
void,

I always may on Thee rely;

And whether I shall wed again,
Or in a single state remain,

Unto Thine honor let it be,
And for a blessing unto me.

FOR A SERVANT.

DISCOURAGE not thyself, my soul,
Nor murmur, though compelled we be
To live subjected to control!

When many others may be free;
For though the pride of some dis-
dains

Our mean and much despised lot,
We shall not lose our honest pains,
Nor shall our sufferance be forgot.

To be a servant is not base,
If baseness be not in the mind,
For servants make but good the place,
Whereto their Maker them assigned:
The greatest princes do no more,
And if sincerely I obey,
Though I am now despised and poor,
I shall become as great as they.

The Lord of heaven and earth was
pleased

A servant's form to undertake;
By His endurance I am eased,
And serve with gladness for His sake:
Though checked unjustly I should be,
With silence I reproofs will bear,
For much more injured was He
Whose deeds most worthy praises
were.

He was reviled, yet naught replied,
And I will imitate the same;
For though some faults may be de-
nied,

In part I always faulty am:
Content with meek and humble heart,
I will abide in my degree,
And act an humble servant's part,
Till God shall call me to be free.

JOHN WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the spec-
tred night!

I wake amid thy friendly watchful
light.

To steal a precious hour from life-
less sleep.

Hark, the wild uproar of the winds!
and hark! [the dark,

Hell's genius roams the regions of
And swells the thundering horrors
of the deep!

From cloud to cloud the pale moon
hurrying flies,

Now blackened, and 'now flashing
through the skies; [beam.

But all is silence here, beneath thy
I own I labor for the voice of praise—

For who would sink in dull obliv-
ion's stream?

Who would not live in songs of dis-
tant days?

How slender now, alas! thy thread
of fire!

Ah! falling—falling—ready to ex-
pire!

In vain thy struggles, all will soon be
o'er.

At life thou snatchest with an eager
leap;

Now round I see thy flame so feeble
creep,

Faint, lessening, quivering, glim-
mering, now no more!

Thus shall the suns of science sink
away,

And thus of beauty fade the fairest
flower—

For where's the giant who to Time
shall say,

“Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy
power!”

CHARLES WOLFE.

TO MARY.

If I had thought thou couldst have
died,

I might not weep for thee;

But I forgot, when by thy side,

That thou couldst mortal be:

It never through my mind had passed

The time would e'er be o'er,

And I on thee should look my last,

And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,

And think 'twill smile again;

And still the thought I will not brook,

That I must look in vain!

But when I speak, thou dost not say

What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;

And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—

I still might press thy silent heart,

And where thy smiles have been!

While e'en thy chill, bleak corpse I
have,

Thou seemest still mine own;

But there I lay thee in thy grave—

And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,

Thou hast forgotten me;

And I, perhaps, may soothe this
heart,

In thinking too of thee:

Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral
note,

As his corse to the rampart we
hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell
shot

O'er the grave where our hero we
buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of
night,

The sods with our bayonets turn-
ing;

By the struggling moonbeams' misty
light,

And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound
him;

But he lay, like a warrior taking his
rest,

With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we
said,

And we spoke not a word of sor-
row;

But we steadfastly gazed on the face
of the dead,

And we bitterly thought of the
morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his nar-
row bed,

And smoothed down his lonely pil-
low,

That the foe and the stranger would
tread o'er his head,

And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's
gone,

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid

him
sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has
laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour
for retiring;

And we heard the distant and ran-
dom gun

That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh
and gory!

We carved not a line, and we raised
not a stone,

But we left him alone with his glory.

GO, FORGET ME.

Go, forget me — why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?

Go, forget me — and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile — though I shall not be near
thee,

Sing, though I shall never hear thee;
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.

All things looked so bright about
thee,

That they nothing seem without
thee;

By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too, refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;

Go, for me no longer beaming —
Hope and Beauty! fare ye well!

Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted —
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes
of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them
to view!—

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-
tangled willow-wood,

And every loved spot which my in-
fancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the
mill that stood by it;

The bridge, and the rock where the
cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house
nigh it;

And e'en the rude bucket that hung
in the well — {bucket,

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
The moss-covered bucket which hung
in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as
a treasure;

For often at noon, when returned
from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite
pleasure—

The purest and sweetest that nature
can yield

How ardent I seized it, with hands
that were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bot-
tom it fell!

Then soon, with the emblem of truth
overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose
from the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, arose from
the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy
brim to receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to
my lips!

Not a full, blushing goblet could
tempt me to leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry
sips.

And now, far removed from the loved
habitation,

The tear of regret will intrusively
swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plan-
tation,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs
in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hangs
in the well!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[From Lines Composed a Few Miles Above
Tintern Abbey.]

THE SOLACE OF NATURE.

THOUGH absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been
to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's
eye:

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid
the din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to
them,

In hours of weariness, sensations
sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the
heart;

And passing even into my purer
mind,

With tranquil restoration: feelings
too

Of unremembered pleasure; such,
perhaps,

As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's

life.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

His little, nameless, unremembered
acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less,
I trust,
To them I may have owed another
gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed
mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary
weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened; that serene and blessed
mood,
In which the affections gently lead
us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal
frame,
And even the motion of our human
blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the
power
Of harmony, and the deep power of
joy,
We see into the life of things.

I have learned

To look on Nature, not as in the
hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing
oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of
ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have
felt
A presence that disturbs me with the
joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sub-
lime
Of something far more deeply inter-
fused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,
And the round ocean and the living
air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind
of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things.

[From Lines Composed a Few Miles Above
Tintern Abbey.]

APOSTROPHE TO THE POET'S
SISTER.

THOU art with me, here, upon the
banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest
friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy
voice I catch
The language of my former heart,
and read
My former pleasures in the shooting
lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little
while
May I behold in thee what I was
once,
My dear, dear sister! And this
prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did be-
tray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her
privilege,
Through all the years of this our
life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so in-
form
The mind that is within us, so im-
press
With quietness and beauty, and so
feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of
selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is,
nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or dis-
turb
Our cheerful faith that all which we
behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let
the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be
free
To blow against thee: and, in after
years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be
matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind

Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies;
 Oh, then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what
 healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember
 me,
 And these my exhortations! nor,
 perchance,
 If I should be where I no more can
 hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild
 eyes these gleams
 Of past existence, wilt thou then
 forget
 That on the banks of this delightful
 stream
 We stood together; and that I, so
 long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love; oh, with far
 deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then
 forget,
 That after many wanderings, many
 years
 Of absence, these steep woods and
 lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape,
 were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and
 for thy sake.

[From *The Excursion*.]

THE PROP OF FAITH.

ONE adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists — one only — an assured belief
 That the procession of our fate,
 however
 Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a
 Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to
 good.
 The darts of anguish fix not where
 the seat

Of suffering hath been thoroughly
 fortified
 By acquiescence in the Will supreme,
 For time and for eternity — by faith,
 Faith absolute in God, including
 hope,
 And the defence that lies in bound-
 less love
 Of His perfections; with habitual
 dread
 Of aught unworthily conceived, en-
 dured
 Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone
 To the dishonor of His holy name.
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of
 the world,
 Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of
 heart!
 Restore their languid spirits, and re-
 call
 Their lost affections unto Thee and
 Thine!

[From *The Excursion*.]

UNDEVELOPED GENIUS.

OH, many are the poets that are
 sown
 By Nature! men endowed with high-
 est gifts —
 The vision, and the faculty divine —
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of
 verse
 (Which in the docile season of their
 youth
 It was denied them to acquire,
 through lack
 Of culture and the inspiring aid of
 books;
 Or haply by a temper too severe;
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of
 shame),
 Nor, having e'er as life advanced,
 been led
 By circumstance to take unto the
 height
 The measure of themselves, these
 favored beings,
 All but a scattered few, live out their
 time,
 Husbanding that which they possess
 within,

And go to the grave unthought of.
Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy
world hears least.

[From *The Excursion*.]

THE DEAF DALESMAN.

ALMOST at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of
whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at
eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long
straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward;
there beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman
lies,
From whom, in early childhood, was
withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He
grew up
From year to year in loneliness of
soul;
And this deep mountain valley was
to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The
bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from
sleep
With startling summons; nor for his
delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for
him
Murmured the laboring bee. When
stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of
the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling
waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud
on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty
crag,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er
he moved;
Yet, by the solace of his own pure
thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the
round

Of rural labors; the steep mountain-
side
Ascended, with his staff and faithful
dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe
he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle
fell
Among the jocund reapers. For
himself,
All watchful and industrious as he
was,
He wrought not; neither flock nor
field he owned;
No wish for wealth had place within
his mind;
Nor husband's love, nor father's hope
or care.
Though born a younger brother, need
was none
That from the floor of his paternal
home
He should depart to plant himself
anew;
And when, mature in manhood, he
beheld
His parents laid in earth, no loss en-
sued
Of rights to him; but he remained
well pleased,
By the pure bond of independent
love,
An inmate of a second family,
The fellow-laborer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had
fallen.
Nor deem that his mild presence was
a weight
That pressed upon his brother's
house, for books
Were ready comrades whom he could
not tire,
Of whose society the blameless man
Was never satiate. Their familiar
voice,
Even to old age, with unabated
charm
Beguiled his leisure hours, refreshed
his thoughts;
Beyond its natural elevation, raised
His introverted spirit, and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark
winter night,

The stormy day, had each its own resource;

Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
Science severe, or word of Holy Writ
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of the just,
From imperfection and decay secure.
Thus soothed at home, thus busy in
the field,

To no perverse suspicion he gave way,

No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint:

And they, who were about him, did not fall

In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized

His gentle manners; and his peaceful smiles,

The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,

Were met with answering sympathy and love.

At length, when sixty years and five were told,

A slow disease insensibly consumed
The powers of nature; and a few short steps

Of friends and kindred bore him from his home

(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)

To the profounder stillness of the grave.

Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief;

Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.

And now that monumental stone preserves

His name, and unambitiously relates
How long, and by what kindly outward aids,

And in what pure contentedness of mind,

The sad privation was by him endured.

And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing sound

Was wasted on the good man's living ear,

Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;

And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,

Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

FROM "INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY."

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar;

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;

The youth, who daily farther from the east

Must travel, still is Nature's priest,

And by the vision splendid

Is on his way attended;

At length the man perceives it die away,

And fade into the light of common day.

O joy! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That Nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blessed;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate question-
ings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Black misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our
mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-
prised!

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our
day,
Are yet a master light of all our
seeing;

Uphold us — cherish — and have
power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the
being

Of the eternal silence: truths that
wake,

To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad
endeavor,

Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immor-
tal sea

Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the
shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling
evermore.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG
WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR child of nature, let them
rail!

— There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt
see

Thy own delightful days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,
As if thy heritage were joy,
And pleasure were thy trade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee
cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not
die,
Nor leave thee when gray hairs are
nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and
hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly
dance.

The waves beside them danced, but
they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure
fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TWILIGHT.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one
peaceful hour!
Not dull art thou as undiscerning
Night;
But studious only to remove from
sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient
power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the
mountains lower
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-
skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down
to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy
bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By
him was seen
The selfsame vision which we now
behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy pow-
er, brought forth;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf
between;
The floods,—the stars; a spectacle
as old
As the beginning of the heavens and
earth!

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass
by,
One after one; the sound of rain,
and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds,
and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water,
and pure sky;
I've thought of all by turns; and still
I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small bird's
melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my or-
chard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy
cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights
more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by
any stealth:

So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without thee what is all the mor-
ning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier betwixt day
and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and
joyous health!

LUCKY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to
praise,
And very few to love.
A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could
know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!

TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a
plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacher-
ous air
Of absence withers what was once so
fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to
grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been
vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing
care—
The mind's least generous wish a
mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness
could spare.

Speak!—though this soft warm
heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine
and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary
cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with
snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglan-
tine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their
end may know!

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the
sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where
cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart
and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy
ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into
at will,
Those quivering wings composed,
that music still!

To the last point of vision, and be-
yond,
Mount, daring warbler! — that love-
prompted strain
— 'Twixt thee and thine a never-fail-
ing bond —
Thrills not the less the bosom of the
plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privi-
lege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.
Leave to the nightingale her shady
wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the
world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more di-
vine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never
roam —
True to the kindred points of Heaven
and Home!

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she
said,
And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you
tell."
She answer'd, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may
be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my
mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them,

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven!"

"But they are dead; those two are
dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

*SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DE-
LIGHT.*

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my
sight;

A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful
dawn;

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay,

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and
free,

And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate
will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and
skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

THY ART BE NATURE.

A POET!—He hath put his heart to
school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon
the staff
Which art hath lodged within his
hand; must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by
rule!
Thy art be nature; the live current
quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant
pool,
In fear that else, when critics grave
and cool
Have killed him, scorn should write
his epitaph.
How does the meadow-flower its
bloom unfold!
Because the lovely little flower is
free
Down to its root, and in this free-
dom bold;
And so the grandeur of the forest-
tree
Comes not by casting in a formal
mould,
But from its own divine vitality.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

SCORN not the sonnet. Critic, you
have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors: with this
key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the
melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Pe-
trarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso
sound; [grief;
Camoëns soothed with it an exile's
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante
crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm
lamp,
It cneered mild Spenser, called from
fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways; and,
when a damp [hand
Fell round the path of Milton, in his
The thing became a trumpet, whence
he blew
Soul-animating strains — alas, too
few!

EVENING.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and
free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad
sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the
sea.
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion
make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl, that walkest
with me here!
If thou appearest untouched by sol-
emn thought,
Thy nature is not, therefore, less
divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all
the year,
And worshipp'st at the temple's in-
ner shrine,
God being with thee when we knew
it not.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us; late
and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste
our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a
sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the
moon;
The winds that will be howling at all
hours
And are up-gathered now like sleep-
ing flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out
of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd
rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant
lea,
Have glimpses that would make me
less forlorn
Have sight of Proteus coming from
the sea, [horn.
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show
more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could
pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment
wear [bare,
The beauty of the morning; silent,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and
temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the
smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or
hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so
deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet
will:
Dear God! the very houses seem
asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying
still!

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers;
And unto me thou bringest a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the
spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy
days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand
ways
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place;
That is fit home for thee!

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth
raise
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by
praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong re-
treat:

Whose state can neither flatterers
feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend:

—This man is freed from servile
bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

*DESCRIPTION OF THE ONE HE
WOULD LOVE.*

A FACE that should content me
wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to
behold;
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to
expel;
With sober looks so would I that
it should
Speak without words, such words as
none can tell;
The tress also should be of crisped
gold.
With wit, and these, might chance I
might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should
not slide.

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

DISDAIN me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so suddenly;
Since well ye wot that in my heart
I mean ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why,
Nor think me not to be unjust;
Since that by lot of fantasy,
This careful knot needs knit I
must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be
That fain would spot my steadfast-
ness.

Believe them not, since that ye see
The proof is not as they express.

Forsake me not, till I deserve;
Nor hate me not, till I offend,
Destroy me not, till that I swerve;
But since ye know what I intend,

Disdain me not, that am your own;
Refuse me not that am so true;
Mistrust me not, till all be known;
Forsake me not now for no new.

PLEASURE MIXED WITH PAIN.

VENOMOUS thorns that are so sharp
and keen
Bear flowers we see, full fresh and
fair of hue:
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft
renew.
The fire that all things eke consu-
meth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that
this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be
my health,
Since every woe is joined with some
wealth.

EDWARD YOUNG.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT I.

*PROCRASTINATION, AND FORGET-
FULNESS OF DEATH.*

ALL promise is poor dillatory man,
And that through every stage: when
young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly
rest,

Unanxious for ourselves; and only
wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were
more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a
fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his
plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to re-
solve;

In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies
the same.

And why? Because he thinks him-
self immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but
themselves;

Themselves, when some alarming
shock of fate

Strikes through their wounded hearts
the sudden dread:

But their hearts wounded, like the
wounded air,

Soon close; where passed the shaft,
no trace is found.

As from the wing no scar the sky
retains;

The parted wave no furrow from the
keel;

So dies in human hearts the thought
of death.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

TIME, ITS USE AND MISUSE.

TIME, in advance, behind him hides
his wings,

And seems to creep, decrepit with
his age:

Behold him, when past by; what
then is seen,

But his broad pinions swifter than
the winds?

We waste, not use, our time: we
breathe, not live.

Time wasted is existence, used is
life:

We push time from us, and we wish
him back;

Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of
life;

Life we think long, and short; death
seek, and shun;

Body and soul, like peevish man and
wife,

United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh, the dark days of vanity! while
here,

How tasteless! and how terrible,
when gone!

Gone? they ne'er go; when past,
they haunt us still:

The spirit walks of every day de-
ceased;

And smiles an angel, or a fury
frowns.

Nor death, nor life, delight us. If
time past,

And time possessed, both pain us.
what can please?

That which the Deity to please or-
dained,

Time used. The man who conse-
crates his hours

By vigorous effort, and an honest
aim,

At once he draws the sting of life
and death:

He walks with nature; and her paths
are peace.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

JOY TO BE SHARED.

NATURE, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
Rich fruit! Heaven-planted! never
plucked by one.

Needful auxiliars are our friends, to
give

To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a
line,

Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in
delight:

Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

CONSCIENCE.

O TREACHEROUS conscience! while
she seems to sleep

On rose and myrtle, lulled with sy-
ren song;

While she seems nodding o'er her
charge, to drop

On headlong appetite the slackened
rein,

And give us up to license, unrecalled,
Unmarked; see, from behind her
secret stand,

The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her
pen:

She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Listening; o'erhears the whispers of
our camp;

Our dawning purposes of heart ex-
plores,

And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-con-
suming heirs;

Thus, with indulgence most severe,
she treats

Us spendthrifts of inestimable time;
Unnoted, notes each moment misap-
plied;

In leaves more durable than leaves
of brass,

Writes our whole history.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

**EFFECT OF CONTACT WITH THE
WORLD.**

VIRTUE, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the
crowd,

Nor touches on the world, without a
stain:

The world's infectious; few bring
back at eve,

Immaculate, the manners of the
morn.

Something we thought, is blotted;
we resolved,

Is shaken; we renounced, returns
again.

Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former
flaw.

Nor is it strange: light, motion, con-
course, noise,

All, scatter us abroad. Thought, out-
ward-bound,

Neglectful of her home affairs, flies
off

In fume and dissipation, quits her
charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to
the foe.

Present example gets within our
guard,

And acts with double force, by few
repelled.

Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast
to breast:

Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapors
breathe;

And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a sin-
gle glance,

And shot at random, often has
brought home

A sudden fever to the throbbing
heart,

Of envy, rancor, or impure desire.
We see, we hear, with peril; safety
dwells

Remote from multitude; the world's
a school

Of wrong, and what proficient
swarm around

We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or
foes.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

**THE CROWNING DISAPPOINT-
MENT.**

So prone our hearts to whisper what
we wish,

'Tis later with the wise than he's
aware.

And all mankind mistake their time
of day;

Even age itself. Fresh hopes are
hourly sown.

In furrowed brows. To gentle life's
descent

We shut our eyes, and think it is a
plain.

We take fair days in winter, for the
spring;

And turn our blessings into bane.
 Since oft
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
 The disappointment of a promised hour.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

INSUFFICIENCY OF THE WORLD.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
 And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
 And how they might have borne more welcome news.
 Their answers form what men experience call;
 If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
 Oh, reconcile them! Kind experience cries,
 "There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs:
 The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
 And by success are tutored to despair."
 Nor is it only thus, but must be so.
 Who knows not this, though gray, is still a child;
 Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
 Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

EFFORT, THE GAUGE OF GREATNESS.

No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant,
 Virtue, or purposed virtue, still be thine:

This cancels thy complaint at once;
 this leaves
 In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
 This greatness, fills, immortalizes, all;
 This, the blest art of turning all to gold;
 This, the good heart's prerogative, to raise
 A royal tribute from the poorest hours:
 Immense revenue! every moment pays.
 If nothing more than purpose in thy power;
 Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
 Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer.
 Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in Heaven.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

THE END OF THE VIRTUOUS.

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 Is privileged beyond the common walk
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
 Here, tired dissimulation drops her mask;
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
 Here, real and apparent are the same.
 You see the man; you see his hold on heaven.
 Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
 Virtue alone has majesty in death;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT III.

THE OTHER LIFE THE END OF THIS.

"He sins against this life who slights
the next."
What is this life? How few their
favorite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our
embrace,
By passionately loving life we make
Loved life unlovely; hugging her to
death.
We give to time eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for
our port.
Life has no value as an end, but
means;
An end, deplorable! a means, divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse
than nought;
A nest of pains; when held as nothing,
much:
Like some fair humorists, life is
most enjoyed
When courted least; most worth,
when disesteemed:
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich
in peace;
In prospect, richer far; important!
awful!
Not to be mentioned, but with shouts
of praise;
Not to be thought on, but with tides
of joy;
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT III.

THE GLORY OF DEATH.

DEATH but entombs the body; life
the soul.
Death has no dread, but what frail
life imparts;
Nor life true joy, but what kind
death improves.
Death, that absolves my birth; a
curse without it!
Rich death, that realizes all my cares,

Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a
chimera! [joy:
Death, of all pain the period, not of
Joy's source, and subject, still sub-
sist unhurt,
One, in my soul: and one, in her
great Sire.

Death is the crown of life;
Were death denied, poor man would
live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not
be life;
Were death denied, even fools would
wish to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we
rise; we reign;
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the
skies; [sight:
Where blooming Eden withers in our
Death gives us more than was in
Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of
peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain,
death?
When shall I die? When shall I live
for ever?

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT III.

CRUELTY.

MAN is to man the sorest, surest ill,
A previous blast foretells the rising
storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere
they fall;
Volcanoes bellow ere they disem-
bogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws
devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consum-
ing fire:
Ruin from man is most concealed
when near, [blow.
And sends the dreadful tidings in the
Is this the flight of fancy? Would
it were!
Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings,
but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human
heart.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT IV.

**FALSE TERRORS IN VIEW OF
DEATH.**

WHY start at death! Where is he?
Death arrived,
Is past; not come, or gone, he's
never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-
boding man
Receives, not suffers, death's tremen-
dous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock,
and the grave;
The deep, damp vault, the darkness,
and the worm; |eve,
These are the bugbears of a winter's
The terrors of the living, not the
dead.
Imagination's fool and error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature
never made:
Then on the point of his own fancy
falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fear-
ing one.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT V.

**DIFFERENT SOURCES OF FUNE-
RAL TEARS.**

OUR funeral tears from different
causes rise.
As if from cisterns in the soul,
Of various kinds they flow. From
tender hearts
By soft contagion called, some burst
at once,
And stream obsequious to the lead-
ing eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art
distilled.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to
melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out
again.
Some weep to share the fame of the
deceased,
So high in merit, and to them so
dear:

They dwell on praises, which they
think they share;
And thus, without a blush, commend
themselves.
Some mourn, in proof that some-
thing they could love:
They weep not to relieve their grief,
but show.
Some weep in perfect justice to the
dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unap-
prised,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest
of an eye.
With what address the soft Ephesians
draw
Their sable network o'er entangled
hearts!
As seen through crystal, how their
roses glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling
down their cheek!
Of hers not prouder Egypt's wanton
queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolved in
love.
Some weep at death, abstracted from
the dead,
And celebrate, like Charles, their
own decease.
By kind construction some are
deemed to weep
Because a decent veil conceals their
joy.
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep
in vain,
As deep in indiscretion as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! Impotently
pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while
Reason sleeps,
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcerned;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the
storm;
Knows not it speaks to her, and her
alone.
Half-round the globe, the tears
pumped up by death
Are spent in watering vanities of life;
In making folly flourish still more
fair.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT V.

**VIRTUE, THE MEASURE OF
YEARS.**

WHAT though short thy date!
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind
matures.
That life is long, which answers life's
great end.
The time that bears no fruit, de-
serves no name:
The man of wisdom is the man of
years.
In hoary youth Methusalems may die;
Oh, how misdated on their flattering
tombs!

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT V.

POWER OF THE WORLD.

NOR reason, nor affection, no, nor
both
Combined, can break the witchcrafts
of the world.
Behold, the inexorable hour at hand!
Behold, the inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it the chief aim of
life;
Though well to ponder it, is life's
chief end.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT VI.

ALL CHANGE; NO DEATH.

ALL change; no death. Day follows
night; and night
The dying day; stars rise and set and
rise;
Earth takes the example. See, the
summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambro-
sial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn: winter
gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with
storm,
Blows autumn, and his golden fruits
away:

Then melts into the spring: soft
spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of
the south, [fades,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish,
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not
expires.

With this minute distinction, em-
blems just,
Nature revolves, but man advances;
both
Eternal; that a circle, this a line.
That gravitates, this soars. The as-
piring soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame,
ascends;
Zeal and humility, her wings to
heaven.
The world of matter, with its various
forms,
All dies into new life. Life born
from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for
ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT VII.

AMBITION.

MAN must soar:
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring will toss
him up
In spite of fortune's load. Not kings
alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No sultan prouder than his fettered
slave: [straw,
Slaves build their little Babylons of
Echo the proud Assyrian, in their
hearts,
And cry — "Behold the wonders of
my might!"
And why? Because immortal as
their lord,
And souls immortal must for ever
heave
At something great; the glitter, or
the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise
of Heaven.

Nor absolutely vain is human
 praise,
 When human is supported by divine.
 As love of pleasure is ordained to
 guard
 And feed our bodies, and extend our
 race; [tect,
 The love of praise is planted to pro-
 And propagate the glories of the
 mind.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT VIII.

WISDOM.

No man e'er found a happy life by
 chance;
 Or yawned it into being with a wish;
 Or, with the snout of grovelling ap-
 petite,
 E'er smelt it out, and grubbed it
 from the dirt.
 An art it is, and must be learned;
 and learned
 With unremitting effort, or be lost;
 And leave us perfect blockheads, in
 our bliss.
 The clouds may drop down titles and
 estates;
 Wealth may seek us; but wisdom
 must be sought;
 Sought before all; but (how unlike
 all else
 We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought
 in vain.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT IX.

CHEERFULNESS IN MISFORTUNE.

NONE are unhappy: all have cause to
 smile,
 But such as to themselves that cause
 deny. [pains;
 Our faults are at the bottom of our
 Error, in act, or judgment, is the
 source
 Of endless sighs. We sin, or we
 mistake;
 And nature tax, when false opinion
 stings.
 Let impious grief be banished, joy
 indulged;

But chiefly then, when grief puts in
 her claim.

Joy from the joyous, frequently be-
 trays;

Of lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
 Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;
 'Tis joy and conquest; joy and virtue
 too.

A noble fortitude in ills, delights
 Heaven, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty,
 glory, peace.

Affliction is the good man's shining
 scene:

Prosperity conceals his brightest ray:
 As night to stars, woe lustre gives to
 man.

Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
 And virtue in calamities, admire.

The crown of manhood is a winter
 joy;

An evergreen that stands the north-
 ern blast,

And blossoms in the rigor of our fate.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT IX.

THE WORLD A GRAVE.

WHERE is the dust that has not
 been alive?

The spade, the plough, disturb our
 ancestors;

From human mould we reap our
 daily bread.

The globe around earth's hollow sur-
 face shakes,

And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep;

While buried towns support the
 dancer's heel.

The moist of human frame the sun
 exhales;

Winds scatter, through the mighty
 void, the dry;

Earth repossesses part of what she
 gave,

And the freed spirit mounts on
 wings of fire;

Each element partakes our scattered
 spoils;

As nature, wide, our ruins spread:
 man's death

Inhabits all things, but the thoughts
 of man.

SPORTIVE, SATIRICAL, HUMOROUS,

AND

DIALECT POEMS.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst
rogue,

As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes
dings

In all barts off der house;
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles and der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He shills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg
cheese, —

Dot vas der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit, —
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dese:
Who balnts mine nose so red?
Who was it cuts dot schmoodth blace
oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der
lamp

Vene'er der glim I douse,
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go wild
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
Und wish vonce more I Gould haf
rest,

Und beaceful dimes ensшой;
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So gulet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

PAT'S CRITICISM.

THERE's a story that's old,
But good if twice told,
Of a doctor of limited skill,
Who cured beast and man
On the "cold-water plan,"
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine
Hung an elegant sign,
Depecting a beautiful rill,
And a lake where a sprite,
With apparent delight,
Was sporting a sweet dishabille.

Pat McCarty one day,
As he sauntered that way,
Stood and gazed at that portal of
pine;

NOTE. — Thackeray's *Bonillabaisse* and Trowbridge's *Vagabonds*, being really pathetic poems, are placed here for convenience rather than fitness, their colloquial style adapting them to this rather than the other department.

When the doctor with pride
Stepped up to his side,
Saying, "Pat, how is that for a
sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,
"Y've lift out o' that,
Which, be jabers! is quite a mistake:
It's trim, and it's nate:
But, to make it complate,
Ye should have a foin burd on the
lake."

"Ah! Indeed! pray, then tell,
To make it look well,
What bird do you think it may lack?"
Says Pat, "Of the same,
I've forgotten the name,
But the song that he sings is 'Quack!'
quack!'"

FRITZ AND I.

MYNHEER, please helb a boor oldt
man
Vot gomes vrom Sharmany,
Mit Fritz, mine tog, and only freund,
To geep me company.

I haf no geld to puy mine pread,
No blace to lay me down;
For ve vas vanderers, Fritz und I,
Und sdrangers in der town.

Some beoples gife us dings to eadt,
Und some dey kicks us oudt,
Und say, "You don'd got peesnl
here
To sdroll der schtreets aboutt!"

Vot's dot you say? — you puy mine
tog
To gife me pread to eadt!
I vas so boor as nefer vas,
But I vas no "tead peat."

Vot, sell mine tog, mine leedle tog,
Dot vollows me aboutt,
Und vags his dail like anydings
Vene'er I dakes him oudt?

Schust look at him, und see him
schump!
He likes me pooty vell;
Und dere vas somedings 'bout dot
tog,
Mynheer, I wouldn't sell.

"Der collar?" Nein: 'tvas some-
ding else
Vrom vich I Gould not bart;
Und, if dot ding was dook away
I dink it prakes mine heart.

"Vot was it, den, aboutt dot tog,"
You ashk, "dot's not vor sale?"
I dells you what it ish, mine freund:
'Tish der vag off dot tog's dail!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest;
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock;
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine —
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before—
 No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor;
 But Mary kept the belt of love, and O! but she was gay;
 She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
 The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet;
 The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so much praised;
 But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liltin' what you sung;
 Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue.
 But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,
 And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

O, you're the flower of womankind, in country or in town;
 The higher I exalt you the lower I'm cast down.
 If some great lord should come this way and see your beauty bright,
 And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O, might we live together in lofty palace hall
 Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!
 O, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,
 With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress—
 It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;
 The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,
 But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

FLETCHER BATES.

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE PEDDLER.

A CLERGYMAN who longed to trace
 Amid his flock a work of grace,
 And mourned because he knew not
 why,
 Yon fleece kept wet and his kept
 dry,
 While thinking what he could do
 more
 Heard some one rapping at the door,
 And opening it, there met his view
 A dear old brother whom he knew,
 Who had got down by worldly blows,
 From wealth to peddling cast-off
 clothes.
 "Come in, my brother," said the
 pastor,
 "Perhaps my trouble you can mas-
 ter,

For since the summer you withdrew,
 My converts have been very few."
 "I can," the peddler said, "unroll
 Something, perchance, to ease your
 soul,
 And to cut short all fulsome speeches,
 Bring me a pair of your old breeches."
 The clothes were brought, the ped-
 dler gazed,
 And said, "No longer be amazed,
 The gloss upon this cloth is such,
 I think, perhaps, you sit too much
 Building air castles, bright and gay,
 Which Satan loves to blow away.
 And here behold, as I am born,
 The nap from neither knee is worn;
 He who would great revivals see,
 Must wear his pants out on the knee;
 For such the lever prayer supplies,
 When pastors kneel, their churches
 rise."

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

WHY don't the men propose, mamma?
ma?

Why *don't* the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes!
It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That everybody knows;
You *fête* the finest men in town,
- Yet, oh! they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch;
I've hopes when some *distingué*
beau
A glance upon me throws;
But though he'll dance, and smile,
and flirt,
Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing
And dressing like a blue;
I've bought big books, and talk'd of
them
As *if* I'd read them through!
With hair cropped like a man, I've
felt
The heads of all the beaux;

But Spurzheim could not touch their
hearts,

And, oh! they won't propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought
That ignorance was bliss;
I felt convinced that men preferr'd
A simple sort of Miss;
And so I lisped out naught beyond
Plain "Yeses" or plain "noes,"
And wore a sweet unmeaning smile;
Yet, oh! they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
I heard Sir Harry Gale
Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again!"
I started, turning pale;
I really thought my time was come,
I blushed like any rose;
But, oh! I found 'twas only at
Ecarté he'd propose!

And what is to be done, mamma?

Oh! what is to be done?

I really have no time to lose,

For I am thirty-one:

At balls I am too often left

Where spinsters sit in rows;

Why won't the men propose, mam-
ma?

Why *won't* the men propose?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

GOODNESS.

DISTRUST that word.

"There is none good save God," said
Jesus Christ.

If He once, in the first creation-week,
Called creatures good, — for ever af-
terward,

The Devil has only done it, and his
heirs,

The knaves who win so, and the fools

The world's grown dangerous. In
the middle age,

I think they called malignant fays
and imps

Good people. A good neighbor, even
in this,

Is fatal sometimes, — cuts your morn-
ing up

To mince-meat of the very smallest
talk,

Then helps to sugar her bohea at
night

With your reputation. I have known
 good wives,
 As chaste, or nearly so, as Potiphar's;
 And good, good mothers, who would
 use a child
 To better an intrigue; good friends,
 beside,
 (Very good) who hung succinctly
 round your neck
 And sucked your breath, as cats are
 fabled to do
 By sleeping infants. And we all have
 known
 Good critics, who have stamped out
 poets' hopes;
 Good statesmen, who pulled ruin on
 the state;
 Good patriots, who, for a theory,
 risked a cause;
 Good kings, who disembowelled for
 a tax;
 Good popes, who brought all good to
 jeopardy;
 Good Christians, who sate still in
 easy chairs,
 And damned the general world for
 standing up. —
 Now, may the good God pardon all
 good men!

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

CRITICS.

My critic Hammond flatters prettily,
 And wants another volume like the
 last.
 My critic Belfair wants another book,
 Entirely different, which will sell,
 (and live ?)
 A striking book, yet not a startling
 book.
 The public blames originalities,
 (You must not pump spring water
 unawares
 Upon a gracious public, full of
 nerves —)
 Good things, not subtle, new, yet
 orthodox,
 As easy reading as the dog-eared page
 That's fingered by said public, fifty
 years,
 Since first taught spelling by its
 grandmother,

And yet a revelation in some sort:
 That's hard, my critic Belfair! So
 — what next ?
 My critic Stokes objects to abstract
 thoughts;
 "Call a man, John, a woman, Joan,"
 says he,
 "And do not prate so of humani-
 ties."
 Whereat I call my critic simply
 Stokes.
 My critic Johnson recommends more
 mirth
 Because a cheerful genius suits the
 times,
 And all true poets laugh unquench-
 ably
 Like Shakespeare and the gods.
 That's very hard.
 The gods may laugh, and Shake-
 speare; Dante smiled
 With such a needy heart on two pale
 lips,
 We cry, "Weep rather, Dante." Po-
 ems are
 Men, if true poems: and who dares
 exclaim
 At any man's door, "Here, 'tis un-
 derstood
 The thunder fell last week and killed
 a wife,
 And scared a sickly husband — what
 of that ?
 Get up, be merry, shout and clap
 your hands,
 Because a cheerful genius suits the
 times — ?"
 None says so to the man, — and why
 indeed
 Should any to the poem ?

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

HUMANITY.

HUMANITY is great;
 And, if I would not rather pore upon
 An ounce of common, ugly, human
 dust,
 An artisan's palm or a peasant's
 brow,
 Unsmooth, ignoble, save to me and
 God,

<p>Than track old Nilus to his silver roots, And wait on all the changes of the moon Among the mountain-peaks of Thes- saly, (Until her magic crystal round itself For many a witch to see in) set it down As weakness — strength by no means. How is this That men of science, osteologists And surgeons, beat some poets in respect For nature, — count nought common or unclean, [mens Spend raptures upon perfect speci- Of indurated veins, distorted joints, Or beautiful new cases of curved spine; While we, we are shocked at nature's falling off. We dare to shrink back from her warts and blains, We will not, when she sneezes, look at her, Not even to say, "God bless her," That's our wrong.</p>	<p>For that, she will not trust us often with Her larger sense of beauty and de- sire, But tethers us to a lily or a rose And bids us diet on the dew inside, Left ignorant that the hungry beg- gar-boy (Who stares unseen against our ab- sent eyes. And wonders at the gods that we must be, To pass so carelessly for the oranges!) Bears yet a breastful of a fellow- world To this world, undisparaged, unde- spoiled, And (while we scorn him for a flower or two, As being, Heaven help us, less poet- ical) Contains himself both flowers and firmaments And surging seas and aspects of firm out- And all that we would push him out of sight In order to see nearer.</p>
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ROBERT BROWNING.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

<p>HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick, By famous Hanover city; The river Weser, deep and wide, Washes its wall on the southern side; A pleasanter spot you never spied; But when begins my ditty, Almost five hundred years ago, To see the townfolk suffer so From vermin, was a pity.</p> <p>Rats! They fought the dogs, and killed the cats, And bit the babies in the cradles, And ate the cheeses out of the vats, And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles, Split open the kegs of salted sprats, Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,</p>	<p>And even spoiled the women's chats, By drowning their speaking With shrieking and squeaking In fifty different sharps and flats.</p> <p>At last the people in a body To the Town Hall came flocking: "'Tis clear," cried they, "our mayor's a noddy; And as for our corporation—shock- ing To think we buy gowns lined with ermine For dolts that can't or won't deter- mine What's best to rid us of our vermin! You hope, because you're old and obese, To find in the furry civic robe ease? Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking,</p>
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To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you pack-
ing!"

At this, the mayor and corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in counsel —

At length the mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown
sell;

I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle
tap?

"Bless us," cried the mayor, "what's
that?"

(With the corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew
mutinous

For a plate of turtle, green and glu-
tinous)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the
mat?

Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" the mayor cried, look-
ing bigger:

And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin;
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
And light loose hair, yet swarthy
skin;

No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and
in —

There was no guessing his kith and
kin!

And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

Quoth one: "It's as my great-grand-
sire,

Starting up at the trump of doom's
Had walked this way from his painted
tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he,
"I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!

And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm —
The mole, and toad, and newt, and
viper —

And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his
neck

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-
same check;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were
ever straying

As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I
am,

In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of
gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-
bats;

And, as for what your brain bewil-
ders —

If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guil-
ders?"

"One? fifty thousand!" — was the
exclamation

Of the astonished mayor and corpo-
ration.

Into the street the piper stept,

Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;

Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes
twinkled,

Like a candle flame where salt is
sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe
uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young frisk-ers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;

Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
 Followed the piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,

And step by step they followed dancing,

Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished

— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,

Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)

To rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was: "At the first shrill notes
 of the pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe —
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve-cup-boards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks,

And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!

The world is grown to one vast dry-saltery!

So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!

And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun

shone

Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come,
 bore me,
 — I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people

Ring the bells till they rocked the steeple;

"Go," cried the mayor, "and get long poles!

Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace

Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face

Of the piper perked in the marketplace,

With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The mayor looked blue;

So did the corporation too,
 For the council dinners made rare

havoc
 With claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,

Hock;
 And half the money would replenish

Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow

With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!

"Beside," quoth the mayor, with a knowing wink,

"Our business was done at the river's brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin
 And what's dead can't come to life,

I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

From the duty of giving you something for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;

But, as for the guilders, what we spoke

Of them, as you very well know, was in joke,

Besides, our losses have made us
thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take
fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner
time

Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's
rich in,

For having left, in the Caliph's kitch-
en,

Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-
driver;

With you, don't think I'll bate a
stiver!

And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fash-
ion."

"How?" cried the mayor, "d'ye
think I'll brook

Being worse treated than a cook?

Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald?

You threaten us, fellow? Do your
worst,

Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stepped into the street;

And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight
cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such
sweet

Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like
a bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching
and hustling;

Small feet were pattering, wooden
shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little
tongues chattering;

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when
barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like
pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily
after

The wonderful music with shouting
and laughter.

The mayor was dumb, and the coun-
cil stood

As if they were changed into blocks
of wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—

And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's

back.

But how the mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched council's bosoms

beat,

As the piper turned from the High
Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and

daughters!

However, he turned from south to
west,

And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-
And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo, as they reached the moun-
tain's side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hol-
lowed;

And the piper advanced and the
children followed;

And when all were in, to the very
last,

The door in the mountain side shut
fast.

Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the

way!

And in after years, if you would
blame

His sadness, he was used to say,—

"It's dull in our town since my play-
mates left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the piper also promised me;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous
land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit-trees
 grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And every thing was strange and
 new;
 The sparrows were brighter than pea-
 cocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow
 deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagles'
 wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country
 more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's
 pate

A text which says that Heaven's
 gate

Ope to the rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
 The mayor sent east, west, north, and
 south,

To offer the piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find
 him,

Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost en-
 deavor,

And piper and dancers were gone for-
 ever,

They made a decree that lawyers
 never

Should think their records dated
 duly

If, after the day of the month and
 year

These words did not as well appear:
 "And so long after what happened
 here

On the twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six;"
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last re-
 treat

They called it the Pied Piper's Street;
 Where any one playing on pipe or
 tabor

Was sure for the future to lose his
 labor.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so
 solemn;

But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great church window
 painted

The same, to make the world ac-
 quainted

How their children were stolen away;
 And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe

Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress

On which their neighbors lay such
 stress

To their fathers and mothers having
 risen

Out of some subterranean prison
 Into which they were trepanned

Long time ago, in a mighty band,
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick

land,
 But how or why, they don't under-
 stand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially

pipers:

And, whether they pipe us free from
 rats or from mice,

If we've promised them aught, let us
 keep our promise.

ROBERT BURNS.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Brownys and of Bogills, full is this Buke.
—Gavin Douglas.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,

And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,¹
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame
Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O' Shanter,

As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,

For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,

As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,²

A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;³

That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder,⁴ wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,

That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,

Thou drank wi' Kirkton⁵ Jane till Monday.

She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks⁶ i' the mirk,⁷
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,⁸

To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: A market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,⁹ that drank divinely;

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither:
They had been fou for weeks the-gither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;

And ay the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:

The souter¹⁰ tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

The storm without might rair and Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sa happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy!¹¹

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,

O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,¹²

You seize the flow'r, its bloom is

¹ Ale.

² Worthless fellow.

³ Idle talker.

⁴ Every time that corn was sent to be ground.

⁵ Kirkton is the distinctive name of a village in which the parish kirk stands.

⁶ Wizards.

⁷ Dark.

⁸ Makes me weep.

⁹ Frothing ale.

¹⁰ Shoemaker.

Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts for
ever:

Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place:
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide; —
The hour approaches Tam maun
ride:

That hour, o' night's black arch the
key-stane,

That dreary hour he mounts his beast
in;

And sic a night he takes the road
in,

As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its
last;

The rattling show'rs rose on the
blast;

The speedy gleams the darkness
swallow'd;

Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder
bellow'd;

That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare,
Meg,

A better, never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit¹ on throu' dub and
mire,

Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue
bonnet;

Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
sonnet;

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent
cares,

Lest boggles catch him unawares;
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,

Where ghaists and houlets nightly
cry

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman
smoor'd;²

And past the birks³ and meikle⁴
stane,

Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-
bane;

And thro' the whins, and by the
cairn,

Where hunters fand the murder'd
bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd her-
sel.

Before him Doon pours all his
floods;

The doubling storm roars thro' the
woods;

The lightnings flash from pole to
pole;

Near and more near the thunders
roll:

When, glimmering thro' the groan-
ing trees,

Kirk Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore⁵ the beams were
glancing;

And loud resounded mirth and danc-
ing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us
scorn!

Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil!

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's
noddle,

Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair aston-
ish'd,

Till, by the heel and hand admon-
ish'd,

She ventured forward on the light;
And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
reels,

Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker⁶ in the east,

There sat auld Nick, in shape o'
beast;

A towzie⁷ tyke, black, grim, and
large,

To gie them music, was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart⁸ them
skirl,⁹

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —

¹ Went at a smart pace.

² Smothered.

³ Birches.

⁴ Big.

⁵ Hole in the wall.

⁶ Window-seat.

⁷ Shaggy.

⁸ Forced.

⁹ Scream.

Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last
dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip¹ slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;²
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd
bairns;

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had man-
gled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft.
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be un-
lawfu',

As Fammie glowr'd, amaz'd and
curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and
furious:

The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker
flew;

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd,
they cleekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies³ to the wark,
And linket⁴ at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been
queans

A' plump and strapping in their
teens;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie⁵
flannen,

Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder
linnen!⁶

Thir⁷ breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue
hair,

I wad a gi'en them off my hurdies,⁸
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and
droll,

Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crum-
mock.⁹

I wonder didna turn the stomach,
But 'Tam kend what was what fu'
brawlie,

"There was ae winsome wench and
walie,"

That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith melkie corn and
bear,¹⁰

And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty¹¹ sark, o' Paisley harn,¹²
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft¹³ for her wee
Nannie,

Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her
riches),

Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!
But here my muse her wing maun
cour;

Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane be-
witch'd,

And thought his very e'en enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fdg'd fu'
fain,

And hotch'd and blew wi' might and
main:

Till first ae caper, syne¹⁴ anither,
Tam tint¹⁵ his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-
sark!"

And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

¹ Magic.

² Irons.

³ The manufacturing term for a fine linen, woven in a reel of 1700 divisions.—
Cromek.

⁴ These

⁵ Loins.

⁶ Short staff.

⁷ Clothes.

⁸ Tripped along.

⁹ Greasy.

¹⁰ Barley.

¹¹ Short.

¹² Very coarse linen.

¹³ Bought.

¹⁴ Then.

¹⁵ Lost.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,¹
When plundering herds assail their
byke;²

As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their
nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds
aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and
hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get
thy fairin!

In hell they'll roast thee like a her-
rin!

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane³ of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.

But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;⁴
But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
Ae spring brought off her master
hale,

But left behind her ain gray tail;
The carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, who this tale of truth shall
read,

Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.

FROM THE "LINES TO A LOUSE."

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils,⁵ snug and tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right

Till ye've got on it,
The vera topmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet.

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;⁶

Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On 's wyliecoat:⁷

But Miss's fine Lunardi!⁸ fie,
How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!

Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's⁹ makin!

Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!

It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion;

What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e
us,

And ev'n devotion!

¹ Bustle,

² It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back. — R. B.

³ Effort.

⁴ An old-fashioned head-dress.

⁵ A bonnet, named after Lunardi, whose balloon made him notorious in Scotland about 1785.

⁶ The shrivelled dwarf.

⁷ Hive.

⁸ Ribbon-ends.

⁹ Flannel vest.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

[From *Hudibras*.]

THE LEARNING OF HUDIBRAS.

HE was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west
 side;

On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute.

He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse.
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,

And rooks committee-men and trustees.

He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination.

All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure he would do.
 For Rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope:

And when he happened to break off
 In the middle of his speech, or cough,
 He had hard words ready to shew
 why,

And tell what rules he did it by:
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other
 folk:

For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his
 speech,

In loftiness of sound, was rich;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learn'd pedants much affect.

It was a party-color'd dress
 Of patch'd and piebald languages:
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,

Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if he'd talked three parts in
 one;

Which made some think, when he
 did gabble,

They'd heard three laborers of Babel
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
 And truly to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large;
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words with little or no wit:
 Words, so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on:
 And when with hasty noise he spoke
 'em,

The ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
 When he harangued, but known his
 phrase,

He would have used no other ways.
 In Mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater:
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve, by signs and tangents,
 straight,

If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by algebra.
 Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss
 over.

Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood by implicit faith:
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go:
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote
 No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not
 tell

But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have
 done.

He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly,
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern
air.

He knew what's what, and that's as
high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

[From *Hudibras*.]

**THE BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE AND
RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.**

HE knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was disposed, could prove
it

Below the moon, or else above it:
What Adam dreamt of, when his
bride

Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter:
If either of them had a navel:
Who first made music malleable;
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet or none at all.
All this without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smat-

ter,
When they throw out and miss the
matter.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text or pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.

A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:

More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right
way:

Compound for sins they are inclined
to,

By damning those they have no mind
to:

Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow;
Another, nothing else allow.

All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail they will decry
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced pie, and dispar-

age
Their best and dearest friend, plum-
porridge.

[From *Hudibras*.]

THE KNIGHT'S STEED.

THE beast was sturdy, large, and
tall,

With mouth of meal, and eyes of
wall.

I would say eye; for he had but one,
As most agree: tho' some say none.
He was well stay'd: and in his gait
Preserved a grave majestic state.

At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace than Spaniard
whipt;

And yet so fiery he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground:
That Cæsar's horse, who as fame
goes

Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hoof,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
And as that beast would kneel and
stoop

(Some write) to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;

For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight galled full as
bad.

His strutting ribs on both sides
showed

Like furrows he himself had
ploughed;

For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a chan-
nel.

His draggling tail hung in the
dirt,

Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he pricked,
With armed heel, or with unarmed,
kicked;

For Hudibras wore but one spur:
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.

[From Hudibras.]

THE PLEASURE OF BEING CHEATED.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat:
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight:
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire his sleight of
hand.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

FROM "NOTHING TO WEAR."

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this
is a true ditty,

I do not assert—this, you know,
is between us—

That she's in a state of absolute nu-
dity,

Like Powers' Greek Slave or the
Medici Venus;

But I do mean to say, I have heard
her declare,

When at the same moment she had
on a dress

Which cost five hundred dollars,
and not a cent less,

And jewelry worth ten times more,
I should guess,

That she had not a thing in the wide
world to wear!

Should mention just here, that out
of Miss Flora's

Two hundred and fifty or sixty
adorers,

I had just been selected as he who
should throw all

The rest in the shade, by the gra-
cious bestowal

On myself, after twenty or thirty re-
jections,

Of those fossil remains which she
called her "affections,"

And that rather decayed, but well-
known work of art,

Which Miss Flora persisted in styl-
ing her "heart."

So we were engaged. Our troth had
been plighted,

Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by
fountain or grove,

But in a front parlor, most brilliantly
lighted,

Beneath the gas-fixtures, we whis-
pered our love.

Without any romance, or raptures,
or sighs,

Without any tears in Miss Flora's
blue eyes,

Or blushes, or transports, or such
silly actions,

It was one of the quietest business
transactions,

With a very small sprinkling of sen-
timent, if any,

And a very large diamond imported
by Tiffany.

On her virginal lips while I printed a
kiss,

She exclaimed, as a sort of paren-
thesis,

And by way of putting me quite at
my ease,

"You know I'm to polka as much as
I please,

And flirt when I like — now, stop,
 don't you speak —
 And you must not come here more
 than twice in the week,
 Or talk to me either at party or ball,
 But always be ready to come when I
 call;
 So don't prose to me about duty and
 stuff,
 If we don't break this off, there will
 be time enough
 For that sort of thing; but the bar-
 gain must be
 That, as long as I choose, I am per-
 fectly free, —
 For this is a kind of engagement,
 you see,
 Which is binding on you, but not
 binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M-
 Flinsey and gained her,
 With the silks, crinolines, and hoops
 that contained her,
 I had, as I thought, a contingent re-
 mainder
 At least in the property, and the best
 right
 To appear as its escort by day and by
 night;
 And it being the week of the Stuck-
 ups' grand ball, —
 Their cards had been out a fort-
 night or so,
 And set all the Avenue on the tip-
 toe, —
 I considered it only my duty to call,
 And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
 I found her — as ladies are apt to be
 found,
 When the time intervening between
 the first sound
 Of the bell and the visitor's entry is
 shorter
 Than usual — I found; I won't say
 I caught her,
 Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly
 meaning
 To see if perhaps it did n't need
 cleaning.
 She turned as I entered — "Why
 Harry, you sinner,
 I thought that you went to the Flash-
 ers' to dinner!"

"So I did," I replied, "but the din-
 ner is swallowed,
 And digested, I trust, for 't is now
 nine and more,
 So, being relieved from that duty, I
 followed

Inclination, which led me, you see,
 to your door;
 And now will your ladyship so con-
 descend

As just to inform me if you intend
 Your beauty, and graces, and pres-
 ence to lend

(All of which, when I own, I hope
 no one will borrow)

To the Stuckups', whose party, you
 know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up, with a
 pitiful air,

And answered quite promptly,
 "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,

I should like above all things to go
 with you there,

But really and truly — I've nothing
 to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you
 are;

Wear the dress you have on, and
 you'll be by far,

I engage, the most bright and par-
 ticular star

On the Stuckup horizon —" I
 stopped, for her eye,

Notwithstanding this delicate onset
 of flattery,

Opened on me at once a most terrible
 battery

Of scorn and amazement. She
 made no reply,

But gave a slight turn to the end of
 her nose,

(That pure Grecian feature,) as
 much as to say,

"How absurd that any sane man
 should suppose

That a lady would go to a ball in the
 clothes,

No matter how fine, that she wears
 every day!"

So I ventured again; "Wear your
 crimson brocade;"

(Second turn up of nose) — "That's
 too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk" — "That's too heavy." "Your pink" — "That's too light."

1 Wear tulle over satin" — "I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch" —

"I have n't a thread of point-lace to match."

"Your brown *moire antique*" — "Yes, and look like a Quaker;"

"The pearl-colored" — "I would, but that plaguy dress-maker

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock;"

(Here the nose took again the same elevation) —

"I would n't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it

As more *comme il faut*" — "Yes, but dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;

That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarletan, that rich *grenadine*" —

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and "Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone

which quite crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous *tot-lette* which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times, at the least calculation, And that and most of my dresses are ripped up!"

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me," (here the nose went still higher),

"I suppose, if you daped, you would call me a liar."

Our engagement is ended, sir, — yes, on the spot;

You're a brute, and a monster, and — I don't know what."

I mildly suggested the words *Hot-tentot*,

Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,

As gentle expletives which might give relief;

But this only proved as a spark to the powder,

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;

It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears

Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,

Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,

In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay

Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;

Then, without going through the form of a bow,

Found myself in the entry — I hardly knew how,

On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,

At home and up stairs, in my own easy-chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze, And said to myself, as I lit my cigar, "Supposing a man had the wealth of a Czar	Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days, On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare, If he married a woman with nothing to wear?"
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JOHN BYROM.

*THE WAY A RUMOR IS SPREAD;
OR, THE THREE BLACK CROWS.*

Two honest tradesmen meeting in
 the Strand,
 One took the other, briskly, by the
 hand;
 Hark-ye, said he, 'tis an odd story
 this
 About the crows! — I don't know
 what it is,
 Replied his friend. — No! I'm sur-
 prised at that;
 Where I came from it is the common
 chat;
 But you shall hear; an odd affair
 indeed!
 And, that it happened, they are all
 agreed:
 Not to detain you from a thing so
 strange,
 A gentleman, that lives not far from
 Change,
 This week, in short, as all the alley
 knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up three
 black crows, —
 Impossible! — Nay, but it's really
 true;
 I have it from good hands, and so
 may you. —
 From whose, I pray? — So having
 named the man,
 Straight to inquire his curious com-
 rade ran.
 Sir, did you tell — relating the af-
 fair —
 Yes, sir, I did: and if its worth your
 care,
 Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me
 But, by the by, 'twas *two* black
 crows, not *three*. —

Resolved to trace so wondrous an
 event,
 Whip, to the third, the virtuoso
 went;
 Sir — and so forth — Why, yes; the
 thing is fact,
 Though in regard to number, not
 exact;
 It was not *two* black crows, 'twas
 only *one*,
 The truth of *that* you may depend
 upon,
 The gentleman himself told me the
 case —
 Where may I find him? — Why, in
 such a place.
 Away goes he, and having found
 him out,
 Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.
 Then to his last informant he re-
 ferred,
 And begged to know, if *true* what
 he had heard?
 Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?
 — Not I —
 Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
 Black crows have been thrown up,
three, two, and one;
 And here, I find, all comes, at last, to
none!
 Did you say *nothing* of a crow at
all? —
 Crow — crow — perhaps I might, now
 I recall
 The matter over — And, pray, sir,
 what was't?
 Why, I was *horrid* sick, and, at the
 last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbor
 so,
 Something that was — *as black*, sir,
 as a crow.

CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of
thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the
heart.

With good and gentle-humored hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my
broth.

For chance or change of peace or
pain,
For Fortune's favor or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall
swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without
wrath;
For should I burn, or break my
brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my
pains?

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're i' the wrong, and we're
i' the right,
I shun the rancors and the routs;
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me,
faint:
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like
me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should be-
have;
But fame shall find me no man's
fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Though if a business budes by,
I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my
hand,
Still on a side together stand.

I love my neighbor as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your
breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his
rest,
Let me be deft and debonaire,
I am content, I do not care.

SPECTACLES, OR HELPS TO READ.

A CERTAIN artist — I've forgot his name —
 Had got, for making spectacles, a fame,
 Or "helps to read," as, when they first were sold,
 Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;
 And, for all uses to be had from glass,
 His were allowed by readers to surpass.

There came a man into his shop one day —
 "Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"
 "Yes, sir," said he; "I can in that affair
 Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."
 "Can you? pray do then." So, at first, he chose
 To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
 And book produced to see how they would fit:
 Asked how he liked 'em? "Like 'em? not a bit."

"Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
 These in my hand will better suit your eye."
 "No, but they don't." "Well, come, sir, if you please,
 Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these;
 Still somewhat more they magnify the letter;
 Now, sir?" "Why, now — I'm not a bit the better."
 "No? here, take these, that magnify still more;
 How do *they* fit?" "Like all the rest before."

In short they tried a whole assortment through.
 But all in vain, for none of 'em would do.
 The operator, much surprised to find
 So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind!
 "What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he.
 "Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."
 "Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball —
 Pray, let me ask you, can you read at all?"
 "No, you great blockhead; if I could, what need
 Of paying you for any 'helps to read?'"
 And so he left the maker in a heat,
 Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

LORD BYRON.

[From *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.]

CRITICS.

OH! nature's noblest gift — my
 gray goose-quill!
 Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my
 will,

Torn from thy parent bird to form a
 pen.
 That mighty instrument of little
 men!
 The pen! foredoomed to aid the men-
 tal throes
 Of brains that labor, big with verse
 or prose,

Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride, The lover's solace and the author's pride.	A man must serve his time to every trade Save censure — critics all are ready made.
What wits, what poets, dost thou daily raise!	Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!	With just enough of learning to mis- quote:
Condemned at length to be forgotten quite,	A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault;
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.	A turn for punning, — call it Attic salt;
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;	To Jeffrey go; be silent and discreet, His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.	Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Speed, Pegasus! — ye strains of great and small,	Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!	Care not for feeling — pass your proper jest,
I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a a time	And stand a critic, hated, yet ca- ressed.
I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,	And shall we own such judgment? No — as soon
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame;	Seek roses in December — ice in June;
I printed — older children do the same.	Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;	Believe a woman, or an epitaph, Or any other thing that's false, before
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.	You trust in critics, who themselves are sore.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONG.

To Love in my heart, I exclaimed, t'other morning,
Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger, take warning;
Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober duty,
To go gadding, bewitched by the young eyes of beauty.
For weary's the wooing, ah! weary,
When an old man will have a young dearie.

The god left my heart, at its surly reflections,
But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections,
And he made me forget what I ought to remember,
That the rosebud of June cannot bloom in November.
Ah! Tom, 'tis all o'er with thy gay days —
Write psalms, and not songs for the ladies.

But time's been so far from my wisdom enriching,
That the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching;
And the only new lore my experience traces,
Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.

How weary is wisdom, how weary!
When one sits by a smiling young dearie!

And should she be wroth that my homage pursues her,
I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser;
Who's to blame, that my heart by your image is haunted?
It is you, the enchantress — not I, the enchanted.

Would you have me behave more discreetly,
Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL FOR HER ALBUM

An original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write — but how shall I begin?
For I fear I have nothing original in me —
Excepting Original Sin!

GEORGE CANNING.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heaven-
blue,

Which once my love sat knotting
in —

Alas, Matilda then was true!

At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you
flew,

Her neat post-wagon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;

Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! ah! pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting
in!

My years are many — they were few

When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion
grew,

Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!

Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world,
adieu,

That kings and priests are plotting
in;

Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

WILL CARLETON.

THE NEW-YEAR'S BABY.

"Th'art welcome, little bonnie bird,
But shoul'n't ha' come just when tha' did.
Teimes are bad." — *Old English Ballad.*

Hoot, ye little rascal! ye come it on me this way
Crowdin' yerself amongst us this blusterin' winter's day
Knowin' that we already have three of ye, and seven,
An' tryin' to make yerself out a New-Year's present o' heaven!

Ten of ye have we now, sir, for this world to abuse,
An' Bobbie he have no waistcoat; and Nellie she have no shoes;
And Sammie he have no shirt, sir (I tell it to his shame);
And the one that was just before you we a'n't had time to name.

An' all the banks be smashin', an' on us poor folks fall;
An' boss he whittles the wages when work's to be had at all;
An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an' lies in a woful plight;
An' all of us wonders at mornin' as what we shall eat at night.

An' but for your father an' Sandy a-findin' somew'at to do,
An' but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us through,
An' but for your poor, dear mother a-doin' twice her part,
Ye'd 'a' seen us all in heaven afore ye was ready to start.

An' now ye have come, ye rascal! so healthy an' fat an' sound,
A weighin', I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen pound;
With your mother's eyes a-flashin', yer father's flesh an' build,
An' a good big mouth an' stomach all ready to be filled.

No, no, don't cry, my baby; hush up, my pretty one.
Don't get my chaff in yer eye, my boy; I only was just in fun.
Ye'll like us when ye know us, although we're cur'ous folks;
But we don't get much victual, and half our livin' is jokes.

Why, boy! did ye take me in earnest? Come, sit upon my knee.
I'll tell ye a secret, youngster; I'll name ye after me;
Ye shall have all yer brothers an' sisters with ye to play;
An' ye shall have yer carriage, an' ride out every day.

Why, boy, do ye think ye'll suffer? I'm gettin' a trifle old,
But it'll be many years yet before I lose my hold;
An' if I should fall on the road, boy, still them's yer brothers there,
An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a hair.

Say, when ye come from heaven, my little namesake dear,
Did ye see, 'mongst the little girls there, a face like this one here?
That was yer little sister; she died a year ago.
An' all of us cried like babies when they laid her under the snow.

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or knew
Came here with all their traps, boy, an' offered 'em for you,
I'd show 'em to the door, sir, so quick they'd think it odd,
Before I'd sell to another my New-Year's gift from God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

FROM "LINES COMPOSED IN A
CONCERT ROOM."

NOR cold nor stern, my soul! yet I
detest
These scented rooms, where to a
gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud harlot her dis-
tended breast
In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not Music's genuine power,
nor deign
To melt at Nature's passion-war-
bled plaint;
But when the long-breathed singer's
uptrilled strain
Bursts in a squall — they gape for
wonderment.

NAMES.

I ASKED my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome
or Greece:

Lalage, Næara, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa, or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris.
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me Thine."

LINES TO A COMIC AUTHOR ON
AN ABUSIVE REVIEW.

WHAT though the chilly wide-
mouthed quacking chorus
From the rank swamps of murk Re-
view-land croak;
So was it, neighbor, in the times be-
fore us,
When Momus, throwing on his attic
cloak,

Romped with the Graces; and each
tickled Muse
(That Turk, Dan Phœbus, whom
bards call divine,
Was married to — at least, he kept —
all nine)
Fled, but still with reverted faces ran;
Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to
excuse,
They had allured the audacious Greek
to use,
Swore they mistook him for their own
good man.
This Momus — Aristophanes on earth
Men called him — maugre all his wit
and worth
Was croaked and gabbled at. How,
then, should you,
Or I, friend, hope to 'scape the skulk-
ing crew?
No! laugh, and say aloud, in tones
of glee,
"I hate the quacking tribe, and they
hate me!"

FROM "AN ODE TO THE RAIN."

Composed before daylight, on the morning ap-
pointed for the departure of a very worthy,
but not very pleasant visitor, whom it was
feared the rain might detain.

THOUGH you should come again to-
morrow,
And bring with you both pain and
sorrow;
Though stomach should sicken and
knees should swell —
I'll nothing speak of you but well.
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! I ne'er refused to say
You're a good creature in your way;
Nay, I would write a book myself,
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
Showing how very good you are.
What then? sometimes it must be
fair!
And if sometimes, why not to-day?
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,
 Take no offence! I'll tell you why.
 A dear old friend e'en now is here,
 And with him came my sister dear;
 After long absence now first met,
 Long months by pain and grief be-
 set —
 With three dear friends! in truth we
 groan —
 Impatiently to be alone.
 We three, you mark! and not one
 more!
 The strong wish makes my spirit sore.

We have so much to talk about,
 So many sad things to let out;
 So many tears in our eye-corners,
 Sitting like little Jacky Horners —
 In short, as soon as it is day,
 Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

EPIGRAM ON "THE RIME OF
 THE ANCIENT MARINER."

YOUR poem must eternal be,
 Dear sir; it cannot fail;
 For, 'tis incomprehensible,
 And without head or tail.

WILLIAM COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her
 dear —
 "Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton
 All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three,
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied — "I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin — "That's well
 said;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife,
 O'erjoyed was he to find [bent,
 That, though on pleasure she was
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was
 brought,
 But yet was not allowed
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was
 stayed,
 Where they did all get in;
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went
 the wheels,
 Were never folks so glad,
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he
saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he know,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down
stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good luck!" quoth he; "yet bring
it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and
neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried;
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his
hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children
screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well
done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around —
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to
smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!— Here's
the house," —
They all aloud did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are
tired:"
Said Gilpin — "So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? — His owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your
tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall;
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke;—

"I came because your horse would
come,
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here —
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in,

Whence straight he came with hat
and wig —
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit;
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John — "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came
here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless
boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why? — They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
“ She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
“ This shall be yours when you bring
back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein:

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to
miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly.
With post-boy scampering in the
rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

“ Stop thief! stop thief! — a highway-
man!”

Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that
way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did; and won it too;
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

[From Conversation.]

THE TONGUE.

WORDS learned by rote, a parrot
may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony di-
vine
The constant creaking of a country
sign.
As alphabets in ivory employ
Hour after hour the yet unlettered
boy,
Sorting and puzzling with a deal of
glee
Those seeds of science called his
A B C;
So language in the mouth of the
adult,
(Witness its insignificant result,)
Too often proves an implement of
play,
A toy to sport with, and pass time
away.
Collect at evening what the day
brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,
And if it weigh the importance of a
fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie.

[From Conversation.]

THE UNCERTAIN MAN.

DUBIUS is such a scrupulous good
man —
Yes, you may catch him tripping —
if you can.
He would not with a peremptory
tone
Assert the nose upon his face his
own:
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes — presumes — it
may be so.

His evidence, if he were called by
law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man and save
a thief.
Through constant dread of giving
truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
Knows what he knows as if he knew
it not;
What he remembers seems to have
forgot;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centring at last in having none at
all.

[From Conversation.]

THE EMPHATIC TALKER.

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves
to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbor's
phiz,
Touched with the magnet, had attracted his.
His whispered theme, dilated and at
large,
Proves after all a windgun's airy
charge—
An extract of his diary,—no more,—
A tasteless journey of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the
rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped
home again,
Resumed his purpose, had a world of
talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost
his walk.
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
“Adieu, dear sir! lest you should
lose it now.”

[From Conversation.]

DESCANTING ON ILLNESS.

SOME men employ their health, an
ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have
been sick.

And give us in recitals of disease,
A doctor's trouble, but without the
fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept
their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped:
Nothing is slightly touched, much
less forgot.
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on
the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught
or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doc-
tor's skill;
And now—alas, for unforeseen mis-
haps!
They put on a damp nightcap and
relapse:
They thought they must have died,
they were so bad;
Their peevish hearers almost wish
they had.

[From Conversation.]

A FAITHFUL PICTURE OF ORDINARY SOCIETY.

THE circle formed, we sit in silent
state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;
“Yes, ma'am,” and “No, ma'am,”
uttered softly, show
Every five minutes how the minutes
go;
Each individual, suffering a con-
straint—
Poetry may, but colors cannot,
paint,—
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or
dry,
And finds a changing clime a happy
source
Of wise reflection and well-timed
discourse.
We next inquire, but softly and by
stealth,
Like conservators of the public
health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are
Of coughs and rheums, and phthisic
and catarrh.

That theme exhausted, a wide chasm
ensues,
Filled up at last with interesting
news,
Who danced with whom, and who
are like to wed;
And who is hanged, and who is
brought to bed;
But fear to call a more important
cause,
As if 'twere treason against English
laws.
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a seven years' transportation,
home,
And there resume an unembarrassed
brow,
Recovering what we lost we know
not how,
The faculties that seemed reduced to
nought,
Expression and the privilege of
thought.

(From Conversation.)

THE CAPTIOUS.

SOME fretful tempers wince at every
touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life in hopes to en-
tertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the
brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse — the drone-pipe of an
humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong
a light,
You rise and drop the curtain — now
'tis night.
He shakes with cold, you stir the fire
and strive
To make a blaze — that's roasting
him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he
chooses fish;
With sole — that's just the sort he
would not wish.
He takes what he at first professed to
loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on
both.

PAIRING-TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rous-
seau
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And even the child who knows no
better
Than to interpret by the letter,
A story of a cock and bull
Must have a most uncommon skull.
It chanced then on a winter's day,
But warm and bright and calm as
May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much
chatter
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the
most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And, silence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly thus his mind:
"My friends! be cautious how you
treat
The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet."
A Finch, whose tongue knew no
control,
With golden wing and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert re-
plied:
"Methinks the gentleman," quoth
she,
"Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good-will would keep us single
Till yonder heaven and earth shall
mingle;
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminates us all.
I marry without more ado;
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?"
Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling,
bridling,
Turning short round, strutting, and
sidling,

Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well expressed
Influenced mightily the rest;
All paired, and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in
haste,

The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.

The wind, of late, breathed gently
forth,

Now shifted east, and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you
know,

Could shelter them from rain or
snow:

Stepping into their nests they pad-
dled,

Themselves were chilled, their eggs
were addled;

Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each
other,

Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry —
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

GEORGE CRABBE.

[From *The Newspaper*.]

THE RELIGIOUS JOURNAL.

THEN, lo! the sainted Monitor is
born,
Whose pious face some sacred texts
adorn.

As artful sinners cloak the secret sin,
To veil with seeming grace the guile
within;

So moral essays on his front appear,
But all his carnal business in the
rear;

The fresh-coined lie, the secret whis-
pered last,

And all the gleanings of the six days
past.

[From *The Newspaper*.]

THE READERS OF DAILIES.

GRAVE politicians look for facts
alone,

And gravely add conjectures of their
own:

The sprightly nymph, who never
broke her rest,

For tottering crowns, or mighty lands
oppressed,

Finds broils and battles, but neglects
them all

For songs and suits, a birthday, or a
ball:

The keen warm man o'erlooks each
idle tale

For "Moneys Wanted," and "Es-
tates for Sale;"

While some with equal minds to all
attend,

Pleased with each part, and grieved
to find an end.

[From *The Newspaper*.]

REPORTERS.

FIRST, from each brother's hoard a
part they draw,

A mutual theft that never feared a
law;

Whate'er they gain, to each man's
portion fall,

And read it once, you read it through
them all:

For this their runners ramble day and
night,

To drag each lurking deep to open
light;

For daily bread the dirty trade they
 ply,
 Coin their fresh tales, and live upon
 the lie;
 Like bees for honey, forth for news
 they spring,—
 Industrious creatures! ever on the
 wing;
 Home to their several cells they bear
 the store,
 Culled of all kinds, then roam abroad
 for more.

[From *Physic*.]

QUACKS.

TINCTURE or syrup, lotion, drop, or
 pill,
 All tempt the sick to trust the lying
 bill;
 And twenty names of cobblers turned
 to squires,
 Aid the bold language of these blush-
 less liars.
 There are among them those who can-
 not read,
 And yet they'll buy a patent, and
 succeed;
 Will dare to promise dying sufferers
 aid,
 For who, when dead, can threaten or
 upbraid?

And then, in many a paper through
 the year,
 Must cures and cases, oaths and
 proofs appear;
 Men snatched from graves, as they
 were dropping in,
 Their lungs coughed up, their bones
 pierced through their skin;
 Their liver all one scirrhus, and the
 frame
 Poisoned with evils which they dare
 not name;
 Men who spent all upon physicians'
 fees,
 Who never slept, nor had a moment's
 ease,
 Are now as roaches sound, and all as
 brisk as bees.

[From *Law*.]

SLY LAWYERS.

Lo! that small office! there th' in-
 cautious guest
 Goes blindfold in, and that maintains
 the rest;
 There in his web, th' observant spider
 lies, [flies;
 And peers about for fat, intruding
 Doubtful at first, he hears the distant
 hum,
 And feels them flutt'ring as they
 nearer come;
 They buzz and blink, and doubtfully
 they tread
 On the strong bird-lime of the utmost
 thread;
 But when they're once entangled by
 the gin,
 With what an eager clasp he draws
 them in! [delay,
 Nor shall they 'scape till after long
 And all that sweetens life is drawn
 away.

[From *The Patron*.]

ADVICE TO ONE OF SIMPLE LIFE
 ENTERING SOCIETY.

In silent ease, at least in silence,
 dine,
 Nor one opinion start of food or wine:
 Thou know'st that all the science thou
 canst boast,
 Is of thy father's simple boiled and
 roast,
 Nor always these; he sometimes saved
 his cash,
 By interlinear days of frugal hash:
 Wine hadst thou seldom; wilt thou
 be so vain
 As to decide on claret or champagne?
 Dost thou from me derive this taste
 sublime,
 Who order port the dozen at a time?
 When (every glass held precious in
 our eyes)
 We judged the value by the bottle's
 size: [sume,
 Then never merit for thy praise as-
 Its worth well knows each servant in
 the room.

[From *The Patron*.]THE YOUNG POET'S VISIT TO
THE HALL.

AND now arriving at the Hall, he
tried
For air composed, serene and satisfied;
As he had practised in his room alone,
And there acquired a free and easy
tone;
There he had said, "Whatever the
degree
A man obtains, what more than man
is he?"
And when arrived — "This room is
but a room,
Can aught we see the steady soul
o'ercome?
Let me in all a manly firmness
show,
Upheld by talents, and their value
know."

This reason urged; but it surpassed
his skill
To be in act as manly as in will;
When he his lordship and the lady
saw,
Brave as he was, he felt oppressed
with awe;
And, spite of verse, that so much
praise had won,
The poet found he was the bailiff's
son.
But dinner came, and the succeeding
hours
Fixed his weak nerves, and raised his
failing powers:
Praised and assured, he ventured once
or twice
On some remark, and bravely broke
the ice;
So that at night, reflecting on his
words,
He found, in time, he might converse
with lords.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

SHELLING PEAS.

No, Tom, you may banter as much as you please;
But it's all the result of the shellin' them peas.
Why, I had n't the slightest idee, do you know,
That so serious a matter would out of it grow.
I tell you what, Tom, I do feel kind o' scared.
I dreamed it, I hoped it, but never once dared
To breathe it to her. And besides, I must say
I always half fancied *she* fancied Jim Wray,
So I felt kind o' stuffy and proud, and took care
To be out of the way when that feller was there
A danglein' around; for thinks I, if it's him
That Katy likes best, what's the use lookin' grim
At Katy or Jim, — for it's all up with me;
And I'd better jest let 'em alone, do you see?
But you would n't have thought it; that girl never keered
The snap of a pea-pod for Jim's bushy beard.
Well, here's how it was. I was takin' some berries
Across near her garden to leave at Aunt Mary's;
When, jest as I come to the old ellum-tree,
All alone in the shade, that June mornin', was she —
Shellin' peas — setting there on a garden settee.
I swan, she was handsomer 'n ever I seen,
Like a rose all alone in a moss-work o' green.

Well, there wasn't no use; so, says I, I'll jest linger
And gaze at her here, hid behind a syringa.
But she heard me a movin', and looked a bit frightened,
So I come and stood near her. I fancied she brightened,
And seemed sort o' pleased. So I hoped she was well;
And — would she allow me to help her to shell?
For she sot with a monstrous big dish full of peas
Jest fresh from the vines, which she held on her knees.
"May I help you, Miss Katy?" says I. "As you please,
Mr. Baxter," says she. "But you're busy, I guess" —
Glancin' down at my berries, and then at her dress.
"Not the least. There's no hurry. It ain't very late;
And I'd rather be here, and Aunt Mary can wait."
So I sot down beside her; an' as nobody seen us,
I jest took the dish, and I held it between us.
And I thought to myself I must make an endeavor
To know which she likes, Jim or me, now or never!
But I couldn't say nothin'. We sot there and held
That green pile between us. She shelled, and I shelled;
And *pop* went the pods; and I couldn't help thinkin'
Of popping the question. A kind of a sinkin'
Come over my spirits; till at last I got out,
"Mister Wray's an admirer of yours, I've no doubt
You see him quite often." "Well, sometimes. But why
And what if I did?" "O, well, nothin'," says I.
"Some folks says you're goin' to marry him, though."
"Who says so?" says she; and she flared up like tow
When you throw in a match. "Well, some folks that I know."
"T ain't true, sir," says she. And she snapped a big pod,
Till the peas, right and left, flew all over the sod.
Then I looked in her eyes, but she only looked down
With a blush she tried to chase off with a frown.
"Then it's somebody else you like better," says I.
"No, it ain't though," says she; and I thought she would cry.
Then I tried to say somethin'; it stuck in my throat,
And all my ideas were upset and afloat.
But I said I knew somebody 'd loved her so long —
Though he never had told her — with feelin's so strong
He was ready to die at her feet, if she chosed,
If she only could love him! — I hardly supposed
That she cared for him much, though. And so Tom, — and so, —
For I thought that I saw how the matter would go, —
With my heart all a jumpin' with rapture, I found
I had taken her hand, and my arm was around
Her waist ere I knew it, and she with her head
On my shoulder, — but no, I won't tell what she said.
The birds sang above us; our secret was theirs;
The leaves whispered soft in the wandering airs.
I tell you the world was a new world to me.
I can talk of these things like a book now, you see.
But the peas? Ah, the peas in the pods were a mess
Rather bigger than those that we shelled, you may guess.
It's risky to set with a girl shellin' peas.
You may tease me now, Tom, just as much as you please.

THE DISPUTE OF THE SEVEN DAYS.

ONCE on a time the days of the week
Quarrelled and made bad weather.
The point was which of the seven
was best;

So they all disputed together.

And Monday said, "I wash the
clothes";

And Tuesday said, "I air 'em";

And Wednesday said, "I iron the
shirts";

And Thursday said, "I wear 'em."

And Friday, "I'm the day for fish";

And Saturday, "Children love
me";

And Sunday, "I am the Sabbath
day,

I'm sure there are none above me."

One said, "I am the fittest for
work";

And one, "I am fittest for leisure."

Another, "I'm best for prayer and
praise";

And another, "I'm best for pleas-

Arguing thus, they flapped their
wings,

And puffed up every feather;

They blew and rained and snowed
and hailed:

There never was seen such weather.

Old Father Time was passing by,

And heard the hurly-burly.

Said he, "Here's something going
wrong;

It's well I was up so early.

"These children of mine have lost
their wits

And seem to be all *non compos*.

I never knew them to gabble thus.

Hollo there!—stop the rumpus!

"I should think you a flock of angry
geese,

To hear your screaming and bawl-
ing.

Indeed, it would seem by the way it
snows,

Goose-feathers are certainly falling.

"You, Sunday, sir, with your starched
cravat,

Black coat, and church-veneering;
Tell me the cause of this angry spat;
Speak loud,—I am hard of hearing.

"You are the foremost talker here;
The wisest sure you should be.
I little thought such a deuce of a row
As you are all making, *could be*."

Then Sunday said, "Good Father
Time,

The case is clear as noonday;

For ever since the world was made,
The Lord's day has been Sunday.

"The church—" Here Monday
started up:

"The folks are glad when you
leave 'em;

They all want *me* to give 'em work,
And the pleasures of which you
bereave 'em."

But Tuesday said, "I finish your
chores,

And do them as fine as a fiddle."

And Wednesday, "I am the best of
you all

Because I stand in the middle."

And Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
each

Said things that I can't remember.
And so they might have argued their
case

From March until December.

But Father Tempus cut them short:

"My children, why this pother?

There is no best, there is no worst;

One day's just like another.

"To God's great eye all shine alike
As in their primal beauty.

That day is best whose deeds are best,
That worst that falls in duty.

"Where Justice lights the passing
hours,

Where Love is wise and tender,
There beams the radiance of the skies,

There shines a day of splendor."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MORE POETS YET!

"MORE poets yet!" — I hear him say,
 Aiming his heavy hand to slay; —
 "Despite my skill and 'swashing blow,'
 They seem to sprout where'er I go; —
 I killed a host but yesterday!"

Slash on, O Hercules! You may;
 Your task's at best a Hydra-fray;
 And though you cut, not less will grow
 More poets yet!

Too arrogant! For who shall stay
 The first blind motions of the May?
 Who shall outblot the morning glow,
 Or stem the full heart's overflow?
 Who? There will rise, till time decay,
 More poets yet!

JOHN DRYDEN.

[From "*Absalom and Achitophel*."] And both, to show his judgment in

A CHARACTER.

A MAN so various that he seemed to
 be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the
 wrong;
 Was everything by starts, and nothing
 long;
 But, in the course of one revolving
 moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and
 buffoon:
 Then all for women, painting, rhym-
 ing, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died
 in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour
 employ,
 With something new to wish, or to
 enjoy!
 railing and praising were his usual
 themes;

extremes:
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That every man with him was God or
 Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his pecu-
 liar art;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found
 too late;
 He had his jest, and they had his
 estate.

FROM "*THE COCK AND THE FOX*."

A FOX, full-fraught with seeming
 sanctity,
 That feared an oath, but, like the
 devil, would lie;
 Who looked like Lent, and had the
 holy leer,
 And durst not sin before he said his
 prayer;

This plous cheat, that never sucked
the blood,
Nor chewed the flesh of lambs, —
but when he could;
Had passed three summers in the
neighboring wood:
And musing long, whom next to cir-
cumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy
bent;
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.
The plot contrived, before the break
of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had
made his way;
The pale was next, but proudly with
a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden
ground:
Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he concealed his wily
head;
Then skulked till afternoon, and
watched his time,
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his
crime.

The cock, that of his flesh was ever
free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the
sea:
And so befell, that as he cast his eye
Among the coleworts on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay
full low:
I need not swear he had no list to
crow:
But cried, cock, cock, and gave a sud-
den start,
As sore dismayed and frighted at his
heart.
For birds and beasts, informed by
Nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their
foe.
So Chanticleer, who never saw a
fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the
rocks.
But the false loon, who could not
work his will
By open force, employed his flattering
skill;

I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your
friend?
I were a beast indeed to do you
wrong,
I, who have loved and honored you so
long:
Stay, gentle sir, nor take a false
alarm,
For on my soul I never meant you
harm.
I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
To learn the secrets of your soft re-
cess:
Far be from Reynard so profane a
thought,
But by the sweetness of your voice
was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I
heard
The song as of an angel in the yard;
My lord, your sire familiarly I
knew,
A peer deserving such a son as you:
He, with your lady-mother, (whom
Heaven rest)
Has often graced my house, and been
my guest:
To view his living features does me
good,
For I am your poor neighbor in the
wood;
And in my cottage should be proud
to see
The worthy heir of my friend's
family.
But since I speak of singing, let
me say,
As with an upright heart I safely
may,
That, save yourself, there breathes
not on the ground
One like your father for a silver-
sound. [day,
So sweetly would he wake the winter-
That matrons to the church mistook
their way,
And thought they heard the merry
organ play.
And he to raise his voice with artful
care,
(What will not beaux attempt to
please the fair?)

On tiptoe stood to sing with greater
strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all
the length:
And while he strained his voice to
pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut
his eyes,
That the sound striving through the
narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the
note.

The cock was pleased to hear him
speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar people
are;
Nor could the treason from the truth
descrie,
So was he ravish'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as from a little
elf,
He had a high opinion of himself;
Though sickly, slender, and not large
of limb,
Concluding all the world was made
for him.

This Chanticleer, of whom the
story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd
his wings;
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd
with both his eyes,
Ambitious as he sought the Olympic
prize.
But while he pained himself to raise
his note,
False Reynard rushed, and caught
him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious
load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the
wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief
done,
Of all unheeded, and pursued by
none.

But see how Fortune can confound
the wise,
And when they least expect it, turn
the dice.

The captive cock, who scarce could
draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of
death;
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supplied him with this
happy thought:
Yours is the prize, victorious prince,
said he,
The vicar my defeat, and all the
village see,
Enjoy your friendly fortune while
you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the
prey,
Call back their mongrel curs, and
cease their cry.
See, fools, the shelter of the wood is
nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall
die,
He shall be plucked and eaten to the
bone.
'Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall
be done;
This Reynard said: but as the word
he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from pris-
on broke:
Then stretch'd his feathered fans with
all his might,
And to the neighboring maple winged
his flight.
Whom when the traitor safe on tree
beheld,
He cursed the gods, with shame and
sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his folly, sorrow out of
time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime;
Yet mastering both, the artificer of
lies
Renews the assault, and his last bat-
tery tries.
Though I, said he, did ne'er in
thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his
friend?
The appearance is against me, I con-
fess,
Who seemingly have put you in dis-
tress:

This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
 Though Heaven can witness, with no bad intent [cheer
 I practised it, to make you taste your
 With double pleasure, first prepared by fear.

Descend! so help me Jove! as you shall find
 That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.

Nay, quoth the cock; but I beshrew us both,
 If I believe a saint upon his oath:
 An honest man may take a knave's advice,

But idiots only may be cozened twice:
 Once warned is well bewared. Not
 flattering lies

Shall soothe me more to sing with winking eyes,
 And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
 Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
 When he should see, has he deserved to swim?
 Better, Sir Cock, let all contentions cease,
 Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of peace.
 A peace with all my soul, said Chanticleer;
 But, with your favor, I will treat it here:
 And lest the truce with treason should be mix'd,
 'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt.

JOHN GAY.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child, whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare, who, in a civil way,
 Complied with everything, like Gay,
 Was known by all the bestial train
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;

Her care was never to offend;
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.

She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,

She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles, to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew
 When first the horse appeared in view!
 "Let me," says she, "your back ascend,

And owe my safety to a friend.
 You know my feet betray my flight:
 To friendship every burden's light."

The horse replied, "Poor honest puss,

It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
 Be comforted, relief is near,
 For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implored;
 And thus replied the mighty lord:

"Since every beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend.

To leave you thus might seem unkind;

But, see, the goat is just behind."
 The goat remarked, "Her pulse

was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye:

My back," says he, "may do you harm;

The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complained,
 "His sides a load of wool sustained;
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears;
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

She now the trotting calf addressed;
 To save from death a friend distressed.

"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
 In this important care engage?
 Older and abler passed you by;
 How strong are those! how weak am I!

Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.

Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
 But dearest friends, alas! must part.
 How shall we all lament! Adieu;
 For see, the hounds are just in view."

*THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND
 THE FAIRY.*

"Give me a son." The blessing sent,
 Were ever parents more content?
 How partial are their dotting eyes!
 No child is half so fair and wise.

Waked to the morning's pleasing care,
 The mother rose and sought her heir.
 She saw the nurse like one possessed,
 With wringing hands and sobbing breast.

"Sure, some disaster has befall;
 Speak, nurse, I hope the boy is well."

"Dear madam, think not me to blame;

Invisible the fairy came:
 Your precious babe is hence conveyed,

And in the place a changeling laid.
 Where are the father's mouth and nose?

The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
 See, here, a shocking awkward creature,

That speaks a fool in every feature."

"The woman's blind," the mother cries,

"I see wit sparkle in his eyes."

"Lord, madam, what a squinting leer!

No doubt the fairy hath been here."

Just as she spoke, a prying sprite
 Pops through the keyhole swift as light;

Perched on the cradle's top he stands,
 And thus her folly reprimands:

"Whence sprung the vain, conceited lie,

That we with fools the world supply?

What! give our sprightly race away

For the dull, helpless sons of clay!

Besides, by partial fondness shown,

Like you, we dote upon our own.

When yet was ever found a mother

Who'd give her booby for another?

And should we change with human breed,

Well might we pass for fools indeed."

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE (MILES O'REILLY).

QUAKERDOM,—A FORMAL CALL.

THROUGH her forced, abnormal quiet
 Flashed the soul of frolic riot,
 And a most malicious laughter lighted
 up her downcast eyes;
 All in vain I tried each topic,
 Ranged from polar climes to tropic,
 Every commonplace I started met
 with yes-or-no replies.

For her mother—stiff and stately,
 As if starched and ironed lately—
 Sat erect, with rigid elbows bedded
 thus in curving palms;

There she sat on guard before
 us,

And in words precise, decorous,
 And most calm, reviewed the weather,
 and recited several psalms.

How without abruptly ending
This my visit, and offending
Wealthy neighbors, was the problem
which employed my mental
care;

When the butler, bowing lowly,
Uttered clearly, stiffly, slowly,
"Madam, please, the gardener wants
you," — Heaven, I thought,
has heard my prayer.

"Pardon me!" she grandly uttered;
Bowing low, I gladly muttered,
"Surely, Madam!" and, relieved I
turned to scan the daughter's
face:

Ha! what pent-up mirth outflashes
From beneath those pencilled
lashes!
How the drill of Quaker custom yields
to Nature's brilliant grace.

Brightly springs the prisoned foun-
tain [tain
From the side of Delphi's moun-

When the stone that weighed upon its
buoyant life is thrust aside;
So the long-enforced stagnation
Of the maiden's conversation
Now imparted fivefold brilliance to
its ever-varying tide.

Widely ranging, quickly changing,
Witty, winning, from beginning
Unto end I listened, merely flinging
in a casual word;
Eloquent, and yet how simple!
Hand and eye, and eddying dimple,
Tongue and lip together made a
music seen as well as heard.

When the noonday woods are ring-
ing,
All the birds of summer singing,
Suddenly there falls a silence, and we
know a serpent nigh:
So upon the door a rattle
Stopped our animated tattle,
And the stately mother found us prim
enough to suit her eye.

BRET HARTE.

DOW'S FLAT.

Dow's Flat. That's its name.

And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?

Well, I thought it was true,

For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow, —

Which the same was an ass;

And as to the how

Thet the thing kem to pass, —

Just tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here in the grass.

You see this yer Dow

Hed the worst kind of luck;

He slipped up somehow

On each thing thet he struck.

Why, ef he'd a' straddled that fence-rail the derned thing 'ed get up and
buck.

He mined on the bar
 Till he couldn't pay rates;
 He was smashed by a car
 When he tunnelled with Bates;
 And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;
 But the boys they stood by,
 And they brought him the stuff
 For a house, on the sly;
 And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's
 Was so powerful mean
 That the spring near his house
 Dried right up on the green;
 And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
 And the boys wouldn't stay;
 And the chills got about,
 And his wife fell away;
 But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual ridiculous way.

One day,—it was June,—
 And a year ago, jest,—
 This Dow kem at noon
 To his work like the rest,
 With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
 And he stands on the brink,
 And stops for a spell
 Jest to listen and think:
 For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
 In the gulch were at play,
 And a gownd that was Sal's
 Kinder flapped on a bay:
 Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've hear'd the folks say.

And—that's a peart hoss
 Thet you've got—ain't it now?
 What might be her cost?
 Eh? Oh!—Well then, Dow—
 Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
 Sorter caved in the side,
 And he looked and turned sick,
 Then he trembled and cried:
 For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—Beg your parding,
 young man, there you lied!

It was *gold*, — in the quartz,
 And it ran all alike;
 And I reckon five oughts
 Was the worth of that strike;
 And that house with the coopilow's his'n, — which the same isn't bad for
 a Pike.
 Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
 And the thing of it is
 That he kinder got that
 Through sheer contrairiness:
 For 'twas *water* the derved cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain
 to miss.
 Thet's so. Thar's your way
 To the left of yon tree;
 But — a — look h'yur, say,
 Won't you come up to tea?
 No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask after Dow, — and
 thet's *me*.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTH-
 FUL JAMES.

POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE "HEATHEN
 CHINEE."

WHICH I wish to remark —
 And my language is plain —
 That for ways that are dark
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar:
 Which the same I would rise to
 explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
 And I shall not deny
 In regard to the same
 What that name might imply;
 But his smile it was pensive and
 childlike,
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
 And quite soft was the skies,
 Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise;
 Yet he played it that day upon Wil-
 liam
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
 And Ah Sin took a hand:
 It was euchre. The same
 He did not understand,

But he smiled as he sat by the table,
 With the smile that was childlike
 and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
 In a way that I grieve,
 And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve,
 Which was stuffed full of aces and
 bowers,
 And the same with intent to de-
 ceive.

But the hands that were played
 By that heathen Chinee,
 And the points that he made,
 Were quite frightful to see, —
 Till at last he put down a right
 bower,
 Which the same Nye had dealt
 unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
 And he gazed upon me;
 And he rose with a sigh,
 And said, "Can this be?
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap
 labor," —
 And he went for that heathen
 Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
 I did not take a hand.

But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been
hiding
In the game "he did not under-
stand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four jacks, —
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts.

And we found on his nails which
were taper, — wax.
What is frequent in tapers, — that's

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinees is peculiar, —
Which the same I am free to main-
tain.

JOHN HAY.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful of things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of
thing, —
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along, —
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and
strong,

Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight, —
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and start-
ed, —

I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie,
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-sp'it over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.

At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat, — but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critter's aid, —
I jest flopped down on my marrow-
bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and
prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-
fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at
night.

We locked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And THAR sot Little Breeches and
chirped,

As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of
me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in
that storm;
They jest scooped down and toted
him
To whar it was safe and warm.

And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing round the Throne.

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE
BELLE.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he
lives,

Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me,
Whar have you been for the last
three year

That you have'nt heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his
checks

The night of the Prairie Belle ?

He weren't no saint, — them engi-
neers

Is all pretty much alike, —
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never
lied, —

I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he
had, —

To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took
fire, —

A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mis-
sissip,

And her day come at last. —

The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be
passed.

And so she came tearin' along that
night —

The oldest craft on the line —
With a nigger squat on her safety-
valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin
and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the
bar,

And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and
made

For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but
Jim yelled out,

Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the
burnin' boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussed-
ness,

And knowed he would keep his
word.

And sure's you're born, they all got
off

Afore the smokestacks fell, —
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, — but at jedg-
ment

I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with
him.

He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too
hard

On a man that died for men.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*A FAMILIAR LETTER TO SEVERAL
CORRESPONDENTS.*

YES, write, if you want to, there's
nothing like trying;

Who knows what a treasure your
casket may hold?

I'll show you that rhyming's as easy
as lying

If you'll listen to me while the art
I unfold.

Here's a book full of words: one can
choose as he fancies,

As a painter his tint, as a workman
his tool;

Just think! all the poems and plays
and romances

Were drawn out of this, like the
fish from a pool!

You can wander at will through its
syllabled mazes,

And take all you want, — not a
copper they cost, —

What is there to hinder your picking
out phrases

For an epic as clever as "Paradise
Lost"?

Don't mind if the index of sense is at
zero,

Use words that run smoothly,
whatever they mean;

Leander and Lillian and Lillibullero
Are much the same thing in the

rhyming machine.

There are words so delicious their
sweetness will smother

That boarding-school flavor of which
we're afraid, —

There is "lush" is a good one, and
"swirl" is another, —

Put both in one stanza, its fortune
is made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical
closes

You can cheat us of smiles when
you've nothing to tell;

You hand us a nosegay of milliner's
roses,

And we cry with delight, "O, how
sweet they *do* smell!"

Perhaps you will answer all needful
conditions

For winning the laurels to which
you aspire,

By docking the tails of the two prepo-
sitions

I' the style o' the bards you so
greatly admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are
only too plenty

For ringing the changes on metri-
cal chimes:

A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of
twenty,

Have filled that great basket with
bushels of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture — 'tis far
from irrelevant —

By a famous old hand in the arts
of design;

'Tis only a photographed sketch of
an elephant, —

The name of the draughtsman was
Rembrandt of Rhine.

How easy! no troublesome colors to
lay on,

It can't have fatigued him, — no,
not in the least, —

A dash here and there with a hap-
hazard crayon,

And there stands the wrinkled-
skinned, baggy-limbed beast.

Just so with your verse, — 'tis as easy
as sketching, —

You can reel off a song without
knitting your brow,

As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing
or etching;

It is nothing at all, if you only
know how.

Well; imagine you've printed your
volume of verses;

Your forehead is wreathed with
the garland of fame,
Your poem the eloquent school-boy
rehearses.

Her album the school-girl presents
for your name;

Each morning the post brings you
autograph letters;

You'll answer them promptly, —
an hour isn't much

For the honor of sharing a page with
your betters,

With magistrates, members of Con-
gress, and such.

Of course you're delighted to serve
the committees

That come with requests from the
country all round;

You would grace the occasion with
poems and ditties

When they've got a new school-
house, or poorhouse or pound.

With a hymn for the saints and a
song for the sinners,

You go and are welcome wherever
you please;

You're a privileged guest at all man-
ner of dinners,

You've a seat on the platform
among the grandees.

At length your mere presence be-
comes a sensation,

Your cup of enjoyment is filled to
its brim

With the pleasure Horatian of digit-
monstration,

As the whisper runs round of
"That's he!" or "That's him!"

But remember, O dealer in phrases
sonorous,

So daintily chosen, so tunefully
matched,

Though you soar with the wings of
the cherubim o'er us,

The *ovum* was human from which
you were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny
compulsion

Can summon the spirit that quick-
ens the lyre;

It comes, if at all, like the sibyl's
convulsion

And touches the brain with a finger
of fire.

So perhaps, after all, it's as well to
be quiet,

If you've nothing you think is
worth saying in prose,

As to furnish a meal of their cannibal
diet

To the critics, by publishing, as
you propose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry
I've written, —

I shall see your thin volume some
day on my shelf;

For the rhyming tarantula surely has
bitten,

And music must cure you, so pipe
it yourself.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'm not a chicken: I have seen

Full many a chill September,

And though I was a youngster then,

That gale I well remember;

The day before my kite-string
snapped,

And I, my kite pursuing,

The wind whisked off my palm-leaf
hat, —

For me two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,

When married folks get clashing;

There was a heavy sigh or two,

Before the fire was flashing, —

A little stir among the clouds,

Before they rent asunder, —

A little rocking of the trees,

And then came on the thunder.

Lord! how the ponds and rivers
boiled!

They seemed like bursting craters!

And oaks lay scattered on the ground
As if they were p'taters:

And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter, —
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring through the
lines,
And set them all a flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches:
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept, —
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches, —
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried:
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew
them!
The dews had steeped their faded
threads,
The winds had whistled through
them!
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn
them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have
gone
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to
mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

THOMAS HOOD.

TO MY INFANT SON.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop; first let me kiss away that
tear.)

Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his
ear.)

Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits, feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled
by sin.

(My dear, the child is swallowing a
pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings
the air,—

(The door! the door! he'll tumble
down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!

(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore
afire!)

Thou imp of mirth and joy!

In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents;— (Dra't
the boy!
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fairies, by moon-
light pale,

In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls
his tail!)

Thou human humming-bee, ex-
tracting honey
From every blossom in the world that
blows,

Singing in youth's Elysium ever
sunny,—

(Another tumble! That's his precious
nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that
skipping-rope!)

With pure heart newly stamped from
Nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that ring off with another
shove,)

Dear nursing of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his
plan.)

Touched with the beauteous tints of
dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky
foreseeing.

Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the
stick, —
(I knew so many cakes would make
him sick!)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle-
down,
Prompting the feat grotesque, and
antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He's got the scissors, snipping at
your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe
your nose!)

Balmy and breathing music like the
south,
(He really brings my heart into my
mouth!) [dove;
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

JOHN DAY.

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love
What armor can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For though he changed his horses
there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump,
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
It could not pierce her heart, al-
though
He drove the "Dart" for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin,
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

"O Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half."

Alas! in vain he still assailed,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, though he drank nothing
else,
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk —
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

NUMBER ONE.

It's very hard! — and so it is,
To live in such a row, —
And witness this, that every Miss
But me has got a beau.
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun;
I am sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One!

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four!
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door;
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily, like a dun, —
It's very hard they come so near,
And not to Number One!

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind, —
By sitting at the window-pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done;
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One.

'Tis hard, with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by, —
There's nice young men at Number
Ten,
But only rather shy;
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But, la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One!

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf;
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbor as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale —
The goods had quite a run!
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One!

My mother often sits at work,
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days:
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One!

Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in
And told me not to swoon:
Why can't he come again, without
The Phoenix and the Sun?
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One!

I am not old; I am not plain;
Nor awkward in my gait —
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight:
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun —
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at Number One!

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The Imp they show with bended
bow,
I wish he had a gun!
But if he had he'd never deign
To shoot with Number One!

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row!
And here's a ballad-singer come
To aggravate my woe:
Oh, take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun —
There is "Nae luck about the house,"
I know, at Number One!

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
 A simple marriage vow
 Would make me find all women-kind
 Such unkind women now!
 They need not, sure, as *distant* be
 As Java or Japan,—
 Yet every Miss reminds me this —
 I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass
 voice

To share in each duet;
 So well I danced, I somehow chanced
 To stand in every set:
 They now declare I cannot sing,
 And dance on Bruin's plan;
 Me draw! — me paint! — me any-
 thing! —
 I'm not a single man!

Once I was asked advice, and tasked
 What works to buy or not,
 And "would I read that passage out
 I so admired in Scott?"
 They then could bear to hear one read;
 But if I now began,
 How they would snub, "My pretty
 page," —
 I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
 Another hemmed a frill;
 I had more purses netted then
 Than I could hope to fill.
 I once could get a button on,
 But now I never can —
 My buttons then were Bachelor's —
 I'm not a single man!

Oh, how they hated politics
 Thrust on me by papa:
 But now my chat — they all leave that
 To entertain mamma:
 Mamma, who praises her own self,
 Instead of Jane or Ann,
 And lays "her girls" upon the shelf —
 I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is, the change,
 In parlor and in hall,
 They treat me so, if I but go
 To make a morning call.

If they had hair in papers once,
 Bolt up the stairs they ran;
 They now sit still in dishabille —
 I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
 Of Romans and of Greeks;
 She daily sought my cabinet
 To study my antiques.
 Well, now she doesn't care a dump
 For ancient pot or pan,
 Her taste at once is modernized —
 I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
 And all that sort of thing;
 I go to balls without my wife,
 And never wear a ring:
 And yet each Miss to whom I come,
 As strange as Genghis Khan,
 Knows by some sign I can't divine —
 I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
 I'm left in crowded rooms,
 Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
 Or Hervey at his Tombs.
 From head to heel they make me feel
 Of quite another clan;
 Compelled to own, though left alone,
 I'm not a single man!

Miss Towne the toast, though she can
 boast
 A nose of Roman line,
 Will turn up even that in scorn
 At compliments of mine:
 She should have seen that I have been
 Her sex's partisan,
 And really married all I could —
 I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
 Whilst I rejected stand, —
 Will no one take my arm because
 They cannot have my hand?
 Miss Parry, that for some would go
 A trip to Hindostan,
 With me don't care to mount a stair —
 I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in
 force,
 But, surely, not so much —

There may be hands I may not
squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white,—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright—
I must not say that she *has eyes*,
Or if I so began,
(I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow,
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now;
I must be hashed to death, or
smashed,
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's
chin;
"That hat, I know it!" cried the
joyful girl;
"Summer's it is, I know him by his
knock;
Comers like him are welcome as the
day!
Lizzie! go down and open the street
door;
Busy I am to any one but *him*.
Know him you must—he has been
often here;
Show him upstairs, and tell him I'm
alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down
the stair;
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda
beat,
"Sure he has brought me tickets for
the play—
Drury—or Covent Garden—darling
man!

Kemble will play—or Kean, who
makes the soul
Tremble in Richard or the frenzied
Moor—
Farren, the stay and prop of many a
farce
Barren beside—or Liston, Laugh-
ter's child—
Kelly, the natural, to witness whom
Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—
Cooper, the sensible—and Walter
Knowles
Super, in William Tell, now rightly
told.
Better—perchance, from Andrewa,
brings a box,
Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—
Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!
No card—thank Heaven—engages
me to-night!
Feathers, of course—no turban and
no toque—
Weather's against it, but I'll go in
curls.
Dearly I dote on white—my satin
dress,
Merely one night—it won't be much
the worse—
Cupid—the new ballet I long to
see—
Stupid! why don't she go and ope the
door?"

Glistened her eye as the impatient
girl
Listened, low bending o'er the top-
most stair,
Vainly, alas! she listens and she
bends,
Plainly she hears this question and
reply:
"Axes your pardon, sir, but what
d'ye want?"
"Taxes," says he, "and shall not
call again!"

THE CIGAR.

SOME sigh for this and that,
My wishes don't go far,
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death,
With Whig and Tory jar;
I don't care which is in,
So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,
And so does Mr. Marr;
I don't care how it goes,
So I have my cigar.

Some want a German row,
Some wish a Russian war,
I care not — I'm at peace —
So I have my cigar.

I never see the *Post*,
I seldom read the *Star*,
The *Globe* I scarcely heed,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me that bank stock
Is sunk much under par,
It's all the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

Honors have come to men,
My juniors at the bar,
No matter — I can wait,
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not;
A cab, or glory's car
Are just the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain gods,
But serve the household Lar;
I'm sure to be at home,
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,
A general with a scar;
A private let me be,
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among
The toys of life's bazaar,
The deuce may take them all,
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost
By tempests, like a Tar;
I always seem in port,
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love,
My bosom cannot char;
I smoke, but do not burn,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low
Has married Mr. R——:
The jilt! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms:
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members
quite,
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost
the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray;
I know why you refuse: ^{man}
Though I've no feet — some other
Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; — alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got —
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, — of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town, —
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died —
And they buried Ben in four cross-
roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young
man,
A carpenter by trade,
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked
words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your
head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game ^{of}
her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her:
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said *Gee woe!*

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;"
"The Tender ship," cried Sally
Brown,
What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid
now,
For then I'd follow him;
But, oh! — I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a
place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came
home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing, "All's
Well,"

But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned, and so he
chewed

His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his [berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers,—folks that fish with literary Hooks,—
Who call and take some favorite tome, but never read it through;—
They thus complete their set at home, by making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my "Bacon;"
And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, backward go;
And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me thus a talker;
And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a "Walker."
While studying, o'er the fire, one day, my "Hobbes," amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more than Bramah's patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood elated;
But what is strange my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage;
And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 'twas mine to lose,—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed; my "Taylor," too, must fall;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt"?
I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle" touch?
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle,"—and surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid," nor even use my "Hughes;"
My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks,
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray," there's gray upon my locks;
I'm far from "Young," am growing pale, I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton," I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs divide;
For, oh! they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my "Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left me "Sterne."

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

GALLANTS, attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty;
Strange things I'll tell which late be-
fell

In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance vewing,
First rubbed his eyes, in great sur-
prise,

Then said some mischief 's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the
town,

In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the
news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the
town

Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous
noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

From sleep Sir William starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter?

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels — more 's the pity —
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war;
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar, from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below, swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter;
Why, sure, thought they, the devil's
to pay
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly
made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of
might
Displayed amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boast and brags,
sir.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE ONE WHITE HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one, —
Some in his youth, and more when
he grew old.

I never was among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I,
As much as any king,
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when
youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot
When one pert lady said
"O Landor! I am quite
Bewildered with affright!
I see (sit quiet now) a white hair on
your head!"

Another more benign
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended it was found,
That one, and twirled it round;
Fair as she was she never was so fair!

UNDER THE LINDENS.

UNDER the lindens lately sat
A couple, and no more, in chat;
I wondered what they would be at
Under the lindens

I saw four eyes and four lips meet;
I heard the words, "How sweet!
how sweet!"
Had then the fairies given a treat
Under the lindens?

I pondered long, and could not tell
What dainty pleased them both so
well:
Bees! bees! was it your hydromel
Under the lindens?

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

[From Breitemann about Town.]

CITY EXPERIENCES.

DEY vented to de Opera Haus,
 Und dere dey vound em blayn'.
 Of Offenbach (der open brook),
 His show spiel Belle Hélène.
 "Dere's Offenbach,—Sebastian Bach;
 Mit Kaulbach,—dat makes dree:
 I alvays likes soosh brooks ash dese,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
 Vhich Mishder Astor bilt:
 Some pooks vere only *en brochure*,
 Und some vere pound und gilt.
 "Dat makes de gold — dat makes de sinn,
 Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,
 De pest tressed vellers gilt de most:"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,
 Of frames wort' many a cent,
 De broberty of a shendleman,
 Who oonto Europe vent.
 "Don't gry—he'll soon pe pack
 again
 Mit anoder gallerie:
 He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a
 year,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,
 To see his furnidure,
 Sold oud at audcion rite afay,
 Berembdory und sure.
 "He geeps six houses all at vonce,
 Each veek a sale dere pe;
 Gotts! vat a dime his vife moost
 hafe!" —
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of
 De last sensadion shtyle,
 'Twas 'nough to make der tyfel weep
 To see his "awful shmile."

"Vot bittles dat der Fechter ne'er
 Vas in Theologie.
 Dey'd make him pishop in dis
 shoorsch,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedins next,
 Dey hear dem rant and rail,
 Der bresident vas a forger,
 Shoost bardoned oud of jail.
 He does it oud of cratitood
 To dem who set him vree:
 "Id's Harmonie of Inderesds,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyard vitch,
 A plack-eyed handsome maid,
 She wahrsagt all der vortunes — denn
 "Fife dollars, gents!" she said.
 "Dese vitches are nod of dls eart',
 Und yed are on id, I see
 Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right
 vell,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,
 Der valter coot a dash;
 He garfed a shicken in a vink,
 Und serfed id at a vlash.
 "Dat shap knows vell shoost how to
 coot,
 Und roon mit poulerie,
 He vas copitain oonder Turchin
 vonce,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman's Righds,
 Vere laties all agrees
 De gals should pe de voters,
 Und deir beaux all de votées.
 "For efery man dat nefer vorks,
 Von frau should vranchised pe:
 Dat ish de vay I solf dis ding,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPHEDE.

HERR SCHNITZERL make a philoso-
pede,

Von of de pullyest kind;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none behind.
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
And it vent as sure as ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axle-dree
Mit de vheel between his lecks.

Und ven he vant to shtart id off,
He paddlet mit his feet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat avery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader Shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind;
Hei! how he bassed de vancy crabs,
And lef dem all behind!

De vellars mit de trottin nags
Pooled oop to see him bass;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt:
"Potztausend!- Was ist das?"
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl
flewed

On — mit a gashtly smile;
He tidn't touch de tirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis early pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish hobbiness?
Ve find a pank-node in de shtreedt,
Next dings der pank is preak;
Ve folls, und knocks our outsides in,
Ven ve a ten-shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
On his philosopede;
His feet both shlippped outsideward
shoost
Vhen at his extra shpeed.
He felled oopon der vheel, of course;
De vheel like blitzen flew:
Und Schnitzerl he vas schnitz in
vact,
For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
Id cot so shkared, men say,
It pounded onward till it vent
Ganz teufelwards afay.
But vhere ish now de Schnitzerl's
soul?
Vhere dos his shbirit pldie?
In Himmel troo de entless plue,
Id dakes a medeor ride.

CHARLES LEVER.

WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone!

O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts;
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown

All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

All were courting the Widow Malone,

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare
(How quare!

It's little for blushing they care
Down there),

Put his arm round her waist, —
Gave ten kisses at laste, —
“O,” says he, “you’re my Molly
Malone!

My own!
O,” says he, “you’re my Molly
Malone!”

And the widow they all thought so
shy,

My eye!
Ne’er thought of a simper or sigh, —
For why?

But, “Lucius,” says she,
“Since you’ve now made so free,

You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone.”

There’s a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it’s not very long,
But strong, —

If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they’re all like sweet Mistress
Malone,

Ohone!
For they’re all like sweet Mistress
Malone.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

On the eighth day of March it was,
some people say,
That Saint Patrick at midnight he
first saw the day;

While others declare ’twas the ninth
he was born,

And ’twas all a mistake between mid-
night and morn;

For mistakes *will* occur in a hurry
and shock,

And some blamed the babby—and
some blamed the clock—

’Till with all their cross questions
sure no one could know

If the child was too fast—or the
clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in owld
Ireland, they say,

Was all on account of Saint Patrick’s
birthday,

Some fought for the eighth—for the
ninth more would die,

And who wouldn’t see right, sure
they blacken’d his eye.

At last, both the factions so positive
grew,

That *each* kept a birth-day, so Pat
then had *two*,

’Till Father Mulcahy, who showed
them their sins, ~~and~~
Said, “No one could have two birth-
days, but a *twins*.”

Says he, “Boys, don’t be fighting for
eight or for nine,
Don’t be always dividing—but some-
times combine;

Combine eight with nine, and seven-
teen is the mark,

So let that be his birth-day’—
“Amen,” says the clerk.

“If he wasn’t a twins, sure our
hist’ry will show—

That, at least, he’s worth any two
saints that we know!”

Then they all got blind drunk—which
completed their bliss,

And we keep up the practice from
that day to this.

RORY O’MORE.

YOUNG Rory O’More courted Kath-
leen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft
as the dawn;

He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be easy," sweet Kathleen would cry,

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,

"With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm about,

Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way

You've thrated my heart for this many a day.

And it's plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?

For it's all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,

For I half gave a promise to *soothering* Mike;

The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound:"

"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go:

Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"

"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,

For *dhrames* always go by *conthrairies*, my dear.

Oh! jewel, keep *dhraming* that same till you die,

And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!

And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?

Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,

Sure I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a *baste*,

So I think, after that, I may talk to the *prasts*."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,

So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,

And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,

And he kissed her sweet lips — don't you think he was right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no more,

That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,

For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

WIDOW MACHREE.

WIDOW machree, it's no wonder you frown,

Och hone! widow machree; Faith, it ruins your looks, that same

dirty black gown, Och hone! widow machree.

How altered your air, With that close cap you wear —

'Tis destroying your hair Which would be flowing free:

Be no longer a churl Of its black silken curl,

Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, now the summer is come,

Och hone! widow machree; When everything smiles, should a

beauty look glum? Och hone! widow machree.

See the birds go in pairs, And the rabbits and hares —

Why even the bears Now in couples agree;

And the mute little fish, Though they can't spake, they wish,

Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in,

Och hone! widow machree. To be poking the fire all alone is a

sin,

Och hone! widow machree.
 Sure the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs,
 And the kettle sings songs
 Full of family glee;
 While alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit *you* sup,
 Och hone! widow machree.

And how do you know, with the
 comforts I've towld,

Och hone! widow machree,
 But you're keeping some poor fellow
 out in the cowl'd,

Och hone! widow machree.
 with such sins on your head,
 Sure your peace would be fled,
 Could you sleep in your bed,

Without thinking to see
 Some ghost or some sprite,
 That would wake you each night,
 Crying, "Och hone! widow ma-
 chree."

Then take my advice, darling widow
 machree,

Och hone! widow machree.
 And with my advice, faith I wish
 you'd take me,

Och hone! widow machree.
 You'd have me to desire
 Then to stir up the fire;
 And sure Hope is no liar

In whispering to me,
 That the ghosts would depart,
 When you'd me near your heart,
 Och hone! widow machree.

*FATHER-LAND AND MOTHER-
 TONGUE.*

OUR Father-land! and would'st thou
 know

Why we should call it Father-land?
 It is, that Adam here below,
 Was made of earth by Nature's
 hand;

And he, our father, made of earth,
 Hath peopled earth on ev'ry hand,
 And we, in memory of his birth,
 Do call our country, "Father-
 land."

At first, in Eden's bowers they say,
 No sound of speech had Adam
 caught,
 But whistled like a bird all day —
 And may be, 'twas for want of
 thought:
 But Nature, with resistless laws,
 Made Adam soon surpass the birds,
 She gave him lovely Eve — because
 If he'd a wife — they must *have*
words.

And so, the Native Land I hold,
 By male descent is proudly mine;
 The Language, as the tale hath told,
 Was given in the female line.
 And thus, we see, on either hand,
 We name our blessings whence
 they've sprung,
 We call our country *Father land*,
 We call our language *Mother*
tongue.

FATHER MOLLOY.

PADDY McCABE was dying one
 day,

And Father Molloy he came to con-
 fess him;

Paddy prayed hard he would make
 no delay

But forgive him his sins and make
 haste for to bless him.

"First tell me your sins," says
 Father Molloy,

"For I'm thinking you've not been
 a very good boy."

"Oh," says Paddy, "so late in the
 evenin' I fear

'Twould throuble you such a long
 story to hear,

For you've ten long miles o'er the
 mountain to go,

While the road I've to travel's much
 longer, you know:

So give us your blessin' and get in the
 saddle,

To tell all my sins my poor brain it
 would addle;

And the docthor gave ordhers to
 keep me so quiet —

'Twould disturb me to tell all my
 sins, if I'd thry it,

And your reverence has towld us, unless we tell *all*,
'Tis worse than not makin' confession at all:

So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well, I'll read from a book," says Father Molloy,

"The manifold sins that humanity's heir to;

And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,

You'll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging thereto."

Then the Father began the dark roll of iniquity,

And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,

And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a roar —

"Oh, murder!" says Paddy, "don't read any more,

For, if you keep readin', by all that is thrue,

Your reverence's fist will be soon black and blue;

Besides, to be troubled my conscience begins,

That your reverence should have any hand in *my* sins;

So you'd better suppose I committed them all,

For whether they're great ones, or whether they're small,

Or if they're a dozen, or if they're fourscore,

'Tis your reverence knows how to absolve them, ashore:

So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well," says Father Molloy, "if your sins I forgive,

So you must forgive all your enemies truly;

And promise me also that, if you should live,

You'll leave off your tricks, and begin to live newly,"

"I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,

"Except that big vagabone, Micky Malone;

And him I will murder if ever I can —"

"Tut, tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man;

For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,

You'll ne'er go to Heaven, and that is my sentence."

"Pool!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard case,

With your Reverence and Heaven I'm content to make pace;

But with Heaven and your Reverence I wondher — *Och hone*,

You would think of comparin' that blackguard Malone —

But since I'm hard press'd and that I *must* forgive,

I forgive — if I die — but as sure as I live

That ugly blackguard I will surely desthroy! —

So, *now*, for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[From the *Riglow Papers*.]

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still

Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
And peeked in thru' the window,

An' there sot Huldry all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
With half a cord o' wood in'—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort
died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
'Towards the pootiest, bless her,
And leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in among 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm that granther
Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to cellin',
And she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dog-rose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A I,
Clean grit, an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv
'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells:
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed such a
swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring.
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in
prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked
some!

She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt up, paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him further,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
P'arin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"

"Wal . . . no . . . I come da-
signin'"—

"To see my ma? She's sprinklin'
clo'es

Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a
pin,

An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer
mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt
glued

Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the
door;

I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do, — but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fist in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me into supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jew-
elled load:

And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old
coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he
warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance,
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet! — past a doubt
'T would still be one man bored
within,
And just another bored without.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH).

[From *Lucile*.]

THE STOMACH OF MAN.

O HOUR of all hours, the most bless'd
upon earth,

Bless'd hour of our dinners!
The land of his birth;

The face of his first love; the bills
that he owes;

The twaddle of friends and the venom
of foes;

The sermon he heard when to church
he last went;

The money he borrow'd, the money
he spent; —

All of these things a man, I believe,
may forget,

And not be the worse for forgetting;
but yet

Never, never, oh, never! earth's
luckiest sinner

Hath unpunished forgotten the hour
of his dinner!

Indigestion, that conscience of every
bad stomach,

Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue
him with some ache

Or some pain; and trouble, remorse-
less, his best ease,

As the Furies once troubled the sleep
of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music,
and art;

We may live without conscience, and
live without heart;

We may live without friends; we may
live without books;

But civilized man cannot live without
cooks.

He may live without books,—what is
knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is
hope but deceiving?
He may live without love, what is
passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live
without dining?

[From *Lucile*.]

FEW IN MANY.

THE age is gone o'er
When a man may in all things be all.
We have more
Painters, poets, musicians, and art-
ists, no doubt,
Than the great Cinquecento gave
birth to; but out
Of a million of mere dilettanti, when,
when
Will a new Leonardo arise on our ken?
He is gone with the age which begat
him. Our own
Is too vast, and too complex, for one
man alone
To embody its purpose, and hold it
shut close
In the palm of his hand. There
were giants in those
Irreclaimable days; but in these days
of ours,
In dividing the work we distribute
the powers.
Yet a dwarf on a dead giant's shoul-
ders sees more
Than the 'live giant's eyesight availed
to explore;
And in life's lengthen'd alphabet
what used to be
To our sires X Y Z is to us A B C.
A Vanini is roasted alive for his
pains,
But a Bacon comes after and picks
up his brains.
A Bruno is angrily seized by the
throatle
And hunted about by thy ghost,
Aristotle,
Till a More or Lavater step into his
place:
Then the world turns and makes an
admiring grimace.

Once the men were so great and so
few, they appear,
Through a distant Olympian atmos-
phere,
Like vast Caryatids upholding the
age.
Now the men are so many and small,
disengage
One man from the million to mark
him, next moment
The crowd sweeps him hurriedly out
of your comment;
And since we seek vainly (to praise
in our songs)
'Mid our fellows the size which to
heroes belongs,
We take the whole age for a hero, in
want
Of a better; and still, in its favor,
descant
On the strength and the beauty which,
failing to find
In any one man, we ascribe to man-
kind.

[From *Lucile*.]

THE ERRATIC GENIUS.

WITH irresolute finger he knock'd at
each one
Of the doorways of life, and abided
in none.
His course, by each star that would
cross it, was set,
And whatever he did he was sure to
regret,
That target, discuss'd by the travel-
lers of old,
Which to one appear'd argent, to one
appear'd gold,
To him, ever lingering on Doubt's
dizzy margin,
Appeared in one moment both golden
and argent.
The man who seeks one thing in life,
and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be
done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever
he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which
around him he sows

A harvest of barren regrets. And
the worm
That crawls on in the dust to the
definite term
Of its creeping existence, and sees
nothing more
Than the path it pursues till its
creeping be o'er,
In its limited vision, is happier far
Than the Half-Sage, whose course,
fix'd no friendly star
Is by each star distracted in turn, and
who knows
Each will still be as distant wherever
he goes.

[From *Lucile*.]

A CHARACTER.

THE banker, well known
As wearing the longest philacteried
gown
Of all the rich Pharisees England can
boast of;
A shrewd Puritan Scot, whose sharp
wits made the most of
This world and the next; having
largely invested
Not only where treasure is never mo-
lest
By thieves, moth, or rust; but on this
earthly ball
Where interest was high, and security
small,
Of mankind there was never a theory
yet
Not by some individual instance up-
set:
And so to that sorrowful verse of the
Psalm
Which declares that the wicked ex-
pand like the palm
In a world where the righteous are
stunted and pent,
A cheering exception did Ridley pre-
sent.
Like the worthy of Uz, Heaven pros-
pered his piety.
The leader of every religious society,
Christian knowledge he labored
through life to promote
With personal profit, and knew how
to quote

Both the Stocks and the Scripture,
with equal advantage
To himself and admiring friends, in
this Cant-Age.

[From *Lucile*.]

FAME.

THE poets pour wine; and, when 'tis
new, all decry it;
But, once let it be old, every trifler
must try it.
And Polonius, who praises no wine
that's not Massic,
Complains of my verse, that my verse
is not classic.
And Miss Tilburina, who sings, and
not badly,
My earlier verses, sighs "Common-
place sadly!"

As for you, O Polonius, you vex me
but slightly;
But you, Tilburina, your eyes beam
so brightly
In despite of their languishing looks,
on my word,
That to see you look cross I can
scarcely afford.
Yes! the silliest woman that smiles
on a bard
Better far than Longinus himself can
reward
The appeal to her feelings of which
she approves;
And the critics I most care to please
are the Loves.

Alas, friend! what boots it, a stone
at his head
And a brass on his breast, -- when a
man is once dead?
Ay! were fame the sole guerdon, poor
guerdon were then
Theirs who, stripping life bare, stand
forth models for men.
The reformer's? -- a creed by poster-
ity learnt
A century after its author is burnt!
The poet's? -- a laurel that hides the
bald brow
It hath blighted! The painters? --
ask Raphael now

Which Madonna's authentic! The
statesman's—a name
For parties to blacken, or boys to de-
claim!
The soldier's?—three lines on the
cold Abbey pavement!
Were this all the life of the wise and
the brave meant,
All it ends in, thrice better, Neæra,
it were
Unregarded to sport with thine odor-
ous hair, |shade
Untroubled to lie at thy feet in the
And be loved, while the roses yet
bloom overhead,
Than to sit by the lone hearth, and
think the long thought,
A severe, sad, blind schoolmaster, en-
vied for naught
Save the name of John Milton! For
all men, indeed,
Who in some choice edition may
graciously read, |note,
With fair illustration, and erudite
The song which the poet in bitter-
ness wrote,
Beat the poet, and notably beat him,
in this—
The joy of the genius is theirs, whilst
they miss
The grief of the man: Tasso's song—
not his madness!

Dante's dreams—not his waking to
exile and sadness!
Milton's music—but not Milton's
blindness! . . . Yet rise,
My Milton, and answer, with those
noble eyes
Which the glory of heaven hath
blinded to earth!
Say—the life, in the living it, savors
of worth;
That the deed, in the doing it, reaches
its aim:
That the fact has a value apart from
the fame:
That a deeper delight, in the mere
labor, pays
Scorn of lesser delights, and laborious
days:
And Shakespeare, though all Shake-
speare's writings were lost,
And his genius, though never a trace
of it crossed
Posterity's path, not the less would
have dwelt
In the isle with Miranda, with Hamlet
have felt
All that Hamlet hath uttered, and
haply where, pure
On its death-bed, wronged Love lay,
have moaned with the Moor!

.

CHARLES MACKAY.

TO A FRIEND AFRAID OF CRITICS.

AFRAID of critics! an unworthy
fear:
Great minds must learn their great-
ness and be bold.
Walk on thy way; bring forth thine
own true thought;
Love thy high calling only for itself,
And find in working, recompense for
work,
And Envy's shaft shall whiz at thee
in vain. |just;
Despise not censure;—weigh if it be
And if it be—amend, whate'er the
thoug't

Of him who cast it. Take the wise
man's praise,
And love thyself the more that thou
couldst earn
Meed so exalted; but the blame of
fools,
Let it blow over like an idle whiff
Of poisonous tobacco in the streets,
Invasive of thy unoffending nose:—
Their praise no better, only more per-
fumed.

The critics—let me paint them as
they are.
Some few I know, and love them from
my soul;

Polished, acute, deep read; of inborn
taste
Cultured into a virtue; full of pith
And kindly vigor, having won their
spurs
In the great rivalry of friendly mind,
And generous to others, though un-
known,
Who would, having a thought, let all
men know
The new discovery. But these are
rare;
And if thou find one, take him to
thy heart,
And think his unbought praise both
palm and crown,
A thing worth living for, were nought
beside.
Fear thou no critic, if thou'rt true
thyself;—
And look for fame *now* if the wise
approve,
Or from a wiser jury yet unborn.
The poetaster may be harmed enough,
But criticasters cannot crush a bard.

If to be famous be thy sole intent,
And greatness be a mark beyond thy
reach,
Manage the critics, and thou'lt win
the game;
Invite them to thy board, and give
them feasts,
And foster them with unrelaxing
care;
And they will praise thee in their
partial sheets,
And quite ignore the worth of better
men.
But if thou wilt not court them, let
them go,
And scorn the praise that sells itself
for wine,
Or tacks itself upon success alone,
Hanging like spittle on a rich man's
beard.

One, if thou'rt great, will cite from
thy new book
The tamest passage,—something that
thy soul
Revolts at, now the inspiration's o'er,
And would give all thou hast to blot
from print

And sink into oblivion;—and will
vaunt
The thing as beautiful, transcendent,
rare —
The best thing thou hast done! An-
other friend,
With finer sense, will praise thy
greatest thought,
Yet cavil at it; putting in his "*bits*"
And "*yets*," and little obvious hints,
That though 'tis good, the critic could
have made
A work superior in its every part.

Another, in a pert and savage mood,
Without a reason, will condemn thee
quite,
And strive to quench thee in a para-
graph.
Another, with dishonest waggery,
Will twist, misquote, and utterly per-
vert
Thy thoughts and words; and hug
himself meanwhile
In the delusion, pleasant to his soul,
That thou art crushed, and he a gen-
tleman.

Another, with a specious fair pre-
tence,
Immaculately wise, will skim thy
book,
And, self-sufficient, from his desk
look down
With undisguised contempt on thee
and thine;
And sneer and snarl thee, from his
weekly court,
From an idea, spawn of his conceit,
That the best means to gain a great
renown
For wisdom is to sneer at all the
world,
With strong denial that a good ex-
ists;—
That all is bad, imperfect, feeble,
stale,
Except this critic, who outshines
mankind.

Another, with a foolish zeal, will
prate
Of thy great excellence, and on thy
head

Heap epithet on epithet of praise
 In terms preposterous, that thou wilt
 blush
 To be so smothered with such ful-
 some lies.
 Another, calmer, with laudations
 thin,
 Unsavory and weak, will make it
 seem
 That his good-nature, not thy merit,
 prompts
 The baseless adulation of his pen.
 Another, with a bulldog's bark, will
 bay
 Foul names against thee for some
 fancied slight
 Which thou ne'er dream'dst of, and
 will damn thy work
 For spite against the worker; while
 the next,
 Who thinks thy faith or politics a
 crime,
 Will bray displeasure from his month-
 ly stall,
 And prove thee dunce, that disagre'st
 with him.

And, last of all, some solemn sage,
 whose nod
 Trimestral awes a world of little
 wits,
 Will carefully avoid to name thy
 name,
 Although thy words are in the mouths
 of men,
 And thy ideas in their inmost hearts,
 Moulding events, and fashioning thy
 time
 To nobler efforts. Little matters
 it!
 Whate'er thou art, thy value will ap-
 pear.
 If thou art bad, no praise will buoy
 thee up;
 If thou art good, no censure weigh
 thee down,
 Nor silence nor neglect prevent thy
 fame.
 So fear not thou the critics! Speak
 thy thought;
 And, if thou'rt worthy, in the peo-
 ple's love
 Thy name shall live, while lasts thy
 mother tongue!

AT A CLUB-DINNER.

THE OLD FOGIES.

WE merry three
 Old fogies be;
 The crow's-foot crawls, the wrinkle
 comes,
 Our heads grow bare
 Of the bonnie brown hair,
 Our teeth grow shaky in our gums.
 Gone are the joys that once we knew,
 Over the green, and under the blue,
 Our blood runs calm, as calm can be,
 And we're old fogies — fogies three.

Yet if we be
 Old fogies three
 The life still pulses in our veins;
 And if the heart
 Be dulled in part,
 There's sober wisdom in our brains.
 We may have heard that Hope's a
 knave,
 And Fame a breath beyond the grave.
 But what of that — if wiser grown,
 We make the passing day our own,
 And find true joy where joy can be,
 And live our lives, though fogies
 three?

Ay — though we be
 Old fogies three,
 We're not so dulled as not to dine;
 And not so old
 As to be cold
 To wit, to beauty, and to wine.
 Our hope is less, our memory more;
 Our sunshine brilliant as of yore.
 At four o'clock, 'twixt noon and
 night,
 'Tis warm as morning, and as bright.
 And every age bears blessings free,
 Though we're old fogies — fogies
 three.

THE JOLLY COMPANIONS.

Jolly companions! three times three!
 Let us confess what fools we be!
 We eat more dinner than hunger
 craves,
 We drink our passage to early graves,
 And fill, and swill, till our foreheads
 burst,
 For sake of the wine, and not of the
 thirst.

Jolly companions! three times three,
Let us confess what fools we be!

We toil and moil from morn to night,
Slaves and drudges in health's despite,
Gathering and scraping painful gold
To hold and garner till we're old;
And die, mayhap, in middle prime,
Loveless, joyless, all our time.
Jolly companions! three times three,
Let us confess what fools we be!

Or else we leave our warm fireside,
Friends and comrades, bairns and
bride,

To mingle in the world's affairs,
And vex our souls with public cares;
And have our motives misconstrued,
Reviled, maligned, misunderstood.
Jolly companions! three times three,
Let us confess what fools we be!

HAPPINESS.

I've drunk good wine
From Rhone and Rhine,
And filled the glass
To friend or lass
Mid jest and song,
The gay night long,
And found the bowl
Inspired the soul,
With neither wit nor wisdom richer
Than comes from water in the pitcher.

I've ridden far
In coach and car,
Sped four-in-hand
Across the land;
On gallant steed
Have measured speed,
With the summer wind
That lagged behind;
But found more joy for days to-
gether
In tramping o'er the mountain
heather.

I've dined, long since,
With king and prince,
In solemn state,
Stiff and sedate;

And wished I might
Take sudden flight
And dine alone,
Unseen, unknown,
On a mutton chop and a hot potato,
Reading my Homer, or my Plato.

It comes to this,
The truest bliss
For great or small
Is free to all;
Like the fresh air,
Like flowerets fair,
Like night or day,
Like work or play;
And books that charm or make us
wiser,
Are better comrades than a Kaiser.

THE GREAT CRITICS.

0 WHOM shall we praise?
Let's praise the dead!
In no men's ways
Their heads they raise,
Nor strive for bread
With you or me,—
0 So, do you see?
We'll praise the dead!
Let living men
Dare but to claim
From tongue or pen
Their meed of fame,
We'll cry them down,
0 Spoil their renown,
Deny their sense,
Wit, eloquence,
Poetic fire,
All they desire.
Our say is said,
0 Long live the dead!

BE QUIET, DO!—I'LL CALL MY MOTHER.

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak-tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by but John, my
lover!

He pressed my hand and kissed my cheek;
 Then, warmer growing, kissed the other,
 While I exclaimed, and strove to shriek,
"Be quiet, do! — I'll call my mother!"

He saw my anger was sincere,
 And lovingly began to chide me;
 Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
 He sat him on the grass beside me,
 He feigned such pretty amorous woe,
 Breathed such sweet vows one after other,
 I could but smile, while whispering low,
"Be quiet, do! — I'll call my mother!"

He talked so long, and talked so well,
 And swore he meant not to deceive me;
 I felt more grief than I can tell,
 When with a sigh he rose to leave me.
"O John!" said I; "and must thou go?
 I love thee better than all other;
 There is no need to hurry so,—
I never meant to call my mother."

THE LITTLE MAN.

THERE was a little, very little,
 Quiet little man,
 He wore a little overcoat
 The color of the tan;
 And when his weekly wage was earned
 On Saturday, at night,
 He had but half-a-crown to spare
 To keep his spirits light;

"But that," quoth he, and twirled
 his thumb,
 So blithe he was, and free,
*"Is quite enough for happiness
 For a little man like me."*

And oft this little, very little,
 Happy little man,
 Would talk a little to himself
 About the great world's plan:
*"Though people think me very
 poor,
 I feel I'm very glad,
 And this I'm sure could scarcely be
 If I were very bad.
 Rich knaves who cannot rest o'
 nights,
 At every turn I see,
 While cosy sleep unbidden comes
 To a quiet man like me."*

*"For though I'm little, very little,
 Do whate'er I can,
 Yet every morning when I shave,
 I shave an honest man;
 And every night when I go home,
 My winsome little wife,
 Receives me smiling at the door,
 And loves me more than life:—
 And this is joy that kings them-
 selves,
 If thoughts were spoken free,
 Might give their sceptres to ex-
 change
 With a little man like me."*

*"And I've a little, quite a little,
 Bonnie little child,
 A little maid with golden hair,
 And blue eyes bright and mild;
 She sits and prattles on my knee,
 She's merry as a song,
 She's pleasant as a ray of light,
 She keeps my heart from wrong.
 And so, let kingdoms rise or fall,
 I'll earn my daily fee,
 And think the world is good
 enough
 For a little man like me."*

JAMES MERRICK.

THE CHAMELEON.

Two travellers of conceited cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And, on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed a while, 'mongst other
matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun;
A lizard's body, lean and long;
A fish's head; a serpent's tongue;
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick re-
plies;
"'Tis green—I saw it with these
eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease, the beast I
viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure
ye."

"Green!" cries the other, in a fury:
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my
eyes?"

"'Twere no great loss," the friend
replies;

"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to
blows;

When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referred;
And begged he'd tell them, if he
knew,
Whether the thing was green, or
blue?

"Sirs," cried the umpire, "cease
your potther,
The creature's neither one nor
t'other;

I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light;
I marked it well—'twas black as jet;
You stare! but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it." "Pray, sir,
do;

I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

"And I'll engage that, when you've
seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him
green."

"Well, then, at once, to ease the
doubt,"

Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And, when before your eyes I've set
him,

If you don't find him black, I'll eat
him."

He said; then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo—'twas
white!

Both stared; the man looks wondrous
wise!

"My children," the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a
tongue),

"You all are right, and all are
wrong;

When next you talk of what you
view,

Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

THOMAS MOORE.

[From an Epistle to Samuel Rogers.]

THE MODERN PUFFING SYSTEM.

UNLIKE those feeble gales of praise
Which critics blew in former days,
Our modern puffs are of a kind
That truly, really "raise the wind;"
And since they've fairly set in blowing,

We find them the best *trade-winds*
going.

What storm is on the deep—and more

Is the great power of Puff on shore,
Which jumps to glory's future tenses
Before the present even commences,
And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us,

Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times when the god of song
Drew his own two-horse team along,
Carrying inside a bard or two
Booked for posterity "all through,"
Their luggage, a few close-packed
rhymes

(Like yours, my friend, for after-times)

So slow the pull to Fame's abode
That folks oft slumbered on the road;
And Homer's self sometimes, they say,

Took to his nightcap on the way.
But now, how different is the story
With our new galloping sons of glory,
Who, scorning all such slack and slow time,

Dash to posterity in no time!
Raise but one general blast of puff
To start your author—that's enough:
In vain the critics sit to watch him
Try at the starting-post to catch him;
He's off—the puffers carry it hollow—

The critics, if they please, may follow;

Ere they've laid down their first positions,

He's fairly blown through six editions!

In vain doth Edinburgh dispense
Her blue-and-yellow pestilence
(That plague so awful in my time
To young and touchy sons of rhyme);
The *Quarterly*, at three months' date,

To catch the Unread One comes too late;

And nonsense, littered in a hurry,
Becomes "immortal" spite of Murray.

[From *The Fudge Family in Paris*].

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BIDDY'S LETTERS.

WHAT a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad naughty girl—

Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,

Yet even (as you wittily say) a tee-totum

Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.

But, Lord, such a place! and then, Dolly, my dresses,

My gowns, so divine!—there's no language expresses,

Except just the *two* words "superbe," "magnifique,"

The trimmings of that which I had home last week!

It is called—I forget—à la—something which sounded

I like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm confounded

And bothered, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's

(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame Le Roi's:

What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,

Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,

One's hair and one's cutlets both en
papillote,

And a thousand more things I shall
ne'er have by rote,
I can scarce tell the difference, at
least as to phrase,

Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls
à la braise,—

But, in short, dear, I'm tricked out
quite *à la française*,

With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high
up and poking,

Like things that are put to keep
chimneys from smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless
delights

Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys,
and sights—

This dear busy place, where there's
nothing transacting,

But dressing and dinnering, dancing
and acting?

Last night, at the Beaujon, a place
where—I doubt

If I well can describe—there are
cars, that set out

From a lighted pavillon, high up in
the air,

And rattle you down, Doll—you
hardly know where.

These vehicles, mind me, in which
you go through

This delightfully dangerous journey,
hold *two*.

Some cavalier asks, with humility,
whether

You'll venture down with him—you
smile—'tis a match;

In an instant you're seated, and down
both together

Go thundering, as if you went post
to old Scratch!

Well, it was but last night, as I stood
and remarked

On the looks and odd ways of the
girls who embarked,

The impatience of some for the peril-
ous flight,

The forced giggle of others, 'twixt
pleasure and fright,

That there came up—imagine, dear
Doll, if you can—

A fine, sallow, sublime, sort of Wer-
ter-faced man,

With mustachios that gave (what we
we read of so oft)

The dear Corsair expression, half sav-
age, half soft,

As hyænas in love may be fancied to
look, or

A something between Abelard and
old Blucher!

Up he came, Doll, to me, and uncov-
ering his head,

(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad
English said,

“Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle will be
so very good—

Just for von little course”—though
I scarce understood

What he wished me to do, I said,
thank him, I would.

Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear,
I hardly knew whether

My head or my heels were the up-
permost then,

For 'twas like heaven and earth,
Dolly, coming together,—

Yet, spite of the danger, we dared
it again.

And oh! as I gazed on the features
and air

Of the man who for me all this
peril defied,

I could fancy almost he and I were a
pair

Of unhappy young lovers, who thus,
side by side,

Were taking, instead of rope, pistol,
or dagger, a

Desperate dash down the falls of Ni-
agara!

Well, it *isn't* the king, after all, my
dear creature!

But *don't* you go laugh, now—
there's nothing to quiz in't—

For grandeur of air and for grimness
of feature,

He *might* be a king, Doll, though,
hang him, he *isn't*.

At first I felt hurt, for I wished it, I
own,

If for no other cause than to vex Miss
Malone,—

(The great heiress, you know, of
Shandangan, who's here,
Showing off with *such* airs and a real
Cashmere,
While mine's but a paltry old rabbit-
skin, dear!)
But says Pa, after deeply considering
the thing,
"I am just as well pleased it should
not be the king;

As I think for my Biddy so *gentille*
and *jolie*,
Whose charms may their price in
an *honest* way fetch,
That a Brandenburg — (what is a
Brandenburg, Dolly?) —
Would be, after all, no such very
great catch.

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WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
Mid Berkshire's hills, one winter's
day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward
look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 't were a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master
cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you
pleathe, —
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither,
Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,

With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came, —
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch
upraised,
The thunderer faltered, — "I'm
amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to 't?"
"'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the
lad;
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks —
boo-hoo —
I thought she kird o' wished me to!"

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

SAINT PERAY.

ADDRESSED TO H. T. P.

WHEN to any saint I pray,
It shall be to Saint Peray.
He alone, of all the brood,
Ever did me any good:
Many I have tried that are
Humbly in the calendar.

On the Atlantic faint and sick,
Once I prayed to Saint Dominick:
He was holy, sure, and wise; —
Was't not he that did devise
Auto da Fes and rosaries? —
But for one in my condition
This good saint was no physician.

Next in pleasant Normandie,
I made a prayer to Saint Denis,
In the great cathedral, where
All the ancient kings repose;
But, how I was swindled there
At the "Golden Fleece," — he
knows!

In my wanderings, vague and vari-
ous,
Reaching Naples — as I lay
Watching Vesuvius from the bay,
I besought Saint Januarius.
But I was a fool to try him;
Naught I said could liquefy him;
And I swear he did me wrong,
Keeping me shut up so long
In that pest-house, with obscene
Jews and Greeks and things un-
clean —
What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score —
In Spain about as many more —
And in Rome almost as many
As the loves of Don Giovanni,
Did I pray to — sans reply;
Devil take the tribe! — said I,

Worn with travel, tired and lame,
To Assisi's walls I came:
Sad and full of homesick fancies,
I addressed me to Saint Francis:
But the beggar never did
Any thing as he was bid,
Never gave me aught — but fleas —
Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vaucluse,
Hard by the Rhone, I found a
saint
Gifted with a wondrous juice,
Potent for the worst complaint.
'Twas at Avignon that first —
In the witching time of thirst —
To my brain the knowledge came
Of this blessed Catholic's name;
Forty miles of dust that day
Made me welcome St. Peray.

Though till then I had not heard
Aught about him, ere a third
Of a litre passed my lips,
All saints else were in eclipse.
For his gentle spirit glided
With such magic into mine,
That methought such bliss as I did,
Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection,
Chastened hopes, calm retrospec-
tion,
Softened images of sorrow,
Bright forebodings for the morrow,
Charity for what is past,
Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanac
The name of this good creature lack?
Or wherefore should the breviary
Omit a saint so sage and merry?
The pope himself should grant a day
Especially to Saint Peray.
But since no day hath been appointed
On purpose, by the Lord's anointed,
Let us not wait — we'll do him right;
Send round your bottles, Hal, — and
set your night.

JOHN PIERPONT.

WHITTling.

<p>THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school, Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool, The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby; His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it, Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it; And in the education of the lad No little part that implement hath had. His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings A growing knowledge of material things.</p> <p>Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art, His chestnut whistle and his shingle cart, His elder pop-gun with its hickory rod, Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad, His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone, Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed, His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win, His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin, Or, if his father lives upon the shore, You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"</p>	<p>Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers staunch, And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch. Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven Ere long he'll solve you any problem given; Make any gimcrack, musical or mute, A plough, a couch, an organ, or a flute; Make you a locomotive or a clock, Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock, Or lead forth beauty from a marble block;— Make anything, in short, for sea or shore, From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;— Make it, said I?—Ay, when he undertakes it, He'll make the thing and the machine that makes it.</p> <p>And when the thing is made,—whether it be To move on earth, in air, or on the sea; Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide, Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide; Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring, Whether it be a piston or a spring, Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass, The thing designed shall surely come to pass; For, when his hand's upon it, you may know That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.</p>
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ALEXANDER POPE.

[From the *Dunciad*.]

DULLNESS.

IN eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
 Dullness o'er all possessed her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold and blind,
 She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.
 Still her old empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a goddess, Dullness never dies.

How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry;
 Maggots half-formed in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile Dullness new meanders takes;
 There motley images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill-paired, and similes unlike.
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance:
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
 How Time itself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land,
 Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,

Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
 Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted valleys of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
 All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
 Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene:
 She, tinselled o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fool's-colors gilds them all.

[From *The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. *The Prologue to the Satires*.]

AN AUTHOR'S COMPLAINT.

SHUT, shut the door, good John!
 fatigued, I said,
 Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead,
 The Dog-star rages: nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
 What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge;

No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?

Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
 All fly to Twick'nam, and in humble strain

Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and to my works the cause:

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)

What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?

Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,

If foes, they write, — if friends, they read me dead.

Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!

Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,

And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish and an aching head;

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
 Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
 Obligated by hunger, and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? Why, take it,
 I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,

I want a patron; ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libelled me — "but here's a letter

Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet. — "'Tis a stranger sues,

A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fired that the house reject him, "Sdeath, I'll print it,

And shame the fools — Your interest, sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, sir, if you revise it, and re-touch."

All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a king,) His very minister who spied them first

(Some say his queen) was forced to speak or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool. Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,

Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurled,

Thou standest unshook amid a bursting world.

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain, The creature's at his dirty work again,

Throned in the centre of his thin designs,

Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!

Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite. A fool quite angry is quite innocent, Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose, And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,

And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court:

I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,

Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an eye." —

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see,

All that disgraced my betters, met in me.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,

"Just so immortal Maro held his head:"

And when I die, be sure you let me know

Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown

Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame, I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade, No duty broke, no father disobeyed.

The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life:

To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,

And teach the being you preserved to bear.

[From the Rape of the Lock.]

BELINDA.

AND now, unvelled, the toilet stands displayed,

Each silver vase in mystic order laid. First, robed in white the nymph intent adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;

The inferior priestess, at her altar's
side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of
pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once,
and here
The various offerings of the world
appear;
From each she nicely culls with curi-
ous toil,
And decks the goddess with the glit-
tering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems
unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder
box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled,
and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining
rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-
doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its
arms:
The fair each moment rises in her
charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every
grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of
her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her
eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their dar-
ling care,
These set the head, and those divide
the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others
plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not
her own.

Not with more glories, in the ethe-
real plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled
main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his
beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver
Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths
around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling cross
she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels
adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind dis-
close,
Quick as her eyes and as unfixed as
those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles ex-
tends;
Oft she rejects, but never once of-
fends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers
strike,
And like the sun, they shine on all
alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void
of pride,
Might hide her faults if belles had
faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors
fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget
them all.
This nymph, to the destruction
of mankind,
Nourished two locks which graceful
hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to
deck
With shining ringlets the smooth
ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves
detains
And mighty hearts are held in slen-
der chains.
With hairy springes we the birds be-
tray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny
prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race en-
snare,
And beauty draws us with a single
hair.

[From the Rape of the Lock.]

MERIT BEYOND BEAUTY.

SAY, why are beauties praised and
honored most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain
man's toast?

<p>Why decked with all that land and sea afford, Why angels called, and angel-like adored? Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux, Why bows the side-box from its in- most rows? How vain are all these glories, all our pains, Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains: That men may say, when we the front-box grace, Behold the first in virtue as in face! Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day, Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away; Who would not scorn what house- wife's cares produce, Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?</p>	<p>To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint, Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint. [cay, But since, alas! frail beauty must de- curled or uncured, since locks will turn to gray; Since, painted or not painted, all shall fade, And she who scorns a man must die a maid; What then remains but well our pow- er to use, And keep good-humor still whate'er we lose? And trust me, dear! good-humor can prevail, When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail; Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll; Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">.</p>
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WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty,
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chit-
ty, —

Years, years ago, while all my joys
Were in my fowling-piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at the country ball;
There, when the sounds of flute and
fiddle

Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the mid-
dle,

Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts ro-
mancing:

She was our queen, our rose, our
star;

And then she danced, — O Heaven!
her dancing.

Dark was her hair; her hand was
white;

Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of ar-
rows:

I thought 't was Venus from her
isle,

And wondered where she'd left her
sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,
Of Southey's prose or Words-
worth's sonnets,

Of dangles or of dancing bears,
Of battles or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock, —

To me it mattered not a tittle, —
If those bright lips had quoted
Locke,

I might have thought they mur-
mured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry
 June,
 I loved her with a love eternal;
 I spoke her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them to the Sunday Jour-
 nal.
 My mother laughed; I soon found
 out
 That ancient ladies have no feel-
 ing:
 My father frowned; but how should
 gout
 See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean, —
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
 She had one brother just thirteen,
 Whose color was extremely hectic;
 Her grandmother for many a year
 Had fed the parish with her boun-
 ty;
 Her second cousin was a peer,
 And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,
 And mortgages and great relations,
 And India bonds, and tithes and
 rents,
 O, what are they to love's sensa-
 tions?
 Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering
 locks, —
 Such wealth, such honors, Cupid
 chooses;
 He cares as little for the stocks
 As Baron Rothschild for the
 Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the
 beach,
 Grew lovelier from her pencil's
 shading:
 She botanized; I envied each
 Young blossom in her boudoir
 fading:
 She warbled Handel; it was grand, —
 She made the Catilina jealous:
 She touched the organ; I could
 stand
 For hours and hours to blow the
 bellows.

She kept an album too, at home,
 Well filled with all an album's
 glories, —
 Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
 Patterns for trimmings, Persian
 stories,
 Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
 Fierce odes to famine and to
 slaughter,
 And autographs of Prince Leboo,
 And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped,
 bored;
 Her steps were watched, her dress
 was noted;
 Her poodle-dog was quite adored;
 Her sayings were extremely quoted.
 She laughed, — and every heart was
 glad,
 As if the taxes were abolished;
 She frowned, — and every look was
 sad,
 As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for
 fun, —
 I knew that there was nothing in
 it;
 I was the first, the only one,
 Her heart had thought of for a
 minute.
 I knew it, for she told me so,
 In phrase which was divinely
 moulded;
 She wrote a charming hand, — and
 oh,
 How sweetly all her notes were
 folded!

Our love was most like other loves, —
 A little glow, a little shiver,
 A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
 And "Fly Not Yet" upon the
 river;
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-
 hearted;
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows, — and then we
 parted.

We parted: months and years rolled
by:

We met again four summers after.
Our parting was all sob and sigh,
Our meeting was all mirth and
laughter!

For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;

And she was not the ball-room's
belle,

But only Mrs. — Something — Rogers!

QUINCE.

NEAR a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their
best

To guard from evil, church and
steeple,
There stood — alas, it stands no
more! —

A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord
and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, peers and
peasants;

He won the sympathies of all
By making puns and making pres-
ents.

Though all the parish was at strife,
He kept his counsel and his car-
riage,

And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrunk from Chancery-suits
and marriage.

Sound were his claret and his head,
Warm were his double ale and
feelings;

His partners at the whist-club said
That he was faultless in his deal-
ings.

He went to church but once a week.
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found
him

An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around
him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools
He used to swear were made to
cozen;
All who subscribed to them were
fools —

And he subscribed to half a dozen.
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at the door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer nor fretter;
He rapped his box when things were
bad,

And said: "I cannot make them
better."

And much he loathed the patriot's
snort,

And much he scorned the place-
man's snuffle,
And cut the fiercest quarrels short
With, "Patience, gentlemen, and
shuffle!"

For full ten years his pointer,
Speed,

Had couched beneath his master's
table,

For twice ten years his old white
steed

Had fattened in his master's stable.

Old Quince averred upon his troth
They were the ugliest beasts in
Devon;

And none knew why he fed them
both

With his own hands, six days in
seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or
knock,

Quicker than thought the village
slatterns

Flung down the novel, smoothed the
frock,

And took up Mrs. Glasse or pat-
terns.

Alice was studying baker's bills;
Louisa looked the queen of knit-
ters;

Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Nell by chance was making
fritters.

But all was vain. And while decay
 Came like a tranquil moonlight
 o'er him,
 And found him gouty still and gay,
 With no fair nurse to bless or bore
 him;
 His rugged smile and easy chair,
 His dread of matrimonial lectures,
 His wig, his stick, his powdered hair
 Were themes for very grave con-
 jectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
 Had crazed him with excess of
 knowledge;
 Some heard he had been crossed in
 love
 Before he came away from college;
 Some darkly hinted that His Grace
 Did nothing, great or small, with-
 out him;
 Some whispered, with a solemn face,
 That there was something odd
 about him.

I found him at threescore and ten
 A single man, but bent quite dou-
 ble;
 Sickness was coming on him then
 To take him from a world of trou-
 ble.
 He prosed of sliding down the hill,
 Discovered he grew older daily;
 One frosty day he made his will,
 The next he sent for Dr. Baillie.

And so he lived, and so he died;
 When last I sat beside his pillow,
 He shook my hand: "Ah me!" he
 cried,

"Penelope must wear the willow!
 Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
 While life was flickering in the
 socket,
 And say that when I call again
 I'll bring a license in my pocket.

"I've left my house and grounds to
 Fag—
 I hope his master's shoes will suit
 him!—

And I've bequeathed to you my
 nag,
 To feed him for my sake, or shoot
 him.

The vicar's wife will take old Fox,
 She'll find him an uncommon
 mouser;

And let her husband have my box,
 My Bible and my Assmanshäuser.

"Whether I ought to die or not
 My doctors cannot quite determine;
 It's only clear that I shall rot,
 And be, like Priam, food for ver-
 min.

My debts are paid. But Nature's
 debt

Almost escaped my recollection!
 Tom, we shall meet again; and yet
 I cannot leave you my direction!"

MATTHEW PRIOR.

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of
 prevention,
 Matt, alive and in health, of his
 tombstone took care;
 For delays are unsafe, and his pious
 intention [heir.
 May haply be never fulfilled by his
 Then take Matt's word for it, the
 sculptor is paid,
 That the figure is fine, pray believe
 your own eye;

Yet credit but lightly what more may
 be said,
 For we flatter ourselves, and teach
 marble to lie.

Yet counting so far as to fifty his
 years,

His virtues and vices were as other
 men's are;

High hopes he conceived, and he
 smothered great fears,

In a life party-colored, half pleas-
 ure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;

In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,

Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,

Sets neither his titles nor merits to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,

And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,

So Matt may be killed, and his bones never found;

False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,

So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,

To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;

And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,

He cares not — yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

AN EPITAPH.

INTERRED beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,

The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple just the same.

They walked and ate, good folks:
What then?

Why, then they walked and ate again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seemed just tallied for each other.

Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespassed on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punished nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:

So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse,
Slothful disorder filled his stable,
And sluttish plenty decked her table.
Their beer was strong, their wine was port;

Their meal was large, their grace was short.

They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;

For which they claimed their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never raised themselves a friend.

So never cherished their relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;

Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.

Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of grief or public joy.

When bells were rung and bonfires made

If asked, they ne'er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,

Whoever either died or married.

Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crowned.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor
wise,
They would not learn, nor could
advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led — a kind of — as it were;
Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed,
nor cried,
And so they lived, and so they died.

FROM "THE THIEF AND THE
CORDELIER."

"WHAT frightens you thus, my good
son?" says the priest;
"You murdered, are sorry, and have
been confessed."
"O father! my sorrow will scarce
save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but
that I was taken."

"Pooh, prithee ne'er trouble thy head
with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from
St. Francis;
If the money you promised be brought
to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church
do the rest."

"And what will folks say, if they see
you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my
trade.
Courage, friend, for to-day is your
period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me,
to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" our hero replied in a
fright;
"He that's hanged before noon,
ought to think of to-night."
"Tell your beads," quoth the priest,
"and be fairly trussed up,
For you surely to-night shall in Para-
dise sup."

"Alas!" quoth the 'squire, "howe'er
sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach
to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great
favor and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my
place."

"That I would," quoth the father,
"and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our
duty must suit;
The feast I proposed to you, I cannot
taste,
For this night, by our order, is marked
for a fast."

[From *Alma*.]

RICHARD'S THEORY OF THE MIND.

I SAY, whatever you maintain
Of *Alma* in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye
Her seat of empire is the belly.
From hence she sends out those sup-
plies,
Which make us either stout or
wise:
Your stomach makes the fabric roll
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength designed to ruin Troy;
He dined on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread;
But, by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat and quiet —
Strange product of a cheese-cake
diet!
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water gruel?
But who shall stand his rage or force
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare
Tune the Italian spark's guitar:
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons
fight.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.

COME, listen all unto my song
It is no silly fable;
'Tis all about the mighty cord
They call the Atlantic Cable.

Bold Cyrus Field, he said, says he,
I have a pretty notion
That I can run a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Then all the people laughed, and said,
They'd like to see him do it;
He might get half-seas over, but
He never could get through it:

To carry out his foolish plan
He never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic Cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man,
A fellow of decision:
And heeded not their mocking words,
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
And yet his mind was stable;
He wa'n't the man to break his heart
Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he
cried;

"Three times! — you know the
fable, —

(I'll make it *thirty*," muttered he,
"But I will lay the cable!")

Once more they tried, — hurrah!
hurrah!

What means this great commotion?
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud rang the bells, — for flashing
through

Six hundred leagues of water,
Old Mother England's benison
Salutes her eldest daughter!

O'er all the land the tidings speed,
And soon, in every nation,
They'll hear about the cable with
Profoundest admiration!

Now long live President and Queen;
And long live gallant Cyrus;
And may his courage, faith, and zeal
With emulation fire us;

And may we honor evermore
The manly, bold, and stable;
And tell our sons, to make them
brave,
How Cyrus laid the cable!

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

I LONG have been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to
wed;

But now it is perfectly clear,
I am under a natural ban;
The girls are already assigned, —
And I'm a superfluous man!

Those clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world,
Is twenty to twenty-and-one;
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since wooing and wedding began,
For every connubial score,
They've got a superfluous man!

By twentfies and twentfies they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of a conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To Nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me, —
For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude over-inclined;

It isn't that I am at fault
In morals or manners or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I'm still with the bachelor-clan?
I merely was numbered amiss,—
And I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face;
Indeed, among elegant men
I fancy myself in the van;
But what is the value of that,
When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return;
'Tis idle to quarrel with fate!
For, struggle as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know,—
And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,
With women so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the twenty;
But yet, when the average lot
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be for the best
That I'm a superfluous man!

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "*Nein!*"*

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal
said,
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

* *Nein*, pronounced *nine*, is the German
for "No."

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal
said

To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the Marshal
said

To the lady from over the Rhine:
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shaking
your head,

And always answering, '*Nine?*'"
"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly
said

The lady from over the Rhine.

SONG OF SARATOGA.

"PRAY, what do they do at the
Springs?"

The question is easy to ask;
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a serious task.
And yet, in a bantering way,
As the magpie or mocking-bird
sings,

I'll venture a bit of a song
To tell what they do at the Springs!

Imprints, my darling, they drink
The waters so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavor is none of the best,
And the odor exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
With wholesome medicinal things,
So they drink, and they drink, and
they drink,—

And that's what they do at the
Springs!

Then with appetites keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast or dine
(The latter precisely at three,
The former from seven till nine.)

Ye gods! what a rustle and rush
When the eloquent dinner-bell
rings!

Then they eat, and they eat, and they
eat,—

And that's what they do at the
Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,

Or loll in the shade of the trees :
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is told by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with hands,
Regardless of conjugal rings;
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,
And music is shrieking away;
Terpsichore governs the hour,
And Fashion was never so gay!
An arm round a tapering waist,
How closely and fondly it clings!
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz, —
And that's what they do at the Springs!

In short — as it goes in the world —
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read, and they ride, and they dance;
(With other unspeakable things;) .
They pray, and they play, and they pay, —
And that's what they do at the Springs!

EARLY RISING.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it — as the lucky fellow might —
A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes; bless the man who first invented sleep

(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off,—Early Rising.

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right:
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon the pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks.

Thomson, who sang about the "Sea sons," said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it — lying — in his bed,
At ten o'clock, A. M., — the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake, —
Awake to duty, and awake to truth, —
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,

The hours that leave the slightest
cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or
asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world
awhile

For the soft visions of the gentle
night;

And free, at last, from mortal care or
guile.

To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut
in,

Where, at the worst, we only *dream*
of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker
praise.

I like the lad, who, when his father
thought

To clip his morning nap by hack-
neyed phrase

Of vagrant worm by early songster
caught,

Cried, "Served him right! — it's not
at all surprising;

The worm was punished, sir, for
early rising!"

ABOUT HUSBANDS.

"A man is, in general, better pleased
when he has a good dinner upon his table,
than when his wife speaks Greek." — SAM.
JOHNSON.

JOHNSON was right. I don't agree to
all

The solemn dogmas of the rough
old stager;

But very much approve what one
may call

The minor morals of the "Ursa
Major."

Johnson was right. Although some
men adore

Wisdom in woman, and with learn-
ing cram her,

There isn't one in ten but thinks far
more

Of his own grub than of his
spouse's grammar.

I know it is the greatest shame in life;
But who among them (save, per-
haps, myself)

Returning hungry home, but asks his
wife

What beef — not books — she has
upon the shelf?

Though Greek and Latin be the lady's
boast,

They're little valued by her loving
mate;

The kind of tongue that husbands
relish most

Is modern, boiled, and served upon
a plate.

Or if, as fond ambition may com-
mand,

Some home-made verse the happy
matron show him,

What mortal spouse but from her
dainty hand

Would sooner see a pudding than a
poem?

Young lady, — deep in love with Tom
or Harry, —

'Tis sad to tell you such a tale as
this;

But here's the moral of it: Do not
marry;

Or, marrying, take your lover as
he is, —

A very man, — with something of the
brute

(Unless he prove a sentimental
noddy),

With passions strong and appetite to
boot,

A thirsty soul within a hungry
body.

A very man, — not one of nature's
clods, —

With human failings, whether saint
or sinner;

Endowed, perhaps, with genius from
the gods,

But apt to take his temper from his
dinner.

RAILROAD RHYME.

SINGING through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges;
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges;
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale, —
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations"
 In the eye of fame,
 Here are very quickly
 Coming to the same;
 High and lowly people,
 Birds of every feather,
 On a common level,
 Travelling together.

Gentleman in shorts,
 Looming very tall;
 Gentleman in large
 Talking very small;
 Gentleman in tights,
 With a loose-ish mien;
 Gentleman in gray,
 Looking rather green;

Gentleman quite old,
 Asking for the news;
 Gentleman in black,
 In a fit of blues;
 Gentleman in claret,
 Sober as a vicar;
 Gentleman in tweed,
 Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right
 Looking very sunny,
 Obviously reading
 Something rather funny.
 Now the smiles are thicker, —
 Wonder what they mean!
 Faith, he's got the Knicker-
 Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left
 Closing up his peepers;
 Now he snores amain,
 Like the Seven Sleepers;
 At his feet a volume
 Gives the explanation,
 How the man grew stupid
 From "Association."

Ancient maiden lady
 Anxiously remarks,
 That there must be peril
 'Mong so many sparks;
 Roguish-looking fellow,
 Turning to the stranger,
 Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
 Sitting *vis-à-vis*;
 Baby keeps a-squalling,
 Woman looks at me;
 Asks about the distance,
 Says it's tiresome talking,
 Noises of the cars
 Are so very shocking!

Market-woman, careful
 Of the precious casket,
 Knowing eggs are eggs,
 Tightly holds her basket,
 Feeling that a smash,
 If it came, would surely
 Send her eggs to pot,
 Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges;
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges;
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale, —
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the rail!

THE FAMILY MAN.

I ONCE was a jolly young beau,
 And knew how to pick up a fan,
 But I've done with all that, you must
 know,
 For now I'm a family man!

When a partner I ventured to take,
 The ladies all favored the plan;
 They owned I was certain to make
 "Such an excellent family man!"

If I travel by land or by water,
 I have charge of some Susan or
 Ann;

Mrs. Brown is so sure that her daughter
Is safe with a family man!

The trunks and the bandboxes round
 'em
With something like horror I scan,
But though I may mutter "Confound
 'em!"

I smile — like a family man!

I once was as gay as a templar,
But levity's now under ban;

Young people must have an exemplar,
And I am a family man!

The club-men I meet in the city
All treat me as well as they can,
And only exclaim, "What a pity
Poor Tom is a family man!"

I own I am getting quite pensive;
Ten children, from David to Dan,
Is a family rather extensive;
But then — I'm a family man!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE MISTAKE.

He saw in sight of his house,
At dusk, as stories tell,
A woman picking mulberries,
And he liked her looks right well.

He struggled out of his chair,
And began to beckon and call;
But she went on picking mulberries,
Nor looked at him at all.

"If Famine should follow you,
He would find the harvest in;
You think yourself and your mulber-
ries

Too good for a mandarin.

I have yellow gold in my sleeve."
But she answered, sharp and bold,
"Be off! Let me pick my mulberries,
I am bought with no man's gold."

She scratched his face with her nails,
Till he turned and fled for life,
For the lady picking mulberries
Was his true and virtuous wife!

TOO OLD FOR KISSES.

My uncle Philip, hale old man,
Has children by the dozen;
Tom, Ned, and Jack, and Kate and
Ann —
How many call me "Cousin?"

Good boys and girls, the best was
Bess,

I bore her on my shoulder;
A little bud of loveliness
That never should grow older!
Her eyes had such a pleading way,
They seemed to say, "Don't strike
me."

Then, growing bold another day,
"I mean to make you like me."

I liked my cousin, early, late,
Who liked not little misses:
She used to meet me at the gate,
Just old enough for kisses!

This was, I think, three years ago,
Before I went to college:

I learned but one thing — how to
row,

A healthy sort of knowledge.
When I was plucked, (we won the
race.)

And all was at an end there,
I thought of Uncle Philip's place,
And every country friend there.

My cousin met me at the gate,
She looked five, ten years older,
A tall young woman, still, sedate,
With manners coyer, colder.

She gave her hand with stately
pride.

"Why, what a greeting this is!
You used to kiss me." She replied,
"I am too old for kisses."

I loved — I loved my Cousin Bess,
 She's always in my mind now;
 A full-blown bud of loveliness,
 The rose of womankind now!
 She must have suitors; old and young
 Must bow their heads before her;
 Vows must be made, and songs be sung
 By many a mad adorer.
 But I must win her: she must give
 To me her youth and beauty;
 And I — to love her while I live
 Will be my happy duty.
 For she will love me soon or late,
 And be my bliss of blisses,
 Will come to meet me at the gate,
 Nor be too old for kisses!

THE MARRIAGE KNOT.

I KNOW a bright and beauteous May,
 Who knows I love her well;
 But if she loves, or will some day,
 I cannot make her tell.
 She sings the songs I write for her,
 Of tender hearts betrayed;
 But not the one that I prefer,
 About a country maid.
 The hour when I its burden hear
 Will never be forgot:
 "O stay not long, but come, my dear,
 And knit our marriage knot!"

It is about a country maid —
 I see her in my mind;
 She is not of her love afraid,
 And cannot be unkind.

She knits, and sings with many a
 sigh,
 And, as her needles glide,
 She wishes, and she wonders why
 He is not at her side.
 "He promised he would meet me
 here,
 Upon this very spot:
 O stay not long, but come, my dear,
 And knit our marriage knot!"

My lady will not sing the song;
 "Why not?" I say. And she,
 Tossing her head, "It is too long."
 And I, "Too short, may be."
 She has her little wilful ways,
 But I persist, and then,
 "It is not maidenly," she says,
 "For maids to sigh for men."
 "But men must sigh for maids, I
 fear,

I know it is my lot,
 Until you whisper, 'Come, my dear,
 And knit our marriage knot!'"

Why is my little one so coy?
 Why does she use me so?
 I am no fond and foolish boy
 To lightly come and go.
 A man who loves, I know my heart,
 And will know hers ere long,
 For, certes, I will not depart
 Until she sings my song.
 She learned it all, as you shall hear,
 No word has she forgot.
 "Begin, my dearest." "Come, my
 dear,
 And knit our marriage knot!"

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM "VERSES ON HIS OWN
 DEATH."

SOME great misfortune to portend
 No enemy can match a friend.
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess —
 When daily how-d'y'es come of
 course,
 And servants answer: "Worse and
 worse!" —

Would please them better than to tell,
 That, God be praised! the dean is well.
 Then he, who prophesied the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest:
 "You know I always feared the worst,
 And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather choose that I should die,
 Than his prediction prove a lie.
 Not one foretells I shall recover,
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbor feel a
 pain
 Just in the parts where I complain,
 How many a message would he send?
 What hearty prayers that I should
 mend!
 Inquire what regimen I kept?
 What gave me ease, and how I slept?
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the snivellers round my bed.
 My good companions, never fear;
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast.
 They must be verified at last.
 Behold the fatal day arrive!
 How is the dean? he's just alive.
 Now the departing prayer is read;
 He hardly breathes. The dean is
 dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town has
 run;
 "Oh! may we all for death pre-
 pare!
 What has he left? and who's the
 heir?"
 I know no more than what the
 news is;
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.
 "To public uses! there's a whim!
 What had the public done for him?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
 He gave it all — but first he died.
 And had the dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor rela-
 tion?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
 For which no rhyme our language
 yields,

Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its
 name is —

The New Street of the Little Fields;
 And there's an inn, not rich and
 splendid,

But still in comfortable case —
 The which in youth I oft attended,
 To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —
 A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
 Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
 That Greenwich never could outdo;
 Green herbs, red peppers, muscles,
 saffern,

Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and
 dace;

All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 't is;
 And true philosophers, methinks,
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
 Should love good victuals and good
 drinks.

And Cordelier or Benedictine
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
 Which served him up a Bouilla-
 baisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?

Yes, here the lamp is as before;
 The smiling, red-cheeked *écailière* is
 Still opening oysters at the door.
 Is Terré still alive and able?

I recollect his droll grimace;
 He'd come and smile before your
 table,

And hoped you liked your Bouilla-
 baisse.

We enter; nothing's changed or older.

"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter,
 pray?"

The waiter stares and shrugs his
 shoulder; —

"Monsieur is dead this many a
 day."

"It is the lot of saint and sinner.

So honest Terré's run his race!"

"What will Monsieur require for din-
 ner?"

"Say, do you still cook Bouilla-
 baisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;

"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"

"Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir;

The Chambertin with yellow seal."

"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in My old accustomed corner-place;

"He's done with feasting and with drinking,

With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is —

The table still is in the nook;

Ah! vanished many a busy year is,

This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, *Cara Luoghi*,

I'd scarce a beard upon my face,

And now a grizzled grim old foggy,

I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty

Of early days, here met to dine?

Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty,

I'll pledge them in the good old wine.

The kind old voices and old faces

My memory can quick retrace;

Around the board they take their places,

And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;

There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;

There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;

There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;

On James's head the grass is growing;

Good Lord! the world has wagged

apace

Since here we set the claret flowing,

And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!

I mind me of a time that's gone,

When here I'd sit as now I'm sitting,

In this same place — but not alone.

A fair young form was nestled near me,

A dear, dear face looked fondly up, And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.

— There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.

Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;

Fill up the lonely glass and drain it

In memory of dear old times.

Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;

And sit you down and say your grace

With thankful heart whate'er the meal is.

Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte

Such as words could never utter;

Would you know how first he met her?

She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,

And a moral man was Werther,

And for all the wealth of Indies

Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,

And his passion boiled and bubbled,

Till he blew his silly brains out.

And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte having seen his body

Borne before her on a shutter,

Like a well-conducted person,

Went on cutting bread and butter.

LITTLE BILLEE.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol City

Who took a boat and went to sea,

But first with beef and captain's biscuits,

And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack, and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now when they'd got as far as the Equator,
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!

There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"O Billy! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."

When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mother taught to me."

"Make haste! make haste!" says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snicker-snee.

Billee went up to the main-top-gallant mast,

And down he fell on his bended knee,

He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment

When up he jumps — "There's land I see!"

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee,
There's the British flag a riding at anchor,

With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,

He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee

But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a Seventy-three.

HESTER L. THRALE (PIOZZI).

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,

The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round and all were gay,

On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,

And, looking grave, "You must," says he,

"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."

"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless husband cried;

"Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard!

Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,

His reasons could not well be stronger;

So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—

"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more [hour;
Shall Death disturb your mirthful
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,

Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,

How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing muse shall tell:
He chattered then, he bought and sold,

Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,

Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,

While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old time, whose haste no mortal spares,

Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,

The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.

"So soon, d'ye call it!" Death replies;

"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!

Since I was here before
'T is six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;

"To spare the aged would be kind;
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority,—is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.

Beside, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best

I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:

I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farms and stable:

Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!

I have been lame these four years past!"

"And no great wonder," Death replies:

"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends

For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,

But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, 't is true;

But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern
rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings:
If you are lame and deaf and blind,
You've had your three sufficient
warnings;

So come along, no more we'll part."
He said, and touched him with his
dart.
And now, old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate,—so ends my
tale.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog.—Come here, you
scamp!

Jump for the gentleman,—mind your
eye!

Over the table, — look out for the
lamp!

The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through
wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights
were cold,

And eat and drank—and starved—
together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell
you!

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!

The paw he holds up there's been
frozen),

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for
strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from
the griddle,

And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir. — I never drink;

Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —
Aren't we, Roger? — See him wink! —

Well, something hot, then — we
won't quarrel.

He's thirsty, too, — see him nod his
head?

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't
talk!

He understands every word that's
said,

And he knows good milk from
water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,

I've been so sadly given to grog,

I wonder I've not lost the respect

(Here's to you, sir!) even of my
dog.

But he sticks by, through thick and
thin;

And this old coat, with its empty
pockets,

And rags that smell of tobacco and
gin.

He'll follow while he has eyes in
his sockets.

There isn't another creature living

Would do it, and prove, through
every disaster,

So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless
master!

No, sir! — see him wag his tail and
grin!

By George! it makes my old eyes
water!

That is, there's something in this gin

That chokes a fellow. But no
matter!

We'll have some music, if you're
willing,

And Roger (hem! what a plague a
cough is, sir!)

Shall march a little — Start, you
villain!

Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your
officer!

'Bout face! Attention! Take your
rifle!

(Some dogs have arms, you see!)

Now hold your
Cap while the gentleman gives a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the
rebel shakes

When he stands up to hear his
sentence.

Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps, —that's five; he's mighty
knowing!

The night's before us, fill the
glasses!

Quick, sir! I'm ill, — my brain is
going! —

Some brandy, —thank you, —there!
it passes!

Why not reform? That's easy said;
But I've gone through such

wretched treatment, [bread,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of
And scarce remembering what meat
meant,

That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad
with thinking,

I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune,
friends,

A dear girl's love, — but I took to
drink; —

The same old story; you know
how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic
features, —

You needn't laugh, sir; they were
not then

Such a burning libel on God's
creatures:

I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen HER, so fair and
young,

Whose head was happy on this
breast! [sung

If you could have heard the songs I
When the wine went round, you

wouldn't have guessed

That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door with fiddle and

dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since, — a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her that we should

part, —

Better the soberest, prosiest life,
Than a blasted home and a broken
heart.

I have seen her? Once: I was weak
and spent

On the dusty road: a carriage
stopped:

But little she dreamed, as on she
went,

Who kissed the coin that her fin-
gers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm
sorry; [change

It makes me wild to think of the
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!

'Twas well she died before — Do
you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here
below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will
start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish,
leadен,

Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would

weep, if he could,

No doubt, remembering things that
were,

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of
food, [cur.

And himself a sober, respectable

I'm better now; that glass was warm-
ing.

You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing

For supper and bed, or starve in
the street.

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodg-
ings are free,

And the sleepers need neither victuals
nor drink;

The sooner, the better for Roger
and me!

DARIUS GREEN.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
 Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
 Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
 With flapping arms from stake or stump,

Or, spreading the tail
 Of his coat for a sail,
 Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
 And wonder why
He couldn't fly,
 And flap and flutter and wish and try —

If ever you knew a country dunce
 Who didn't try that as often as once,
 All I can say is, that's a sign
 He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
 The son of a farmer, — age fourteen:
 His body was long and lank and lean, —

Just right for flying, as will be seen;
 He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
 And a freckled nose that grew between,

A little awry, — for I must mention
 That he had riveted his attention
 Upon his wonderful invention,
 Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings

And working his face as he worked the wings,
 And with every turn of gimlet and screw

Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
 Till his nose seemed bent
 To catch the scent,

Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
 And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes

Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
 That made him look very droll in the face,
 And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more

Than ever a genius did before,
 Excepting Dædalus of yore
 And his son Icarus, who wore

Upon their backs
 Those wings of wax
 He had read of in the old almanacs.
 Darius was clearly of the opinion
 That the air was also man's dominion,
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,

We soon or late
 Should navigate
 The azure as now we sail the sea.
 The thing looks simple enough to me;
 And if you doubt it,
 Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

"The birds can fly,
 An' why can't I?
 Must we give in,"
 Says he with a grin,
 "'T the bluebird an' phoebe
 Are smarter'n we be?
 Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us
 holler?"

Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,
 No bigger'n my thumb, know more
 than men?

Jest show me that!
 Er prove 't the cat
 Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
 An' I'll back down, an' not till
 then!"

He argued further: "Ner I can't see
 What's th' use of wings to a bumble-
 bee,
 Fer to get a livin' with, more'n to
 me; —

Ain't my business
 Importanter'n his'n is?

"That Icarus
 Was a silly cuss, —
 Him an' his daddy Dædalus.
 They might 'a' knowed wings made
 o' wax

Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hand
 whacks.

I'll make mine o' luther,
 Er suthin er other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:

"But I ain't goin' to show my hand

To nummies that never can under-stand

The fust idee that's big an' grand.

They'd 'a'laft an' made fun
O' Creation itself afore 't was done!"
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread

And wax and hammer and buckles
and screws,

And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!

A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;

And a big strong box,
In which he locks

These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke

And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk

Around the corner to see him work,—
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,

And boring the holes with a comical quirk

Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.

But vainly they mounted each other's backs,

And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;

With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks

He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;

And a bucket of water, which one would think

He had brought up into the loft to drink

When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh,

For Darius was sly!

And whenever at work he happened to spy

At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let a dipper of water fly.

"Take that! an' ef ever ye git a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"

And he sings as he locks

His big strong box:—

SONG.

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim.

An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,

An' ef yeou'll be

Advised by me,

Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So day after day

He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,

Till at last 'twas done,—

The greatest invention under the sun!

"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,

And the weather was dry,

And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,

Half mist, half air,

Like foam on the ocean went floating by:

Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen

For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I shan't go

Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!

An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,

I'll hev full swing

Fer to try the thing,

An' practyse a leetle on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says Brother Nate. "No; botheration!

I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"

Said Jotham, "Sho!
 Guess ye better go,"
 But Darius said, "No!
 Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see
 me, though,
 'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
 O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my
 head."

For all the while to himself he said:—
 "I tell ye what!

I'll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've
 got

The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
 I'll astonish the nation,
 An' all creation,

By flyin' over the celebration!
 Over their heads I'll sail like an
 eagle;

I'll balance myself on my wings like
 a sea-gull;

I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan'
 on the steeple;

I'll flop up to winders an' scare the
 people!

I'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an'
 crow;

An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools
 below,

'What world's this 'ere
 That I've come so near?'

Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap
 f'm the moon;

An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bal-
 loon!"

He crept from his bed;
 And, seeing the others were gone, he
 said,

"I'm a-gittin' over the cold'n my
 head."

And away he sped,
 To open the wonderful box in the
 shed.

His brothers had walked but a little
 way

When Jotham to Nathan chanced to
 say,

"What on airth is he up to, hey?"

"Don'o'—the's suthin' er other to
 pay,

Er he wouldn't 'a'stayed to hum to-
 day."

Says Burke, "His toothache's all'n
 his eye!

He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
 Ef he hedn't got some machine to
 try."

Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By
 darn!

Le's hurry back an' hide'n the barn,
 An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"

"Agreed!" Through the orchard
 they creep back,

Along by the fences, behind the
 stack,

And one by one, through a hole in
 the wall,

In under the dusty barn they crawl,
 Dressed in their Sunday garments
 all;

And a very astonishing sight was
 that,

When each in his cobwebbed coat
 and hat

Came up through the floor like an
 ancient rat.

And there they hid;

And Reuben slid

The fastenings back, and the door
 undid.

"Keep dark! said he,

"While I squint an' see what the' is
 to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,—
 From head to foot

An iron suit,

Iron jacket and iron boot,
 Iron breeches, and on the head

No hat, but an iron pot instead,
 And under the chin the ball,—

I believe they called the thing a **helm**:
 And the lid they carried they called

a shield;

And, thus accoutred, they took the
 field,

Sallying forth to overwhelm
 The dragons and pagans that plagued
 the realm:—

So this modern knight

Prepared for fight,

Put on his wings and strapped them
 tight;

Jointed and jaunty, strong and
 light:

Buckled them fast to shoulder and
hip,—

Ten feet they measured from tip to
tip!

And a helm had he, but that he wore
Not on his head like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,

"He's up in the shed!

He's opened the winder, — I see his
head!

He stretches it out,

An' pokes it about,

Lookin' to see if the coast is clear,

An' nobody near; —

Guess he don't o' who's hid in here!

He's riggin' a spring-board over the
sill!

Stop laffin' Solomon! Burke, keep
still!

He's a climbin' out now. Of all the
things!

Wat's he got on? I van, it's wings!

And that 'tother thing? I vum, it's
a tail!

An' there he sets like a hawk on a
rail!

Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to
try its strength.

Now he stretches his wings, like a
monstrous bat;

Peeks over his shoulder, this way an'
that,

Fer to see 'f the's any one passin' by;
But the's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin
nigh.

They turn up at him a wonderin'
eye,

To see — The dragon? he's goin' to
fly!

Away he goes! Jimminy! what a
jump!

Flop — flop — an' plump

To the ground with a thump!

Flutt'rin' an' ffound'rin, all'n a
lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's
spear

Heels over head, to his proper
sphere,

Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barn-yard he
came down,

In a wonderful whirl of tangled
strings,

Broken braces and broken springs,

Broken tail and broken wings,

Shooting stars, and various things.

Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by
half.

Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling
laugh?

'Tis a merry roar

From the old barn-door,

And he hears the voice of Jotham
crying,

"Say, D'rius! how de yeou like
flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that
way,

As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose
with his cuff.

"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"

He said; "but the' ain't such a
thunderin' sight

O' fun in't when ye come to light."

MORAL.

I have just room for the moral here;
And this is the moral: Stick to your
sphere.

Or if you insist, as you have the
right,

On spreading your wings for a loftier
flight,

The meral is, — Take care how you
light.

JOHN WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and
down,
And offered twelve for eighteen-
pence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous
cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with
cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer
heard;
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad
black beard,
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck
beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence
he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers,
said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I
suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave*;
It certainly will be a monstrous
prize."

So home the clown, with his good
fortune, went,
Smiling in heart and soul, content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears
and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain
to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest
he tried—

All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge
sighed,
I wish my eighteen-pence within
my purse."

Hodge sought the fellow—found
him—and begun:

"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to
you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of
their lives:
You rascal! for an hour have I been
grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a
scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives.
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man,
"I'm not a knave:

As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought

That they would *shave*."
"Not think they'd *shave*!" quoth
Hodge, with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an
Indian yell;

"What were they made for then, you
dog?" he cries;

"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a
smile,—"TO SELL"

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACK of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin
Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone,
wood,
And in a curled white wig looked
wondrous fine,

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues
to travel,

With something in their shoes much
worse than gravel:

In short, their toes so gentle to
amuse,

The priest had ordered peas into
their shoes:

A nostrum famous in old popish
times

For purifying souls deep sunk in
crimes:

A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers
exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed,
I wot:

One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he had been
shot.

One saw the Virgin, soon — *peccavi*
cried —

Had his soul whitewashed all so
clever;

When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live
for ever.

In coming back, however, let me
say,
He met his brother rogue about half-
way —

Hobbling with outstretched hands
and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the
peas:

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and
brows in sweat,

Deep sympathizing with his groaning
feet.

“How now!” the light-toed white-
washed pilgrim broke,

“You lazy lubber!”

“You see it!” cried the other, “’tis
no joke;

My feet once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

“But, brother sinner, do explain

How ’tis that you are not in pain —

What power hath work’d a wonder
for your toes —

Whilst I, just like a snail, am
crawling

Now groaning, now on saints
devoutly bawling,

Whilst not a rascal comes to ease *my*
woes?

“How is’t that you can like a grey-
hound go,

Merry as if nought had happened,
burn ye?”

“Why,” cried the other, grinning,
“you must know,

That just before I ventured on my
journey,

To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas!”

ANONYMOUS.

THE EGGS AND THE HORSES.

A MATRIMONIAL EPIC.

JOHN DOBBINS was so captivated
By Mary Trueman’s fortune, face,
and cap,

(With near two thousand pounds
the hook was baited),

That in he popped to matrimony’s
trap.

One small ingredient towards happi-
ness,

It seems ne’er occupied a single
thought;

For his accomplished bride
Appearing well supplied
With the three charms of riches,
beauty, dress,

He did not, as he ought,

Think of aught else; so no in-
quiry made he

As to the temper of his lady.

And here was certainly a great omis-
sion;

Noneshould accept of Hymen’s gentle
fetter,

“For worse or better,” [tion,
Whatever be their prospect or condi-

Without acquaintance with each
other's nature;
For many a mild and quiet crea-
ture

Of charming disposition,
Alas! by thoughtless marriage has
destroyed it.

So take advice; let girls dress e'er so
tastily,

Don't enter into wedlock hastily
Unless you can't avoid it.

Week followed week, and it must
be confest,

The bridegroom and the bride had
both been blest;

Month after month had languidly
transpired,

Both parties became tired:
Year after year dragged on;
Their happiness was gone.

Ah! foolish pair!

"Bear and forbear"

Should be the rule for married folks
to take.

But blind mankind (poor discon-
tented elves)!

Too often make

The misery of themselves.

At length the husband said, "This
will not do!

Mary, I never will be ruled by you;
So, wife, d' ye see?

To live together as we can't agree,
Suppose we part!"

With woman's pride,

Mary replied,

"With all my heart!"

John Dobbins then to Mary's father
goes,

And gives the list of his imagined
woes.

"Dear son-in-law!" the father said,
"I see

All is quite true that you've been
telling me;

Yet there in marriage is such strange
fatality,

That when as much of life
You shall have seen

As it has been
My lot to see, I think you'll own your
wife

As good or better than the generality.

An interest in your case I really
take,

And therefore gladly this agreement
make:

An hundred eggs within the basket
lie,

With which your luck, to-morrow,
you shall try;

Also my five best horses, with my
cart;

And from the farm at dawn you shall
depart.

All round the country go,

And be particular, I beg;

Where husbands rule, a horse be-
stow,

But where the wives, an egg.

And if the horses go before the
eggs,

I'll ease you of your wife, — I will, —
I' fegs!"

Away the married man departed

Brisk and light-hearted:

Not doubting that, of course,

The first five houses each would take
a horse.

At the first house he knocked,

He felt a little shocked

To hear a female voice, with angry
roar,

Scream out, — "Hullo!

Who's there below?

Why, husband, are you deaf? go to
the door,

See who it is, I beg."

Our poor friend John

Trudged quickly on,

But first laid at the door an egg.

I will not all his journey through
The discontented traveller pursue;

Suffice it here to say

That when his first day's task was
nearly done,

He'd seen an hundred husbands,
minus one,

And eggs just ninety-nine had given
away.

"Ha! there's a house where he I
seek must dwell,"
At length cried John; "I'll go and
ring the bell."

The servant came, — John asked him,

"Pray,
Friend, is your master in the
way?"

"No," said the man, with
smiling phiz,

"My master is not, but my mis-
tress is;

Walk in that parlor, sir, my
lady's in it:

Master will be himself there—in
a minute."

The lady said her husband then was
dressing,

And, if his business was not very
pressing,

She would prefer that he should wait
until

His toilet was completed;

Adding, "Pray, sir, be seated."

"Madam, I will,"

Said John, with great politeness;

"but I own

That you alone

Can tell me all I wish to know;

Will you do so?

Pardon my rudeness

And just have the goodness

(A wager to decide) to tell me—
do—

Who governs in this house, — your
spouse or you?"

"Sir," said the lady, with a
doubting nod,

"Your question's very odd;

But as I think none ought to be
Ashamed to do their duty, do
you see?

On that account I scruple not to
say

It always is my pleasure to obey.
But here's my husband (always
sad without me);

Take not my word, but ask him,
if you doubt me."

"Sir," said the husband, "'t is most
true;

I promise you,

A more obedient, kind, and gentle
woman

Does not exist."

"Give us your fist,"

Said John, "and, as the case is some-
thing more than common,

Allow me to present you with a
beast

Worth fifty guineas at the very
least.

"There's Smiler, sir, a beauty, you
must own,

There's Prince, that handsome
black,

Ball the gray mare, and Saladin the
roan,

Besides old Dunn;

Come, sir, choose one;

But take advice from me,

Let Prince be he;

Why, sir, you'll look a hero on his
back."

"I'll take the black, and thank you
too."

"Nay, husband, that will never
do;

You, know, you've often heard
me say

How much I long to have a gray;
And this one will exactly do for
me."

"No, no," said he,

"Friend, take the four others
back,

And only leave the black."

"Nay, husband, I declare

I must have the gray mare;"

Adding (with gentle force),

"The gray mare is, I'm sure, the
better horse."

"Well, if it must be so, — good sir,

The gray mare we prefer;

So we accept your gift." John made
a leg:

"Allow me to present you with an egg;

'T is my last egg remaining,

The cause of my regaining,

I trust the fond affection of my wife,

Whom I will love the better all my
life.

"Home to content has her kind
father brought me;
I thank him for the lesson he has
taught me."

—
DOCTOR DROLLHEAD'S CURE.

THREE weeks to a day had old Doctor
Drollhead
Attended Miss Debby Keepill;
Three weeks to a day had she lain in
her bed
Defying his marvellous skill.

She put out her tongue for the twenty-
first time,
But it looked very much as it
should;
Her pulse with the doctor's scarce
failed of a rhyme,
As a matter of course, it was good.

To-day has this gentleman happened
to see—
Very strange he's not done it
before—
That the way to recovery simply
must be
Right out of this same chamber-
door.

So he said, "Leave your bed, dear
Miss Keepill, I pray;
Keep the powders and pills, if you
must,
But the color of health will not long
stay away
If you exercise freely, I trust."

"Why, doctor! of all things, when I
am so weak
That scarce from my bed can I
stir,
Of color and exercise thus will you
speak?
Of what are you thinking, dear
sir?"

"That a fright is the cure, my good
lady, for you,"
He said to himself and the wall,
And to frighten her, what did the
doctor do,
But jump into bed, boots and all!

And as in jumped he, why then out
jumped she,
Like a hare, except for the pother,
And shockingly shocked, pray who
wouldn't be?
Ran, red as a rose, to her mother.

Doctor Drollhead, meanwhile, is
happily sure,
Debby owes a long life just to
him;
And vows he's discovered a capital
cure
For the bedrid when tied by a
whim.

At any rate, long, long ago this oc-
curred,
And Debby is not with the dead;
But in pretty good health, 't may be
gently inferred,
Since she makes all the family
bread.

SUPPLEMENT.

BERKELEY AIKEN.

UNCROWNED KINGS.

O YE uncrowned but kingly kings!
Made royal by the brain and heart;
Of all earth's wealth the noblest
part,

Yet reckoned nothing in the mart
Where men know naught but sordid
things —

All hail to you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose breath and words of living
flame

Have waked slave-nations from their
shame,

And bid them rise in manhood's
name, —

Swift as the curved bow backward
springs —

To follow you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose strong right arm hath oft been
bared

Where fire of righteous battle glared,
And where all odds of wrong ye
dared! —

To think on you the heart upsprings,
O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose burning songs like lava
poured,

Have smitten like a two-edged sword
Sent forth by Heaven's avenging
Lord

To purge the earth where serfdom
clings

To all but you, O kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
To whose ecstatic gaze alone
The beautiful by Heaven is shown,
And who have made it all your own;
Your lavish hand around us flings
Earth's richest wreaths, O noble
kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
The heart leaps wildly at your
thought;

And the brain fires as if it caught
Shreds of your mantle; ye have
fought

Not vainly, if your glory brings
A lingering light to earth, O kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!
Whose souls on Marah's fruit did sup,
And went in fiery chariots up
When each had drained his hemlock
cup, —

Ye priests of God, but tyrants' stings,
Uncrowned but still the kingliest
kings!

ANNIE R. ANNAN.

RECOMPENSE.

THE summer coaxed me to be glad,
Entreating with the primrose hue
Of sunset skies, with downward calls
From viewless larks, with winds
that blew

The red-tipped clover's breast abroad,
And told the mirth of waterfalls:
In vain! my heart would not be
wooded

From the December of its mood.

But on a day of wintry skies
 A withered rose slipped from my
 book;
 And as I caught its faint perfume
 The soul of summer straight forsook
 The little tenement it loved,
 And filled the world with song
 and bloom,
 Missed, in their season, by my sense,
 So found my heart its recompense.

—◆—
 SIR ROBERT AYTON.

FAIR AND UNWORTHY.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love
 thee,
 Had I not found the lightest prayer
 That lips could speak, had power
 to move thee:
 But I can let thee now alone,
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favors are but like the wind,
 That kisses everything it meets;
 And since thou canst with more than
 one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched
 stands
 Armed with her briers, how sweetly
 smells!
 But plucked and strained through
 ruder hands,
 No more her sweetness with her
 dwells,
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been
 awhile,—
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside;
 And I will sigh, while some will
 smile,
 To see thy love for more than one
 Hath brought thee to be loved by
 none.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting
 cares,
 Of earth and folly born;
 Ye shall not dim the light that
 streams
 From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control;
 Ye shall not violate, this day,
 The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts,
 Let fires of vengeance die;
 And, purged from sin, may I be-
 hold
 A God of purity.

—◆—
 MARY A. BARR.

WHITE POPPIES.

O MYSTIC, mighty flower whose frail
 white leaves
 Silky and crumpled like a banner
 furled,
 Shadow the black mysterious seed
 that gives
 The drop that soothes and lulls a
 restless world;
 Nepenthes for our woe, yet swift to
 kill,
 Holding the knowledge of both good
 and ill.

The rose for beauty may outshine
 thee far,
 The lily hold herself like some
 sweet saint
 Apart from earthly griefs, as is a
 star
 Apart from any fear of earthly
 taint;
 The snowy poppy like an angel
 stands,
 With consolation in her open hands.

Ere History was born, the poet
sung

How godlike Thone knew thy com-
pelling power,
And ancient Ceres, by strange sor-
rows wrung,
Sought sweet oblivion from thy
healing flower.
Giver of sleep! Lord of the Land of
Dreams!
O simple weed, thou art not what
man deems.

The clear-eyed Greeks saw oft their
god of sleep

Wandering about through the
black midnight hours,
Soothing the restless couch with
slumbers deep,
And scattering thy medicated flow-
ers,
Till hands were folded for their final
rest,
Clasping white poppies o'er a pulse-
less breast.

We have a clearer vision; every
hour

Kind hearts and hands the poppy
juices mete,
And panting sufferers bless its kindly
power,
And weary ones invoke its peace-
ful sleep.
Health has its rose, and grape and
joyful palm,
The poppy to the sick is wine and
balm.

I sing the poppy! The frail snowy
weed!

The flower of mercy! that within
its heart
Doth keep "a drop serene" for
human need,
A drowsy balm for every bitter
smart.
For happy hours the rose will idly
blow—
The poppy hath a charm for pain
and woe.

PARK BENJAMIN.

PRESS ON.

PRESS on! there's no such word as
fall!

Press nobly on! the goal is near,—
Ascend the mountain! breast the
gale!

Look upward, onward, — never
fear!

Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven
smiles above,

Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is

Love,
Serenely o'er Life's shadow'd scene.

Press on! surmount the rocky steep,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's
arch;

He falls alone who feebly creeps;
He wins, who dares the hero's
march.

Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;

Whom now she sinks she now
exalts,

Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour

Makes up for follies past and
gone, —

To weakness strength succeeds, and
power

From frailty springs, — press on!
press on!

Press on! what though upon the
ground

Thy love has been poured out like
rain?

That happiness is always found
The sweetest, which is born of
pain.

Oft 'mid the forest's deepest glooms,
A bird sings from some blighted
tree,

And, in the dreariest desert, blooms
A never-dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on! and reach the
goal,
And gain the prize and wear the
crown;
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth and honor and re-
nown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart
from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

ANNIE BERRY BENSEL

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

SEE you yonder castle stately?
On the rocks it stands alone,
Gleaming in the silver moonlight
Like a sentinel of stone.

Years ago in that old castle
Dwelt a lady, proud and grand;
Fairer than the fairest lady
You might find in all the land.

It was on her bridal morning —
So the gossips tell the tale —
Lady Hilda walked the garden,
Fairer than the roses pale.

Soon she reached the massive gate-
way,
And her dark eyes sparkled bright,
As she saw a gay procession
Wending towards the castle height.

For she knew it was her lover,
With his merry comrades all;
Foremost in the glittering pageant
Rode Count Rupert, fair and tall.

Just between them and the castle
Lay a chasm wide and deep;
They must ride still further onward
O'er the bridge their road to keep.

But Count Rupert saw the lady
Standing by the gateway there,
Dauntlessly he turned his charger,
Heeding not the cry, "Beware!"

"It is but a narrow chasm,
Go you by the bridge," cried he,
"I will leap to yonder hillock,
There my lady waits for me."

All in vain his comrades' warning,
Vain, alas, his page's cries;
Forward leaps the noble charger,
Lady Hilda veils her eyes.

One long cry of bitter anguish!
She who heard it, swooning, fell;
Knowing by that single outcry
All the tale there was to tell.

Turn your eyes beyond the castle,
You will see a convent drear;
There the lady lived they tell me,
Just for one brief mournful year.

There within the lofty chapel
Is a quaint and carven tomb,
Lady Hilda — well beloved —
Sleeps beneath the ghostly gloom.

No one dwells in that old castle,
Desolate it stands alone,
Gleaming in the silver moonlight
Like a sentinel of stone.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE HOPE OF THE HETERODOX.

In Thee, O blessed God, I hope,
In Thee, in Thee, in Thee!
Though banned by presbyter and
pope,
My trust is still in Thee.
Thou wilt not cast Thy servant
out

Because he chanced to see
With his own eyes, and dared to
doubt

What praters preach of Thee.
Oh no! no! no!

For ever and ever and aye,
(Though pope and presbyter
bray)

Thou wilt not cast away
An honest soul from thee.

I look around on earth and sky,
 And Thee and ever Thee,
 With open heart and open eyes
 How can I fail to see?
 My ear drinks in from field and fell
 Life's rival floods of glee:
 Where finds the priest his private hell
 When all is full of Thee?
 Oh no! no! no!
 Though flocks of geese
 Give Heaven's high ear no peace:
 I still enjoy a lease
 Of happy thoughts from Thee.

My faith is strong; out of itself
 It grows erect and free;
 No Talmud on the Rabbi's shelf
 Gives amulets to me.
 Small Greek I know, nor Hebrew
 much,
 But this I plainly see:
 Two legs without the bishop's crutch
 God gave to thee and me.
 Oh no! no! no!
 The church may loose and bind,
 But mind, immortal mind,
 As free as wave or wind,
 Came forth, O God, from Thee!

O pious quack! thy pills are good;
 But mine as good may be,
 And healthy men on healthy food
 Live without you or me.
 Good lady! let the doer do!
 Thought is a busy bee,
 Nor honey less what it doth brew,
 Though very gall to thee.
 Oh no! no! no!
 Though counsels decree and de-
 clare;
 Like a tree in the open air,
 The soul its foliage fair
 Spreads forth, O God, to Thee!

— ◆ —

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

WISHES OF YOUTH.

GAYLY and greenly let my seasons
 run:
 And should the war-winds of the
 world uproot

The sanctities of life, and its sweet
 fruit
 Cast forth as fuel for the fiery
 sun,—
 The dews be turned to ice,—fair
 days begun
 In peace, wear out in pain, and
 sounds that suit
 Despair and discord, keep Hope's
 harp-string mute,
 Still let me live as Love and Life were
 one:
 Still let me turn on earth a childlike
 gaze,
 And trust the whispered charities
 that bring
 Tidings of human truth; with inward
 praise
 Watch the weak motion of each com-
 mon thing,
 And find it glorious—still let me
 raise
 On wintry wrecks, an altar to the
 Spring.

HIDDEN JOYS.

PLEASURES lie thickest where no
 pleasures seem:
 There's not a leaf that falls upon the
 ground
 But holds some joy, of silence or of
 sound,
 Some sprite begotten of a summer
 dream.
 The very meanest things are made
 supreme
 With innate ecstasy. No grain of
 sand
 But moves a bright and million-
 peopled land,
 And hath its Edens and its Eves, I
 deem.
 For Love, though blind himself, a
 curious eye
 Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of
 things,
 And touched mine ear with power.
 Thus far or nigh,
 Minute or mighty, fixed, or free with
 wings,

Delight from many a nameless covert
sly
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar
sings.

THE ELOQUENT PASTOR DEAD.

He taught the cheerfulness that still
is ours
The sweetness that still lurks in
human powers;
If heaven be full of stars, the earth
has flowers.

His was the searching thought, the
glowing mind;
The gentle will, to others soon re-
signed;
But, more than all, the feeling just
and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from
reeds —
Sweet books, deep music and un-
selfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human
weeds.

True to his kind, nor of himself
afraid,
He deemed that love of God was best
arrayed
In love of all the things that God has
made.

He deemed man's life no feverish
dream of care,
But a high pathway into freer air,
Lift up with golden hopes and duties
fair.

He showed how wisdom turns its
hours to years,
Feeding the heart on joys instead of
fears,
And worships God in smiles, and not
in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-
piled,
On whose far top an angel stood and
smiled —
Yet in his heart was he a simple
child.

WILFRED BLUNT

(PROTEUS).

*TO ONE WHO WOULD MAKE A
CONFESSION.*

Oh! leave the past to bury its own
dead;
The past is naught to us, the present
all.
What need of last year's leaves to
strew love's bed?
What need of ghosts to grace a fes-
tival?
I would not, if I could, those days
recall,
Those days not ours. For us the
feast is spread,
The lamps are lit, and music plays
withal.
Then let us love and leave the rest
unsaid.
This island is our home. Around it
roar
Great gulfs and oceans, channels,
straits, and seas.
What matter in what wreck we
reached the shore,
So we both reached it? We can
mock at these.
Oh! leave the past, if past indeed
there be.
I would not know it. I would know
but thee.

THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN.

I LONG have had a quarrel set with
Time,
Because he robbed me. Every day
of life
Was wrested from me after bitter
strife,
I never yet could see the sun go
down
But I was angry in my heart, nor
hear
The leaves fall in the wind without a
tear
Over the dying summer. I have
known
No truce with Time nor Time's ac-
complice, Death.

The fair world is the witness of a
crime
Repeated every hour. For life and
breath
Are sweet to all who live; and bit-
terly
The voices of these robbers of the
heath
Sound in each ear and chill the passer-
by.
— What have we done to thee, thou
monstrous Time?
What have we done to Death that we
must die?

A DAY IN SUSSEX.

THE dove did lend me wings. I fled
away
From the loud world which long had
troubled me.
Oh, lightly did I flee when hoyden
May
Threw her white mantle on the haw-
thorn tree.
I left the dusty highroad, and my way
Was through deep meadows, shut
with cosses fair.
A choir of thrushes poured its round-
elay
From every hedge and every thicket
there.
Mild, moon-faced kine looked on,
where in the grass,
All heaped with flowers I lay, from
noon till eve;
And hares unwitting close to me did
pass,
And still the birds sang, and I could
not grieve.
Oh, what a blessed thing that evening
was!
Peace, music, twilight, all that could
deceive
A soul to joy, or lull a heart to peace.
It glimmers yet across whole years
like these.

LAUGHTER AND DEATH.

THERE is no laughter in the natural
world
Of beast or fish or bird, though no
sad doubt

Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-com-
pelling shout.
The lion roars his solemn thunder
out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle
screams her cry;
Even the lark must strain a serious
throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky
Fear, anger, jealousy have found a
voice;
Love's pains or raptures the brute
bosom swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler
joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared
foretell
That only man, by some sad mock-
ery,
Should learn to laugh who learns
that he must die?

COLD COMFORT.

THERE is no comfort underneath the
sun.
Youth turns to age; riches are quickly
spent;
Pride breeds us pain, our pleasures
punishment;
The very courage which we count
upon
A single night of fever shall break
down;
And love is slain by fear. Death last
of all
Spreads out his nets and watches for
our fall.
There is no comfort underneath the
sun!
— When thou art old, O man, if thou
wert proud
Be humble; pride will here avail thee
not.
There is no courage which can con-
quer death.
Forget that thou wert wise. Nay,
keep thy breath
For prayer, that so thy wisdom be
forgot
And thou perhaps get pity of thy
God.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

[From "The Book of the Dead."]

NEARNESS.

THROUGH the dark path, o'er which
I tread,
One voice is ever at my ear,
One muffled form deserts the dead,
And haunts my presence far and
near.

In times of doubt, he whispers trust;
In danger, drops a warning word;
And when I waver from the just,
His low, complaining sigh is heard.

He follows me, with patient tread,
From daybreak unto evening's
close;
He bends beside me, head by head,
To scent the violet or the rose.

And sharing thus my smallest deed,
When all the works of day are past,
And sleep becomes a blessed need,
He lies against my heart at last.

Dear ghost, I feel no dread of thee;
A gracious comrade thou art grown;
Be near me, cheer, bend over me,
When the long sleep is settling
down!

IN AUTUMN.

IN hazy gold the hill-side sleeps,
The distance fades within the mist,
A cloud of lucid vapor creeps
Along the lake's pale amethyst.

The sun is but a blur of light,
The sky in ashy gray is lost;
But all the forest-trees are bright,
Brushed by the pinions of the frost.

I hear the clamor of the crow,
The wild-ducks' far discordant cry,
As swiftly out of sight they go,
In wedges driving through the sky.

I know the sunshine of this hour,
Warm as the glow of early May,
Will never wake the dying flower,
Nor breathe a spirit through decay.

The scarlet leaves are doomed to
fall,
The lake shall stiffen at a breath;
The crow shall ring his dreary call
Above December's waste of death.

And so, thou bird of southern flight,
My soul is yearning for thy wings;
I dread the thoughts that come to
light,
In gazing on the death of things.

Fain would I spread an airy plume,
For lands where endless summers
reign,
And lose myself in tropic bloom,
And never think of death again.

MY ANSWER.

WHEN I am turned to mouldering
dust,
And all my ways are lost in night,
When through me crocuses have
thrust
Their pointed blades, to find the
light;

And caught by plant and grass and
grain,
My elements are made a part
Of nature, and, through sun and
rain,
Swings in a flower my wayward
heart;

Some curious mind may haply ask,
"Who penned this scrap of olden
song?
Paint us the man whose woful task
Frowns in the public eye so long."

I answer, truly as I can;
I hewed the wood, the water drew;
I toiled along, a common man,—
A man, in all things, like to you.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

ENTERED INTO REST.

SOLDIER, statesman, scholar, friend,
 Brother to the lowliest one,
 Life has come to sudden end,
 But its work is grandly done.
 Toil and cares of state are o'er;
 Pain and struggle come no more.
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

Nations weep about thy bier,
 Flowers are sent by queenly hands;
 Bring the poor their homage here,
 Come the great from many lands.
 Be thy grave our Mecca, hence,
 With its speechless eloquence;
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

Winter snows will wrap thy mound,
 Spring will send its wealth of bloom,
 Summer kiss the velvet ground,
 Autumn leaves lie on thy tomb:
 Home beside this inland sea,
 Where thou lov'dst in life to be;
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

Strong for right, in danger brave,
 Tender as with woman's heart,
 Champion of the fettered slave,
 Of the people's life a part.
 To be loved is highest fame;
 Garfield, an immortal name!
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

All thy gifted words shall be
 Treasured speech from age to age;
 Thy heroic loyalty
 Be a country's heritage;
 Mentor and thy precious ties
 Sacred in the nation's eyes.
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

From thy life and death shall come
 An ennobled, purer race,
 Honoring labor, wife, and home;
 More of cheer and Christian grace.
 Kindest, truest! till that day
 When He rolls the stone away,
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

A. B. BOYLE.

WIDOWED.

SHE did not sigh for death, nor make
 sad moan,
 Turning from smiles as one who
 solace fears,
 But filled with kindly deeds the wait-
 ing years;
 Yet, in her heart of hearts, she lived
 alone,
 And in her voice there thrilled an
 undertone
 That seemed to rise from soundless
 depths of tears;
 As, when the sea is calm, one some-
 times hears
 The long, low murmur of a storm,
 unknown
 Within the sheltered haven where lie
 stands,
 While tokens of a tempest overpast
 The changing tide brings to the
 shining sands;
 So on the surface of her life was cast,
 An ever-present shadow of the day,
 When love and joy went hand in
 hand away.

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

AN UNTHRIFT.

BROWN bird, with a wisp in your
 mouth for your nest,
 Away! away! you have found your
 guest.
 Golden-ringed bee, through the air-
 sea steer home,
 The freight of sweets that lured you
 to roam.
 O reapers! well may you sing, to
 hold
 Your arms brimful of the grain's
 bossed gold.
 But what to me that ye all go by?
 An unthrift, empty-handed, fare I,
 Yet I heard, as I passed, the noise
 of a rill;
 In my heart of hearts, it is singing
 still,

Blent with the wind's sough, the trill
 of a bird,
 A child's laugh and a gracious word,
 Pictures I saw limned everywhere,
 A light here and a shadow there—
 A cloud, a stream, a flower small;
 In my heart of hearts I have hid
 them all;
 And some one, it may be, yet through
 me
 The songs shall hear and the pictures
 see.
 O brown bird, and bee, and reapers,
 go by!
 Richer than any of you am I.

—◆—
 MARY D. BRINE.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and
 gray,
 And bent with the chill of the win-
 ter's day:
 The street was wet with a recent
 snow,
 And the woman's feet were aged and
 slow.
 She stood at the crossing and waited
 long,
 Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng
 Of human beings who passed her
 by,
 Nor heeded the glance of her anxious
 eye.
 Down the street with laughter and
 shout,
 Glad in the freedom of "school let
 out,"
 Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
 Hailing the snow piled white and
 deep.
 Past the woman so old and gray
 Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
 So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
 Lest the carriage wheels or the horses'
 feet
 Should crowd her down in the slip-
 pery street.
 At last came one of the merry troop—
 The gayest laddie of all the group:
 He paused beside her and whispered
 low,
 "I'll help you across if you wish to
 go."
 Her aged hand on his strong young
 arm
 She placed, and so, without hurt or
 harm,
 He guided her trembling feet along,
 Proud that his own were firm and
 strong.
 Then back again to his friends he
 went,
 His young heart happy and well con-
 tent.
 "She's somebody's mother, boys,
 you know,
 For all she's aged and poor and slow;
 And I hope some fellow will lend a
 hand
 To help my mother, you understand,
 If ever she's poor and old and gray,
 When her own dear boy is far
 away."
 And "somebody's mother" bowed
 low her head
 In her home that night, and the
 prayer she said
 Was, "God be kind to the noble
 boy
 Who is somebody's son and pride and
 joy."

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

DYING.

"O BAIRN, when I am dead,
How shall ye keep frae harm?
What hand will gie ye bread?
What fire will keep ye warm?
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae
me!"

"O mither, dinna dee!"

"O bairn, by night or day
I hear nae sounds awa',
But voices of winds that blaw,
And the voices of ghaists that say,
Come awa'! come awa'!
The Lord that made the wind and
made the sea,
Is hard on my bairn and me,
And I melt in his breath like snaw."
"O mither, dinna dee!"

"O bairn, it is but closing up the een,
And lying down never to rise again.
Many a strong man's sleeping hae I
seen,—
There is nae pain!
I'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken
why;
My summer has gone by,
And sweet were sleep, but for the
sake o' thee."
"O mither, dinna dee!"

[From *Faces on the Wall*.]

TO TRIFLERS.

Go, triflers with God's secret. Far,
oh, far
Be your thin monotone, your brows
flower-crowned,
Your backward-looking faces; for ye
mar
The pregnant time with silly sooth
of sound,
With flowers around the feverish
temples bound,
And withering in the close air of the
feast.
Take all the summer pleasures ye
have found,

While Circe-charmed ye turn to bird
and beast.

Meantime I sit apart, a lonely wight
On this bare rock amid this fitful
sea,
And in the wind and rain I try to
light
A little lamp that may a beacon be,
Whereby poor ship-folk, driving
through the night,
May gain the ocean-course, and think
of me!

H. C. BUNNER.

LONGFELLOW.

POET, whose sunny span of fruitful
years
Outreaches earth, whose voice
within our ears
Grows silent—shall we mourn for
thee? Our sigh
Is April's breath, our grief is April's
tears.

If this be dying, fair it is to die:
Even as a garment weariness lays
by,
Thou layest down life, to pass as time
hath passed,
From wintry rigors to a springtime
sky.

Are there tears left to give thee at
the last,
Poet of spirits crushed and hearts
downcast,
Loved of worn women who when
work is done
Weep o'er thy page in twilights
fading fast?

Oh, tender-toned and tender-
hearted one,
We give thee to the season new
begun!
Lay thy white head within the arms
of spring—
Thy song had all her shower and
all her sun.

Nay, let us not such sorrowful
tribute bring
Now that thy lark-like soul hath
taken wing:
A grateful memory fills and more
endears
The silence when a bird hath
ceased to sing.

TO A DEAD WOMAN.

Not a kiss in life; but one kiss, at
life's end,
I have set on the face of Death in
trust for thee.
Through long years, keep it fresh on
thy lips, O friend!
At the gate of silence, give it back
to me.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Died in New Orleans, Dec., 1879.

SMALL was thy share of all this
world's delight,
And scant thy poet's crown of flow-
ers of praise;
Yet ever catches quaint of quaint
old days
Thou sang'st, and, singing, kept thy
spirit bright:
Even as to lips, the winds of winter
bite,
Some outcast wanderer sets his flute
and plays
Till at his feet blossom the icy
ways,
And from the snowdrift's bitter
wasting white
He hears the uprising carol of the
lark,
Soaring from clover seas with
summer ripe—
While freeze upon his cheek
glad, foolish tears.
Ah! let us hope that somewhere in
thy dark,
Herrick's full note, and Suck-
ling's pleasant pipe
Are sounding still their solace
in thine ears.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

SHE might have known it in the
earlier spring,
That all my heart with vague desire
was stirred;
And, ere the summer winds had taken
wing.
I told her; but she smiled and said
no word.

The autumn's eager hand his red gold
grasped,
And she was silent; till from skies
grown drear
Fell soft one fine, first snow-flake, and
she clasped
My neck, and cried, "Love, we
have lost a year!"

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

AT DIVINE DISPOSAL.

Oh, leave thyself to God! and if,
indeed,
'Tis given thee to perform so vast a
task,
Think not at all—think not, but
kneel and ask.
O friend, by thought was never crea-
ture freed
From any sin, from any mortal
need:
Be patient! not by thought canst thou
devise
What course of life for thee is right
and wise;
It will be written up, and thou wilt
read.
Oft like a sudden pencil of rich
light,
Piercing the thickest umbrage of the
wood,
Will shoot, amid our troubles infinite,
The spirit's voice; oft, like the balmy
flood
Of morn, surprise the universal night
With glory, and make all things
sweet and good.

EVENTIDE.

COMES something down with even-
tide

Beside the sunset's golden bars,
Beside the floating scents, beside
The twinkling shadows of the stars.

Upon the river's rippling face,
Flash after flash the white
Broke up in many a shallow place;
The rest was soft and bright.

By chance my eye fell on the stream;
How many a marvellous power,
Sleeps in us,—sleeps, and doth not
dream!

This knew I in that hour.

For then my heart, so full of strife,
No more was in me stirred;
My life was in the river's life,
And I nor saw nor heard.

I and the river, we were one:
The shade beneath the bank,
I felt it cool; the setting sun
Into my spirit sank.

A rushing thing in power serene
I was; the mystery
I felt of having ever been
And being still to be.

Was it a moment or an hour?
I knew not; but I mourned
When from that realm of awful power,
I to these fields returned.



WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

THE HARVEST-CALL.

ABIDE not in the land of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems,
Where drowsy airs thy powers repress
In languors of sweet idleness.

Nor linger in the misty past,
Entranced in visions vague and vast;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God to man.

That call, though many-voiced, is
one,
With mighty meanings in each tone;
Through sob and laughter, shriek and
prayer,
Its summons meets thee everywhere.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;
From duty's claims no life is free,
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

Look up! the wide extended plain
Is billowy with its ripened grain;
And in the summer winds, are rolled
Its waves of emerald and gold.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task!
For present strength and patience
ask,
And trust His love whose sure sup-
plies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

Lo! the broad fields with harvest
white.
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite:
And he who labors and believes,
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

Up! for the time is short; and soon
The morning sun will climb to noon.
Up! ere the herds, with trampling
feet
Outrunning thine, shall spoil the
wheat.

While the day lingers, do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

—◆—
RAIN.

DASHING in big drops on the narrow
pane,
And making mournful music for the
mind,

While plays his interlude the wizard
 wind,
 I hear the ringing of the frequent
 rain:
 How doth its dreamy tone the spirit
 lull,
 Bringing a sweet forgetfulness of
 pain,
 While busy thought calls up the past
 again,
 And lingers mid the pure and beau-
 tiful
 Visions of early childhood! Sunny
 faces
 Meet us with looks of love, and in
 the moans
 Of the faint wind we hear familiar
 tones,
 And tread again in old familiar
 places!
 Such is thy power, O rain! the heart
 to bless,
 Wiling the soul away from its own
 wretchedness.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ON RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the
 sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
 To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the powers of human skill,
 But what the Eternal acts, is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy
 tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy power,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,
 Encroaching, sought a boundless
 sway,
 Omniscience could the danger see,
 And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou com-
 plain?

Why drooping, seek the dark re-
 cess?

Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals, feeble will,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
 I'll thank the infliction of the blow,
 Forbid my sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night
 Which on my sinking spirit steals
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my East, my Sun, re-
 veals.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE PARSON.

A GOOD man there was of religioun,
 That was a poore *parson* of a town,
 But rich he was of holy thought and
 work;
 He was also a learned man, a clerk.
 That Christes gospel truly wouldde
 preach;
 His parishens devoutly would he
 teach;
 Benign he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversity full patient;
 And such he was yproved ofté
 sithes;
 Full loth were him to cursen for his
 tithes;
 But rather would he given out of
 doubt
 Unto his poor parishens about
 Of his off'ring, and eke of his sub-
 stance;
 He could in little thing have suffi-
 sance:
 Wide was his parish, and houses far
 asunder,

But he ne left nought for no rain nor
thunder,
In sickness and in mischief, to visit
The farthest in his parish much and
lite,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a
staff:

This noble 'nsample to his sheep he
gaf,

That first he wrought, and after-
ward he taught.

Out of the gospel he the wordes
caught,

And this figure he added eke thereto,
That, if gold rusted, what should iron
do?

For, if a priest be foul on whom we
trust,

No wonder is a lewèd man to rust;
For shame it is, that if a priest take
keep

To see a "foulèd" shepherd and
clean sheep:

Well ought a priest ensample for to
give

By his cleanness how his sheep should
live.

He settè not his benefice to hire,
And let his sheep accumbred in the
mire,

And ran unto London unto Saint
Poule's

To seeken him a chantery for souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be withold;

But dwelt at home and keptè well his
fold,

So that the wolf ne made it not mis-
carry;

He was a shepherd and no mer-
cenary;

As though he holy were and virtuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,

Ne of his spechè dangerous ne
digne;

But in his teaching discreet and
benign.

To drawen folk to heaven with fairé-
ness,

By good ensample, was his business;
But it were any person obstinate,

What so he were of high or low
estate,

Him would he snibben sharply for
the nonés:

A better priest I trow that no where
none is.

He waited after no pomp or rever-
ence,

Ne makéd him no spicéd conscéncé;
But Christés lore, and his apostles
twelve

He taught, but first he followed it
himselve.

GOOD COUNSEL.

FLY fro the press, and dwell with
soothfastnesse.

Suffice unto thy good though it be
small,

For hoard hath hate, and climbing
tickleness,

Press hath envy, and weal is blent
over all.

Savour no more than thee behové
shall.

Rede well thyself that other folke
canst rede;

And truth thee shall deliver, it is no
drede.

Painè thee not each crooked to re-
dress

In trust of her that turneth as a
ball;

Great rest standeth in little busi-
nesse,

Beware also to spurne against an
awl,

Strive not as doth a crockè with a
wall;

Deemè thyself that demest others'
deed;

And truth thee shall deliver, it is no
drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxom-
nesse;

The wrastling of this world asketh a
fall.

Here is no home, here is but a wilder-
nesse.

Forth, pilgrim! forth, beast, out of
thy stall!

Lookè up on high, and thankè God
of all!

Waivè thy lusts, and let thy ghost
thee lead;
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no
drede.

TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to none other
wight

Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For, certes, ye now make me heavy
chere,

Me were as lefe laid upon a bere,
For which unto your mercy thus I
crie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be
night,

That I of you the blissful sowne may
here,

Or see your color like the sunne
bright,

That of yelowness had never pere,
Ye be my life, ye be my hertes sterc,
Queene of comfort and good com-
panie,

Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse, that art to me my livès
light,

And saviour, as downe in this world
here,

Out of this towne helpe me by your
might,

Sith that you woll not be my treasure,
For I am shave as nere as any frere,
But I pray unto your courtesie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

MAY.

WHEN beeches brighten early May,
And young grass shines along her
way;

When April willows meet the breeze
Like softest dawn among the trees:

When smell of spring fills all the air,
And meadows bloom, and blue-birds
pair;

When love first laves her sunny head
Over the brook and lily-bed;
Nothing of sound or sight to grieve
From cheering morn to quiet eve,
My heart will not, for all its ease,
Forget the days to follow these.

This loveliness shall be betrayed,
This happiest of music played
From field to field, by stream and
bough,

Shall silent be, as tuneful now;
The silver launch of thistles sail
Adown the solitary vale;
The blue solicitude of sky
Bent over beauty doomed to die,
With nightly mist shall witness here
The yielded glory of the year.

CLARENCE COOK.

ON ONE WHO DIED IN MAY.

(J. H. E., May 3, 1870).

WHY, Death, what dost thou here,
This time o' year?

Peach-blow and apple-blossom;
Clouds, white as my love's bosom;

Warm wind o' the west
Crailling the robin's nest;

Young meadows hasting their green
laps to fill

With golden dandelion and daffodil;
These are fit sights for spring;

But, oh, thou hateful thing,
What dost thou here?

Why, Death, what dost thou here,
This time o' year?

Fair, at the old oak's knee,
The young anemone;

Fair, the plash places set
With dog-tooth violet;

The first sloop-sail,
The shad-flower pale;

Sweet are all sights,
Sweet are all sounds of spring;

But thou, thou ugly thing,
What dost thou here:

Dark Death let fall a tear.

Why am I here?

Oh, heart ungrateful! Will man
never know

I am his friend, nor ever was his foe?
Whose the sweet season, if it be not
mine?

Mine, not the bobolink's, that song
divine,

Chasing the shadows o'er the flying
wheat!

'Tis a dead voice, not his, that sounds
so sweet.

Whose passionate heart burns in this
flaming rose

But his, whose passionate heart long
since lay still?

Whose wan hope pales this snow-
like lily tall,

Beside the garden wall,

But his, whose radiant eyes and lily
grace,

Sleep in the grave that crowns you
tufted hill?

All hope, all memory,

Have their deep springs in me;

And love, that else might fade,

By me immortal made,

Spurns at the grave, leaps to the wel-
coming skies,

And burns a steadfast star to stead-
fast eyes.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

(SARAH WOOLSEY).

ONE LESSER JOY.

WHAT is the dearest happiness of
heaven?

Ah, who shall say!

So many wonders, and so wondrous
fair,

Await the soul who, just arrivèd
there

In trance of safety, sheltered and for-
given,

Opens glad eyes to front the eter-
nal day:

Relief from earth's corroding discon-
tent,

Relief from pain,
The satisfaction of perplexing
fears,

Full compensation for the long,
hard years.

Full understanding of the Lord's in-
tent,

The things that were so puzzling
made quite plain:

And all astonished joy as, to the spot,
From further skies,

Crowd our beloved with white
wingèd feet,

And voices than the chiming harps
more sweet,

Faces whose fairness we had half for-
got,

And outstretched hands, and wel-
come in their eyes.

Heart cannot image forth the endless
store

We may but guess.

But this one lesser joy I hold my
own:

All shall be known in heaven; at
last be known

The best and worst of me; the less
the more.

My own shall know — and shall not
love me less.

Oh, haunting shadowy dread which
underlies

All loving here!

We duly shiver as we whisper
low,

"Oh, if they knew — if they could
only know,

Could see our naked souls without
disguise —

How they would shrink from us
and pale with fear."

The bitter thoughts we hold in leash
within

But do not kill;

The petty anger and the mean de-
sire,

The jealousy which burns — a
smouldering fire —

The slimy trail of half-unnott sin,
The sordid wish which daunts the
nobler will.

We fight each day with foes we dare
not name,
We fight, we fall!

Noiseless the conflict and unseen
of men;

We rise, are beaten down, and rise
again,

And all the time we smile, we move
the same,

And even to dearest eyes draw close
the veil;

But in the blessed heavens these wars
are past;

Disguise is o'er!

With new anointed vision, face to
face,

We shall see all, and clasped in
close embrace

Shall watch the haunting shadow flee
at last,

And know as we are known, and
fear no more.

MIRACLE.

Oh! not in strange portentous way
Christ's miracles were wrought of
old,

The common thing, the common clay
He touched and tintured, and
straightway

It grew to glory manifold.

The barley loaves were daily bread
Kneaded and mixed with usual
skill;

No care was given, no spell was said,
But when the Lord had blessed, they
fed

The multitude upon the hill.

The hemp was sown 'neath common
sun,

Watered by common dews and rain,
Of which the fisher's nets were spun;

Nothing was prophesied or done
To mark it from the other grain.

Coarse, brawny hands let down the
net

When the Lord spake and ordered
so;

They hauled the meshes, heavy-wet,
Just as in other days, and set
Their backs to labor, bending low;

But quivering, leaping from the lake
The marvellous shining burdens
rise

Until the laden meshes break.
And all amazed, no man spake
But gazed with wonder in his eyes.

So still, dear Lord, in every place
Thou standest by the toiling folk,
With love and pity in Thy face,
And givest of Thy help and grace
To those who meekly bear the yoke.

Not by strange sudden change and
spell,

Baffling and darkening nature's
face;

Thou takest the things we know so
well

And buidlest on them Thy miracle —
The heavenly on the common-place.

The lives which seem so poor, so low,
The hearts which are so cramped
and dull,

The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo!
They blossom to the beautiful.

We need not wait for thunder-peal
Resounding from a mount of fire
While round our daily paths we feel
Thy sweet love and Thy power to heal
Working in us Thy full desire.

INFLUENCE.

COUCHED in the rocky lap of hills
The lake's blue waters gleam,
And thence in linked and measured
rills

Down to the valley stream,
To rise again, led higher and higher,
And slake the city's hot desire.

High as the lake's bright ripples shine
 So high the water goes;
 But not a drop that air-drawn line
 Passes or overflows.
 Though man may strive and man
 may woo,
 The stream to its own law is true.

Vainly the lonely tarn, its cup
 Holds to the feeding skies;
 Unless the source be lifted up,
 The streamlets cannot rise.
 By law inexorably blent,
 Each is the other's measurement.

Ah, lonely tarn! ah, striving rill!
 So yearn these souls of ours,
 And beat with sad and urgent will
 Against the unheeding powers.
 In vain is longing, vain is force,
 No stream goes higher than its source.

HENRY S. CORNWELL.

THE SPIDER.

SPINNER of the silken snare,
 Fell Arachne in your lair,
 Tell me, if your powers can tell
 How you do your work so well?

Weaving on in light and dark,
 Segment and concentric arc,
 Lace-like, gossamer designs,
 Strict to geometric lines;

Perfect to the utmost part,
 Occult, exquisite of art, —
 How are all these wonders bred
 In your atom of a head?

Propositions here involved
 Wit of man has never solved;
 Demonstrations hard to find
 Are as crystal to your mind.

How in deepest dungeon-glooms,
 Do your Lilliputian looms
 Work such miracles as these, —
 Faultless, fairy filigrees?

Careless flies that hither flit
 Come to die; but there you sit,
 Feeling with your fingers fine
 Each vibrating, pulse-like line;

Eager to anticipate
 Hourly messages of fate, —
 Funeral telegrams that say
 Here is feasting one more day?

Spider, only He can tell
 How you do your work so well,
 Who in life's mysterious ways
 Knows the method of the maze.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

WHEN brooks of summer shallow
 run,
 And fiercely glows the ardent sun;
 Where waves the blue-flag tall and
 dank,
 And water-weeds grow rich and
 rank,
 The flaunting dragon-fly is seen,
 A winged spindle, gold and green.

Born of the morning mists and
 dews,
 He darts — a flash of jewelled hues —
 Athwart the waterfall, and flings,
 From his twice-duplicate wet wings,
 Diamonds and sapphires such as
 gleam
 And vanish in a bridesmaid's dream!

Sail not, O dragon-fly, too near
 The lakelet's bosom, dark and clear!
 For, lurking in its depths below,
 The hungry trout, thy fatal foe,
 Doth watch to snatch thee, unaware,
 At once from life, and light and air!

O brilliant fleck of summer's prime,
 Enjoy thy brief, fleet span of time!
 Full soon chill autumn's frosty
 breath
 Shall blow for thee a wind of death,
 And dash to dust thy gaudy sheen —
 Thy glittering mail of gold and
 green!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

WATCHWORDS.

We are living — we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living — is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray:
Hark! what soundeth, is creation's
Groaning for its latter day.

Hark! the onset! will you fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh, up! for, drowsy soldier,
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging — heaven be-
holding!
You have but an hour to fight:
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On — right onward, for the right!

What! still hug your dreamy slum-
bers?
'Tis no time for idling play,
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-num-
bers,
Flout them, we must work to-day!

Oh! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages — tell for God!



RICHARD CRASHAW.

LINES ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT
TO MRS. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but large
book,
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite)
Much larger in itself than in its look.
It is, in one rich handful, heaven and
all —

Heaven's royal hosts encamp'd thus
small;
To prove that true, schools used to
tell,
A thousand angels in one point can
dwell.

It is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and
comes to lie
Close couched in your white bosom,
and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of de-
fence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your
part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste
heart;

It is the armory of light:
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares or hell hath
darts.

Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the
eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise,
Here is a friend shall fight for
you.
Hold but this book before your
heart,
Let prayer alone to play his part.
But oh! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of bless-
ings —
Flowers of never fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
For worthy souls whose wise
embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is
alone
The spouse of virgins, and the virgin's
son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when
He come,
Shall find the wandering heart from
home,

Leaving her chaste abode
To gad abroad
Amongst the gay mates of the god of
flies;

To take her pleasure and to play,
And keep the devil's holiday;
To dance in the sunshine of some
smiling

But beguiling
Sphere of sweet and sugared lies;
Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more

Doubtless he will unload
Himself some other where;
And pour abroad
His precious sweets,
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!
O! happy, and thrice happy she,
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Whoe'er she be,

Whose early love,
With winged vows,
Makes haste to meet her morning
spouse,

And close with his immortal kisses!
Happy soul! who never misses
To improve that precious hour;

And every day
Seize her sweet prey,
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a balmy shower,
A delicious dew of spices.

Oh! let that happy soul hold fast
Her heavenly armful: she shall taste
At once ten thousand paradises:
She shall have power

To rife and deflower
The rich and rosal spring of those
rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosom there
she meets;

Boundless and infinite, bottomless
treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures.
Happy soul! she shall discover

What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once it is
To have a God become her lover.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

A LOVE SONG.

His love hath filled my life's fair cup
Full to its crystal brim;
The dancing bubbles crowding up
Are dreams of him.

I work, and every thread I draw
Sets in a thought, —
The letter of Love's tender law
In patience wrought.

I serve his meals, — the fruit and
bread
Are sound and sweet:
But that invisible feast I spread
For gods were meet!

I pray for him. All else I do
Fades far away
Before the thrill that smites me
through,
The while I pray:

Ah, God, be good to him, my own,
Who, on my breast,
Sleeps, with soft dimpled hands out-
thrown,
A child at rest!

MARY B. DODGE.

LOSS.

I LOST my treasures one by one,
Those joys the world holds dear;
Smiling, I said "To-morrow's sun
Will bring us better cheer."
For faith and love were one. Glad
faith!
All loss is naught save loss of faith.

My truant joys come trooping back,
And trooping friends no less;
But tears fall fast to meet the lack
Of dearer happiness.
For faith and love are two. Sad
faith!
'Tis loss indeed, the loss of faith.

JOHN DONNE.

THE FAREWELL.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do
say,

The breath goes now — and some say,
no;

So let us melt and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests
move;

'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and
fears,

Men reckon what it did, and meant:
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.

But we're by love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore (which are
one),

Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes **no**
show

To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

DOOR AND WINDOW.

THERE is a room, a stately room,
Now filled with light, now wrapped
in gloom.

There is a door, a steel-clad door,
Lined with masses of hammered ore,

Closed with a lock of Titan weight,
Opened only by hand of Fate!

There is a window, broad and old,
Barred with irons of massive mould;

Back from the window, closed and
fast,

Stretches the vista of the Past;

A lengthening vista, faint and dim,
Reaching beyond the horizon's rim.

Men may wait at the window-sill
And listen, listen — but all is still.

Men may wait till their hairs are
white,
Through the hours of day and night;

Men may shower their tears like
rain
And mourn that they cannot pass
again;

Over the pathway of the Past;
But travelled first, it is travelled last!

Turn with me to the iron door
Many a mortal has stood before!

Lift the latch? It is fastened down!
The hinges are flecked with a rusty
brown.

Batter away at its massive plates!
Hark! do you hear the mocking
Fates?

'Tis only the echoes that go and
come
Like the measured beats of a muffled
drum!

Your hands are bleeding? Then
 come away,
 Perhaps, at length, you have learned
 to-day

That only when under the grass or
 snow
 We learn what mortals must die to
 know;

That only when we are still and
 cold
 The door swings wide on its hinges
 old!

SIR EDWARD DYER.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I find
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That God or Nature hath assigned;
 Though much I want that most
 would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay.
 I seek no more than may suffice.
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
 Lo! thus I triumph like a king!
 Content with that my mind doth
 bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall;
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.
 These get with toil, and keep with
 fear;
 Such cares my mind could never
 bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to win a lover's eye, —
 To none of these I yield as thrall;
 For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they
 crave;

I little have, yet seek no more,
 They are but poor, though much they
 have;

And I am rich with little store.
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give:
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain:
 No worldly wave my mind can toss;
 I brook that is another's bane.
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
 I weigh not Croesus' wealth a
 straw;

For care, I care not what it is:
 I fear not fortune's fatal law;
 My mind is such as may not move
 For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
 I wander not to seek for more:
 I like the plain, I climb no hill;
 In greatest storms I sit on shore,
 And laugh at them that toil in vain
 To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
 I feign not love where most I
 hate;
 I break no sleep to win my will;
 I wait not at the mighty's gate.
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe;
 Extremes are counted worst of all;
 The golden mean betwixt them both
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
 This is my choice; for why, I find
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect
 ease;
 My conscience clear my chief de-
 fence;
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence.
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

TWO APRILS.

WHEN last the maple bud was swelling,
 When last the crocus bloomed below,

Thy heart to mine its love was telling;
 Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow:

Again the maple bud is swelling,
 Again the crocus blooms below: —
 In heaven thy heart its love is telling,
 But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

When last the April bloom was flinging
 Sweet odors on the air of spring,

In forest aisles thy voice was ringing,
 Where thou didst with the red-bird sing.

Again the April bloom is flinging
 Sweet odors on the air of spring,
 But now in heaven thy voice is ringing,
 Where thou dost with the angels sing.

THE LABORER.

STAND up, erect! Thou hast the form
 And likeness of thy God! — who more?

A soul as dauntless mid the storm
 Of daily life, a heart as warm
 And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then? Thou art as true a man
 As moves the human mass among;
 As much a part of the great plan,
 As with creation's dawn began,
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
 In station, or in wealth the chief?
 The great, who coldly pass thee by,
 With proud step and averted eye?
 Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?

A feather, which thou mightest cast
 Aside, as idly as the blast,
 The light leaf from the tree.

No: — uncurbed passions, low desires,
 Absence of noble self-respect,
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
 To that high nature which aspires
 Forever, till thus checked;

These are thine enemies — thy worst;
 They chain thee to thy lonely lot:
 Thy labor and thy lot accursed,
 Oh! stand erect, and from them burst,
 And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy.
 The great! what better they than thou?

As theirs, is not thy will as free?
 Has God with equal favors thee
 Neglected to endow.

True, wealth thou hast not — 'tis but dust!

Nor place — uncertain as the wind!
 But that thou hast, which, with thy crust

And water, may despise the lust
 Of both — a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
 True faith, and holy trust in God,
 Thou art the peer of any man.
 Look up, then, that thy little span
 Of life may be well trod.

WILLIAM WHEELER GAY.

APOLLO BELVEDERE.

SUPREME among a race of gods he
 stands,

His strong limbs strained and
 quivering with might;

His heart exulting, as his foemen's
 bands

Before the dreadful ægis, melt in
 flight.

So once he strode on red Scamander's
plain

Breasting at Hector's side the storm
of spears;

Perchance in dreams he shakes the
shield again

And, shouting, fills the Grecian
host with fears.

Far-darting god of Homer, dost thou
dream

That Time still wears a crown of
sunny hair?

That dawn-faced Daphne sings by
Peneus' stream,

And Dian routs the roebuck from
his lair?

Know, shrineless god, that temples
sink to dust;

Creeds moulder with the heart that
gave them birth;

Time is a despot, and gods, even,
must

Bow to his will like mortals of the
earth.

Look close! the crowds that throng
this Belvedere

Are not gray-bearded elders laden
well

With costly gifts, from Athens sent
to hear

The fateful murmurs issue from thy
cell.

No longer now they tremble as they
stand

Before thy face, remembering
Niobe;

Not reverence thee, but him whose
mortal hand

Gave thee the gift of immortality.

— ♦ —
EDMUND W. GOSSE.

VILLANELLE.

WOULDEST thou not be content to die
When low-hung fruit is hardly
clinging

And golden autumn passes by?

If we could vanish, thou and I

While the last woodland bird is
singing,

Wouldst thou not be content to die?

Deep drifts of leaves in the forest lie,
Red vintage that the frost is fling-

ing,

And golden autumn passes by.

Beneath this delicate, rose-gray sky.

While sunset bells are faintly ring-

ing,

Wouldst thou not be content to die?

For wintry webs of mist on high

Out of the muffled earth are spring-

ing,

And golden autumn passes by.

Oh, now, when pleasures fade and fly,
And hope her southward flight is

winging,

Wouldst thou not be content to die?

Lest winter come, with wailing cry,

His cruel, icy bondage bringing,

When golden autumn hath passed by,

And thou with many a tear and sigh,

While Life her wasted hands is
wringing,

Shalt pray in vain for leave to die

When golden autumn hath passed by.

SUNSHINE IN MARCH.

WHERE are you, Sylvia, where?

For our own bird the woodpecker, is
here,

Calling on you with cheerful tap-

pings loud!

The breathing heavens are full of
liquid light;

The dew is on the meadow like a
cloud;

The earth is moving in her green
delight—

Her spiritual crocuses shoot through,
And rathe hepaticas in rose and blue;

But snow-drops that awaited you so
long

Died at the thrush's song.

"Adieu, adieu!" they said,
 "We saw the skirts of glory fade;
 We were the hopeless lovers of the
 spring,
 Too young, as yet, for any love of
 ours;
 She is harsh, not having heard the
 white-throats sing;
 She is cold, not knowing the tender
 April showers;
 Yet have we felt her, as the buried
 grain
 May feel the rustle of the unfallen
 rain;
 We have known her, as the star that
 sets too soon
 Bows to the unseen moon."

— — —

DAVID GRAY.

DIE DOWN, O DISMAL DAY.

DIE down, O dismal day, and let me
 live;
 And come, blue deeps, magnificently
 strewn
 With colored clouds, — large light,
 and fugitive, —
 By upper winds through pompous
 motions blown.
 Now it is death in life, — a vapor
 dense
 Creeps round my window till I cannot
 see
 The far snow-shining mountains and
 the glens
 Shagging the mountain-tops. O God!
 make free
 This barren shackled earth, so deadly
 cold, —
 Breathe gently forth thy spring, till
 winter flies
 In rude amazement, fearful and yet
 bold,
 While she performs her customed
 charities;
 I weigh the loaded hours till life is
 bare, —
 O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop,
 and sweet air!

IF IT MUST BE.

IF it must be — if it must be, O
 God!
 That I die young and make no further
 moans;
 That underneath the unrespective
 sod,
 In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
 Shall crumble soon; — then give me
 strength to bear
 The last convulsive throe of too
 sweet breath!
 I tremble from the edge of life, to
 dare
 The dark and fatal leap, having no
 faith,
 No glorious yearning for the Apoc-
 alypse;
 But like a child that in the night-
 time cries
 For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse
 Of knowledge and our human des-
 tinies —
 O peevish and uncertain soul! obey
 The law of patience till the Day.

— — —

WINTRY WEATHER.

O WINTER, wilt thou never, never
 go?
 O summer, but I weary for thy
 coming,
 Longing once more to hear the Luggie
 flow,
 And frugal bees laboriously hum-
 ming,
 Now the east wind diseases the
 infirm,
 And I must crouch in corners from
 rough weather,
 Sometimes a winter sunset is a
 charm —
 When the fired clouds compacted,
 burn together.
 And the large sun dips red behind the
 hills.
 I, from my window can behold this
 pleasure;
 And the eternal moon what time she
 fills
 Her orb with argent, treading a soft
 measure,

With queenly motions of a bridal
mood,
Through the wide spaces of infinity.

ELLIS GRAY.

SUNSHINE.

I SAT in a darkened chamber,
Near by sang a tiny bird;
Through all my deep pain and sadness,
A wonderful song I heard.

The birdling bright sang in the sunlight

From out of a golden throat;
The song of love he was singing
Grew sweeter with every note.

I opened my casement wider
To welcome the song I heard;
Straight into my waiting bosom
Flew sunshine and song and bird.

No longer I now am sighing;
The reason canst thou divine?
The birdling with me abideth,
And sunshine and song are mine.

DORA GREENWELL.

THE SUNFLOWER.

TILL the slow daylight pale,
A willing slave, fast bound to one
above,
I wait; he seems to speed, and
change, and fall;
I know he will not move.

I lift my golden orb
To his, unsmitten when the roses die,
And in my broad and burning disk
absorb
The splendors of his eye.

His eye is like a clear
Keen flame that searches through
me; I must drop
Upon my stalk, I cannot reach his
sphere;
To mine he cannot stoop.

I win not my desire,
And yet I fail not of my guerdon; lo!
A thousand flickering darts and
tongues of fire
Around me spread and glow;

All rayed and crowned, I miss
No queenly state until the summer
wane,
The hours flit by; none knoweth of
my bliss,
And none has guessed my pain;

I follow one alone,
I track the shadow of his steps, I
grow
Most like to him I love,
Of all that shines below.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY! So you say,
So do I not believe!
For no men or women that live to-
day,
Be they as good or as bad as they
may,
Ever would dare to leave
In faintest pencil or boldest ink,
All they truly and really think;
What they have said and what they
have done,
What they have lived and what they
have felt,
Under the stars or under the sun.
At the touch of a pen the dew-
drops melt,
And the jewels are lost in the grass,
Though you count the blades as
you pass.
At the touch of a pen the lightning
is fixed,

An innocent streak on a broken
cloud;
And the thunder that pealed so
fierce and loud,
With musical echo is softly mixed.
Autobiography? No!
It never was written yet, I trow.
Grant that they try!
Still they must fail!
Words are too pale.
For the fervor and glow of the lava-
flow.

Can they paint the flash of an
eye?
How much less the flash of a heart,
Or its delicate ripple and glimmer
and gleam,
Swift and sparkling, suddenly dark-
ling,
Crimson and gold tints, exquisite
soul-tints,
Changing like dawn-flush touching
a dream!
Where is the art
That shall give the play of blending
lights
From the porphyry rock on the
pool below?
Or the bird-shadow traced on the
sunlit heights
Of golden rose and snow?

You say 'tis a fact that the books
exist,
Printed and published in Mudie's
list,
Some in two volumes, and some in
one—
Autobiographies plenty. But look!
I will tell you what is done
By the writers, confidentially!
They cut little pieces out of their
lives
And join them together,
Making them up as a readable book,
And call it an autobiography,
Though little enough of the life sur-
vives.

What if we went in the sweet May
weather
To a wood that I know which hangs
on a hill,

And reaches down to a tinkling
brook,
That sings the flowers to sleep at
night,
And calls them again with the earliest
light.
Under the delicate flush of green.
Hardly shading the bank below,
Pale anemones peep between
The mossy stumps where the
violets grow;
Wide clouds of bluebells stretch
away,
And primrose constellations rise,—
Turn where we may,
Some new loveliness meets our
eyes.
The first white butterflies flit around,
Bees are murmuring close to the
ground,
The cuckoo's happy shout is heard.
Hark again!
Was it echo, or was it bird?
All the air is full of song,
A carolling chorus around and above:
From the wood-pigeon's call so soft
and long,
To merriest twitter and marvellous
trill,
Every one sings at his own sweet
will,
True to the key-note of joyous love.

Well, it is lovely! is it not?
But we must not stay on the fairy
spot,
So we gather a nosegay with care:
A primrose here and a bluebell
there,
And something that we have never
seen,
Probably therefore a specimen
rare;
Stitchwort, with stem of transparent
green,
The white-veined woodsorrel, and
a spray
Of tender-leaved and budding May.
We carry home the fragrant load,
In a close, warm hand, by a dusty
road;
The sun grows hotter every hour;
Already the woodsorrel pines for the
shade;

We watch it fade,
And throw away the fairy little
flower;
We forgot that it could not last an
hour
Away from the cool moss where it
grows.

Then the stitchworts droop and close;
There is nothing to show but a tangle
of green,

For the white-rayed stars will no
more be seen.

Then the anemones, can they sur-
vive?

Even now they are hardly alive.

Ha! where is it, our unknown spray?

Dropped on the way!

Perhaps we shall never find one
again.

At last we come in with the few that
are left,

Of freshness and fragrance bereft;
A sorry display.

Now, do we say,

"Here is the wood where we rambled
to-day?

See, we have brought it to you;

Believe us, indeed it is true.

This is the wood!" do we say?

So much for the bright and pleasant
side.

There is another. We did not bring
all that was hidden under the wing
Of the radiant plumaged spring.

We never tried

To spy, or watch, or away to bear,
Much that was just as truly there.

What have we seen?

Hush, ah, hush!

Curled and withered fern between,
And dead leaves under the living
green,

Thick and damp. A clammy feather,
All that remains of a singing thrush
Killed by a weasel long ago,
In the hungry winter weather.

Nettles in unfriendly row,
And last year's brambles, sharp and
brown,

Grimly guarding a hawthorn crown.
A pale leaf trying to reach the light
By a long weak stem, but smothered
down,

Dying in darkness, with none to see.
The rotting trunk of a willow tree,
Leafless, ready to fall from the bank;
A poisonous fungus, cold and white,
And a hemlock growing strong and
rank.

A tuft of fur and a ruddy stain,
Where a wounded hare has escaped
the snare,

Only perhaps to be caught again.

No specimens we bring of these,

Lest they should disturb our ease,

And spoil the story of the May,

And make you think our holiday

Was far less pleasant than we say.

Ah no! We write our lives indeed,

But in a cipher none can read,

Except the author. He may pore

The life-accumulating lore

For evermore,

And find the records strange and
true,

Bring wisdom old and new;

But though he break the seal,

No power has he to give the key;

No license to reveal.

We wait the all-declaring day,

When love shall know as it is
known.

Till then, the secrets of our lives are
ours and God's alone.

SONG FROM "RIGHT."

LIGHT after darkness,

Gain after loss,

Strength after suffering,

Crown after cross.

Sweet after bitter,

Song after sigh,

Home after wandering,

Praise after cry.

Sheaves after sowing,

Sun after rain,

Sigh after mystery,

Peace after pain.

Joy after sorrow,

Calm after blast,

Rest after weariness,

Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,
 Gleam after gloom,
 Love after loneliness,
 Life after tomb.
 After long agony,
 Rapture of bliss!
Right was the pathway
 Leading to this!

FROM "MAKING POETRY."

'Tis not stringing rhymes together
 In a pleasant true accord;
 Not the music of the metre,
 Not the happy fancies, sweeter
 Than a flower-bell, honey-stored.

'T is the essence of existence,
 Rarely rising to the light;
 And the songs of echo longest,
 Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,
 With your life-blood you will write.

With your life-blood. None will
 know it,
 You will never tell them how.
 Smile! and they will never guess it:
 Laugh! and you will not confess it
 By your paler cheek and brow.

There must be the tightest tension
 Ere the tone be full and true;
 Shallow lakelets of emotion
 Are not like the spirit-ocean,
 Which reflects the purest blue.

Every lesson you shall utter,
 If the charge indeed be yours,
 First is gained by earnest learning,
 Carved in letters deep and burning
 On a heart that long endures.

Day by day that wondrous tablet
 Your life-poem shall receive,
 By the hand of Joy or Sorrow;
 But the pen can never borrow
 Half the records that they leave.

You will only give a transcript
 Of a life-line here and there,
 Only just a spray-wreath springing
 From the hidden depths, and flinging
 Broken rainbows on the air.

Still, if you but copy truly.
 'T will be poetry indeed,
 Echoing many a heart's vibration;
 Rather love than admiration
 Earning as your priceless meed.

THE COL DE BALM.

SUNSHINE and silence on the Col de
 Balm!
 I stood above the mists, above the
 rush
 Of all the torrents, when one mar-
 vellous hush
 Filled God's great mountain temple,
 vast and calm,
 With hallelujah light, as seen through
 silent psalm:—

Crossed with one discord, only one.
 For love
 Cried out, and would be heard.
 "If ye were here,
 O friends, so far away and yet so
 near,
 Then were the anthem perfect!"
 And the cry
 Threaded the concords of that Alpine
 harmony.

Not vain the same fond cry if first I
 stand
 Upon the mountain of our God, and
 long,
 Even in the glory and with His
 new song
 Upon my lips, that you should come
 and share
 The bliss of heaven, imperfect still
 till all are there.

Dear ones! shall it be mine to watch
 you come
 Up from the shadows and the val-
 ley mist,
 To tread the jacinth and the ame-
 thyst;
 To rest and sing upon the stormless
 height,
 In the deep calm of love and ever-
 lasting light?

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and
dead:

What though the heart's roses are
ashes and dust?

What though the heart's music be
fled?

Still shine the grand heavens o'er-
head,

Whence the voice of an angel thrills
clear on the soul,

"Gird about thee thine armor, press
on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy
youth

Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the deso-
late waste

Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down! down with the fetters of
fear!

In the strength of thy valor and man-
hood arise,

With the faith that illumines and the
will that defies.

Too late! through God's infinite
world,

From His throne to life's nether-
most fires,

Too late is a phantom that flies at
the dawn

Of the soul that repents and as-
pires.

If pure thou hast made thy de-
sires,

There's no height the strong wings
of immortals may gain

Which in striving to reach, thou shalt
strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past which is
dead!

What though the heart's roses are
ashes and dust?

What though the heart's music be
fled?

Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;

And sublime as the angel that rules
in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the
conflict is won!

GEORGE HERBERT.

FROM THE "ELIXIR."

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, for Thy
sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

AARON HILL.

HOW TO DEAL WITH COMMON
NATURES.

TENDER-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures:
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

F. A. HILLARD.

THE POET'S PEN.

I AM an idle reed;
I rustle in the whispering air;
I bear my stalk and seed
Through spring-time's glow and sum-
mer's glare.

And in the fiercer strife
Which winter brings to me amain,
Sapless, I waste my life,
And, murmuring at my fate, complain.

I am a worthless reed;
No golden top have I for crown,
No flower for beauty's meed,
No wreath for poet's high renown.

Hollow and gaunt, my wand
Shrill whistles, bending in the gale;
Leafless and sad I stand,
And still neglected, still bewail.

O foolish reed! to wail!
A poet came, with downcast eyes,
And, wandering through the dale,
Saw thee and claimed thee for his prize.

He plucked thee from the mire;
He pruned and made of thee a pen,
And wrote in words of fire
His flaming song to listening men;

Till thou, so lowly bred,
Now wedded to a nobler state,
Utt'rest such pæans overhead
That angels listen at their gate.

LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.

TEMPESTUOUS DEEPS.

PASSIONATE, stormy ocean,
Spreading thine arms to me,
The depths of my soul's emotion
Surge with the surging sea:
Waves and billows go o'er me,
Give me thy strong right hand!
The throes of my heart's vain struggle
I know thou wilt understand.

Break with thy hidden anguish,
Restless and yearning main!
Echo my sighs; I languish,
Moaning in secret pain.
The heart I had trusted fails me,
The hopes I would rest in, flee;
Woe upon woe assails me,
Comfort me, answering sea!

Mightily tossed with tempest,
Lashed into serried crest,
Roaring and seething billows
Give thee nor peace nor rest:
Oh, to thy heaving bosom
Take me, wild sobbing sea!
For the whole earth's groaning and
travail
Utters itself in thee.

DECEMBER.

Blow, northern winds!
To brace my fibres, knit my cords,
To gird my soul, to fire my words,
To do my work,—for 't is the
Lord's,—
To fashion minds.

Come, tonic blasts!
Arouse my courage, stir my thought,
Give nerve and spring, that as I ought
I give my strength to what is wrought,
While duty lasts.

Glow, arctic light,
And let my heart with burnished
steel,
That bright magnetic flame reveal
Which kindles purpose, faith, and
zeal
For truth and right.

Shine, winter skies!
That when each brave day's work is
done,
I wait in peace, from sun to sun,
To meet unshamed, through victory
won,
Your starry eyes.

[From *Persephone*.]

EARLY SUMMER.

THE chrysalid with rapture stirs;
The water-beetle feels more nigh
His glory of the dragon-fly,
And nectar fills the flower-spurs.

Down in the confidential green
Of clover-fields the insects hum,
While myriad creatures pipe and
drum,
And live their busy life unseen.

The flowers of the Indian corn
 Droop their fair feathers o'er the
 sheath,
 And all their pollen grains bequeath
 That golden harvests may be born.

[From *Persephone*.]

LATE SUMMER.

THE summer-tide swells high and
 full;
 I sit within the waving grass;
 The scented breezes o'er me pass,
 The thistles shed their silky wool.

The ox-eyed daisies hail the sun,
 And sprinkle all the acres bright
 With golden stars of radiant light
 Amid the feathery grasses dun.

The plaintive brook reflects the glow
 Of rows of bleeding cardinal;
 The whippoorwill's sweet madrigal
 Breathes through the sunset soft and
 low.

I see the dear Persephone
 Trailing her purple robes more
 slow,
 Her lovely eyelids drooping low,
 And gazing pensive o'er the sea.

The fringed gentians kiss her hand,
 The milkweed waves its soft adieus;
 Their tender words she must refuse,
 For dark steeds wait upon the strand.

[From *Persephone*.]

AUTUMN.

EREWHILE the sap has had its will,
 The bud has opened into leaf
 The grain is ripening for the sheaf,
 Demeter's arms have had their fill.

The seed has dropped into the mould,
 The flower all its petals shed,
 The rattling stalks are dry and dead,
 Persephone is still and cold.

For Nature's dream is all fulfilled,
 Her clinging robes she folds once
 more,
 And glides within her close-locked
 door,
 For all the wine of life is spilled.

HYMN FROM "MOTHERHOOD."

O BEAUTIFUL new life within my
 bosom,
 New life, love-born, more beautiful
 than day.
 I tremble in thy sacred presence,
 knowing
 What holy miracle attends my
 way!
 My heart is hushed, I hear between
 its beating
 The angel of annunciation say,
 "Hail, blessed among women!"
 while I pray.

O all-creative Love! thy finger
 touches
 My leaping pulses to diviner heat.
 What am I, that thy thought of life
 should blossom
 In me, in me thy tide of life should
 beat?
 Beat strong within me, God-tide, in
 high passion,
 With quickening spirit earth-born
 essence greet!
 Fountain of life! flow through me
 pure and sweet.

O all-sustaining Love! come close
 beside me,—
 Me, so unworthy of this wondrous
 gift.
 Purge me, refine me, try me as by
 fire,
 Whiten me white as snow in gla-
 cier-rift,
 That neither spot, nor stain nor
 blemish darken
 These elements that now to being
 drift:
 Inspire, sustain me, all my soul
 uplift!

O all-sufficient Love! I am as
nothing;
Take me, thy way, most facile to
thy need;
Enraptured, let me feel thy spirit
moulding
The germ that thou hast made a
living seed.
And while the currents of my life are
speeding
This life immortal in its growth to
feed,
'To one dear purpose, all my forces
lead!

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

SEA-WAY.

THE tide slips up the silver sand,
Dark night and rosy day;
It brings sea-treasures to the land,
Then bears them all away.
On mighty shores from east to west
It walls, and grapes, and cannot
rest.

O tide, that still doth ebb and
flow
Through night to golden day:—
Wit, learning, beauty, come and go,
Thou giv'st—thou tak'st away.
But sometime, on some gracious
shore,
Thou shalt lie still and ebb no more.

ON THE ROAD.

Dost know the way to Paradise?
Pray, tell me by thy grace.
"Any way thou canst devise
That leads to my love's face—
For that's his dwelling-place."

How far is it to Paradise?
"Ah, that I cannot say;
Time loiters and my heart it flies—
A minute seems a day
Whene'er I go that way."

THE PRINCE.

SEPTEMBER waves his golden-rod
Along the lanes and hollows,
And saunters round the sunny fields
A-playing with the swallows.

The corn has listened for his step,
The maples blush to greet him,
And gay coquetting Sumach dons
Her velvet cloak to meet him.

Come to the hearth, O merry prince,
With flaming knot and ember;
For all your tricks of frosty eyes,
We love your ways, September!

AUTUMN SONG.

RED leaf, gold leaf,
Flutter down the wind:
Life is brief, oh! life is brief,
But Mother Earth is kind;
From her dear bosom ye shall spring
To new blossoming.

The red leaf, the gold leaf,
They have had their way;
Love is long if life be brief,—
Life is but a day;
And love from grief and death shall
spring
To new blossoming.

HELEN JACKSON

(H. H.).

THE LAST WORDS.

[The last words written by Dr. Holland,
Oct. 11th, 1881,—referring to President
Garfield: "By sympathy he drew all hearts
to him."]

I.
WE may not choose! Ah, if we
might, how we
Should linger here, not ready to be
dead,
Till one more loving thing were
looked, or said,—
Till some dear child's estate of joy
should be
Complete,—or we triumphant, late
should see

Some great cause win for which our
 hearts had bled. —
 Some hope come true which all our
 lives had fed, —
 Some bitter sorrow fade away and flee,
 Which we, rebellious, had too bitter
 thought;
 Or even, — so our human hearts
 would cling,
 If but they might, to this fair world
 inwrought
 With heavenly beauty in each small-
 est thing,
 We would refuse to die till we had
 sought
 One violet more, heard one more
 robin sing!

II.

We may not choose: but if we did
 foreknow
 The hour when we should pass from
 human sight,
 What words were last that we should
 say, or write,
 Could we pray fate a sweeter boon
 to show
 Than bid our last words burn with
 loving glow
 Of heartfelt praise, to lift, and make
 more bright
 A great man's memory, set in clearer
 light?
 Ah yes! Fate could one boon more
 sweet bestow:
 So frame those words that every
 heart which knew,
 Should sudden, awe-struck, weeping
 turn away,
 And cry: "His own hand his best
 wreath must lay!
 Of his own life his own last words
 are true,
 So true, love's truth no truer thing
 can say, —
 "By sympathy, all hearts to him he
 drew."

MARCH.

MONTH which the warring ancients
 strangely styled
 The month of war, — as if in their
 fierce ways

Were any month of peace! — in thy
 rough days,
 I find no war in nature, though the
 wild
 Winds clash and clang, and broken
 boughs are piled
 At feet of writhing trees. The violets
 raise
 Their heads without affright, or look
 of maze,
 And sleep through all the din, as
 sleeps a child.
 And he who watches well, will well
 discern
 Sweet expectation in each living
 thing.
 Like pregnant mother, the sweet
 earth doth yearn;
 In secret joy makes ready for the
 spring;
 And hidden, sacred, in her breast
 doth bear
 Annunciation lilies for the year.

JULY.

SOME flowers are withered and some
 joys have died;
 The garden reeks with an East Indian
 scent
 From beds where gillyflowers stand
 weak and spent;
 The white heat pales the skies from
 side to side;
 At noonday all the living creatures
 hide;
 But in still lakes and rivers, cool,
 content,
 Like starry blooms on a new firma-
 ment,
 White lilies float and regally abide.
 In vain the cruel skies their hot rays
 shed;
 The lily does not feel their brazen
 glare;
 In vain the pallid clouds refuse to
 share
 Their dews; the lily feels no thirst,
 no dread;
 Unharm'd she lifts her queenly face
 and head;
 She drinks of living waters and keeps
 fair.

MY NASTURTIIUMS.

QUAINT blossom with the old fantastic name,
 By jester christened at some ancient feast!
 How royally to-day among the least
 Considered herbs, it flings its spice and flame.
 How careless wears a velvet of the same
 Unfathomed red, which ceased when Titian ceased
 To paint it in the robes of doge and priest.
 Oh, long lost loyal red which never came
 Again to painter's palette — on my sight
 It flashes at this moment, trained and poured
 Through my nasturtiums in the morning light.
 Like great-souled kings to kingdoms full restored,
 They stand alone and draw them to their height,
 And shower me from their stintless golden hoard.

LUCIA W. JENNISON

(OWEN INNSLY).

IN A LETTER.

THERE came a breath, out of a distant time,
 An odor from neglected gardens where
 Unnumbered roses once perfumed the air
 Through summer days, in childhood's happy clime,
 There came the salt scent of the sea, the chime
 Of waves against the beaches or the bare,
 Gaunt rocks; as to the mind, half unaware,
 Recur the words of some familiar rhyme.

And as above the gardens and the sea
 The moon arises, and her silver light
 Touches the landscape with a deeper grace,
 So o'er the misty wraiths of memory,
 Turning them into pictures clear and bright,
 Rose in a halo the beloved face.

HER ROSES.

AGAINST her mouth she pressed the rose, and there,
 'Neath the caress of lips as soft and red
 As its own petals, quick the bright bud spread
 And oped, and flung its fragrance on the air.
 It ne'er again a bud's young grace can wear?
 O love, regret it not! It gladly shed
 Its soul for thee, and though thou kiss it dead
 It does not murmur at a fate so fair.
 Thus, once, thou breath'dst on me, till every germ
 Of love and song broke into rapturous flower,
 And sent a challenge upwards to the sky,
 What if too swift fruition set a term
 Too brief to all things? I have lived my hour,
 And die contented since for thee I die.

OUTRE-MORT.

SUPPOSE the dreaded messenger of death
 Should hasten steps that seem, though sure, so slow,
 And soon should whisper with his chilly breath:
 "Arise! thine hour has sounded, thou must go;

For they that earliest taste life's hol-
 est feast
 Must early fast, lest, grown too bold,
 they dare
 Of them that follow after seize the
 share."

Then, though my pulse's beat forever
 ceased,
 If where I slumbered thou shouldst
 chance to pass
 Though grave-bound, I thy presence
 should discern.
 Heedless of coffin-lid and tangled
 grass,
 Upward to kiss thy feet my lips
 would yearn;
 And did one spark of love thy heart
 inflame,
 With the old rapture I should call
 thy name.

DEPENDENCE.

WHAT would life keep for me if
 thou shouldst go?
 Belovèd, give me answer; for my
 art
 Is pledged unto thy service, and my
 heart
 Apart from thee nor joy nor grace
 doth know.
 No arid desert, no wide waste of
 snow,
 Looks drearier to exiled ones who
 start
 On their forced journey than,
 shouldst thou depart,
 This fair green earth to my dead
 hope would show.
 And like a drowning man who strug-
 gling clings
 With stiffened fingers to the rope
 that saves.
 Thrown out to meet his deep need
 from the land,
 So to thy thought I hold when
 sorrow's wings
 Darken the sky, and 'mid the bitter-
 est waves
 Of fate am succored by thy friendly
 hand.

AT SEA.

WHAT lies beyond the far horizon's
 rim?
 Ah! could our ship but reach and
 anchor there,
 What wondrous scenes, what visions
 bright and fair
 Would meet the eyes that gazed
 across the brim!
 But though we crowd the canvass
 on and trim
 Our barque with skill, the proud
 waves seem to bear
 No nearer to that goal, and every-
 where
 Stretches an endless circle wide and
 dim,
 So we do dream, treading the narrow
 path
 Of life, between the bounds of day
 and night,
 To-morrow turns this page so often
 conned.
 But when to-morrow cometh, lo! it
 hath
 The limits of to-day, and in its
 light
 Still lies far off the unknown heaven
 beyond.
 We sail the centre of a ceaseless
 round,
 Forever circled by the horizon's rim;
 And fondly deem that from that far-
 off brim
 Some sign will rise or some glad ti-
 dings sound.
 But no word comes, nor ought to
 break the bound
 Of sea and sky all day with distance
 dim,
 And vanished quite when darkness,
 chill and grim,
 About the deep her sable shroud has
 wound.
 So on the seas of life and time we
 drift,
 Within the circling limits of our
 fate,
 Expectant ever of some solving
 breath.
 But no sound comes, no pitying hand
 doth lift

The veil nor faith nor love can penetrate,
And to our dusk succeeds the dark
of death.

ROBERT U. JOHNSON.

IN NOVEMBER.

HERE is the water-shed of all the
year,
Where by a thought's space,
thoughts do start anear
That fare most widely forth: some
to the mouth
Of Arctic rivers, some to the mellow
South.

The gaunt and wrinkled orchard
shivers 'neath
The blast, like Lear upon the English
heath,
And mossy boughs blow wild that,
undistressed,
Another spring shall hide the cheerful
nest.

All things are nearer from this chilly
crown,—
The solitude, the white and huddling
town;
And next the russet fields, of harvest
shorn,
Shines the new wheat that freshens
all the morn.

From out the bursting milkweed,
dry and gray,
The silken argosies are launched
away,
To mount the gust, or drift from hill
to hill
And plant new colonies by road and
rill.

Ah, wife of mine, whose clinging
hand I hold,
Shrink you before the new, or at
the old?
And those far eyes that hold the
silence fast—
Look they upon the Future, or the
Past?

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

KILCOLEMAN CASTLE.

KILCOLEMAN CASTLE, an ancient and very picturesque ruin, once the residence of Spenser, lies on the shore of a small lake, about two miles to the west of Donegal, in the county of Cork. It belonged once to the Earls of Desmond, and was burned by their followers in 1594. Spenser, who was hated by the Irish in consequence of his stringent advices to the English about the management of the refractory chiefs and minstrels, narrowly escaped with his life, and an infant child of his, unfortunately left behind, was burnt to death in the flames.

No sound of life was coming
From glen or tree or brake,
Save the bittern's hollow booming
Up from the reedy lake;
The golden light of sunset
Was swallowed in the deep,
And the night came down with a
sullen frown,
On Houra's craggy steep.

And Houra's hills are soundless:
But hark, that trumpet blast!
It fills the forest boundless,
Rings round the summits vast;
'Tis answered by another
From the crest of Corrin Mór,
And hark again the pipe's wild strain
By Bregoge's caverned shore!

Oh, sweet at hush of even
The trumpet's golden thrill;
Grand 'neath the starry heaven
The pibroch wild and shrill;
Yet all were pale with terror,
The fearful and the bold,
Who heard its tone that twilight lone
In the poet's frowning hold!

Well might their hearts be beating;
For up the mountain pass,
By lake and river meeting
Came kern and galloglass,
Breathing of vengeance deadly,
Under the forest tree,
To the wizard man who had cast the
ban
On the minstrels bold and free!

They gave no word of warning,
Round still they came, and on,
Door, wall, and ramparts scorning,
They knew not he was gone!
Gone fast and far that even,
All secret as the wind,
His treasures all in that castle tall,
And his infant son behind!

All still that castle hoarest;
Their pipes and horns were still,
While gazed they through the forest,
Up glen and northern hill;
Till from the Brehon circle,
On Corrin's crest of stone,
A sheet of fire like an Indian pyre
Up to the clouds was thrown.

Then, with a mighty blazing,
They answered — to the sky;
It dazzled their own gazing,
So bright it rolled and high;
The castle of the poet —
The man of endless fame —
Soon hid its head in a mantle red
Of fierce and rushing flame.

Out burst the vassals, praying
For mercy as they sped,
"Where was their master staying,
Where was the poet fled?"
But hark! that thrilling screaming,
Over the crackling din, —
'Tis the poet's child in its terror wild,
The blazing tower within!

There was a warlike giant
Amid the listening throng;
He looked with face defiant
On the flames so wild and strong;
Then rushed into the castle,
And up the rocky stair,
But alas, alas! he could not pass
To the burning infant there!

The wall was tottering under,
And the flame was whirring round,
The wall went down in thunder,
And dashed him to the ground;
Up in the burning chamber
Forever died that scream,
And the fire sprang out with a wilder
shout
And a fiercer, ghastlier gleam!

It glared o'er hill and hollow,
Up many a rocky bar,
From ancient Kilnamulla
To Darra's Peak afar;
Then it heaved into the darkness
With a final roar amain,
And sank in gloom with a whirring
boom,
And all was dark again!

Away sped the galloglasses
And kerns, all still again,
Through Houra's lonely passes,
Wild, fierce, and reckless men.
But such the Saxon made them,
Poor sons of war and woe;
So they venged their strife with flame
and knife
On his head long, long ago!

THE BANKS OF ANNER.

In purple robes old Sliavnamon
Towers monarch of the mountains,
The first to catch the smiles of dawn,
With all his woods and fountains;
His streams dance down by tower and
town,
But none since time began her,
Met mortal sight so pure and bright
As winding, wandering Anner.

In hillside's gleam or woodland's
gloom,
O'er fairy height and hollow,
Upon her banks gay flowerets bloom,
Where'er her course I follow.
And halls of pride hang o'er her
tide,
And gleaming bridges span her,
As laughing gay, she winds away,
The gentle, murmuring Anner.

There gallant men, for freedom born,
With friendly grasp will meet you;
There lovely maids, as bright as
morn,
With sunny smiles will greet you;
And there they strove to raise above,
The Red, Green Ireland's banner.
There yet its fold they'll see unrolled
Upon the banks of Anner.

'Tis there we'll stand, with bosoms
proud,
True soldiers of our sireland,
When freedom's wind blows strong
and loud,
And floats the flag of Ireland.
Let tyrants quake, and doubly shake,
Each traitor and trepanner,
When once we raise our camp-fire's
blaze
Upon the banks of Anner.

Oh, God be with the good old days,
The days so light and airy,
When to blithe friends I sang my lays
In gallant Tipperary!
When fair maids' sighs and witching
eyes
Made my young heart the planner
Of castles rare, built in the air,
Upon the banks of Anner.

The morning sun may fail to show
His light the earth illuming;
Old Sliavnamon to blush and glow
In autumn's purple blooming;
And shamrocks green no more be
seen,
And breezes cease to fan her,
Ere I forget the friends I met
Upon the banks of Anner!

CHARLES DE KAY.

FINGERS.

Who will tell me the secret, the cause
For the life in her swift-flying
hands?
How weaves she the shuttle with
never a pause,
With keys of the octave for
strands?
Have they eyes, those soft fingers of
her
That they kiss in the darkness the
keys,
As in darkness the poets aver
Lovers' lips will find lips by de-
grees?

Ay, marvels they are in their shadowy
dance,
But who is the god that has given
them soul?
When leanned they the spell other
souls to entrance,
When the heart, other hearts to
control?

'Twas the noise of the waves at the
prow,
The musical lapse on the beaches,
'Twas the surf in the night when the
land-breezes blow,
The song of the tide in the reaches:

She has drawn their sweet influence
home
To a soul not yet clear but pro-
found,
Where it blows like the Persian sea-
foam into pearls,
Into pearls of melodious sound.

HENRY KING.

FROM THE "EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE."

SLEEP on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not
wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fills the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

Stay for me there! I will not fail
To meet thee in the hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrow heed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.

At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my nest
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail.
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy
gale,

Thus from the sun my vessel steers
And my day's compass downward
bears;
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly
glide.

'Tis time, with shame and grief I
yield,
Thou like the van first tak'st the
field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might
crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft
drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear, for-
give
The crime, — I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

[From *Closing Chords*.]

THE STRIVING OF HOPE.

WHEN I shall go
Into the narrow house that leaves
No room for wringing of the hands
and hair,
And feel the pressing of the walls
which bear
The heavy sod upon my heart, that
grieves
As the weird earth rolls on —
Then I shall know
What is the power of destiny. But
still,
Still while my life, however sad, be
mine
I war with memory, striving to divine

Phantom to-morrows, to outrun the
past:
For yet the tears of final, absolute
ill
And ruinous knowledge of my fate I
shun.
Even as the frail, instinctive weed
Tries, through unending shade, to
reach at last
A shining, mellowing, rapture-giving
sun;
So in the deed of breathing joy's
warm breath,
Fain to succeed,
I, too, in colorless longings, hope till
death.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

"E venni dal martirio a questa pace."

THESE words the poet heard in Para-
dise,
Uttered by one who, bravely dying
here,
In the true faith, was living in that
sphere
Where the celestial Cross of sacri-
fice
Spread its protecting arms athwart
the skies;
And, set thereon, like jewels crys-
tal clear,
The souls magnanimous, that
knew not fear,
Flashed their effulgence on his daz-
zled eyes.

Ah, me! how dark the discipline of
pain,
Were not the suffering followed by
the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!

This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our sus-
pense:
"I came from martyrdom unto this
peace!"

GEORGE LUNT.

THE COMET.

YON car of fire, though veiled by
day,
Along the field of gleaming blue,
When twilight folded earth in gray,
A world-wide wonder flew.

Duly, in turn, each orb of night
From out the darkling concave
broke!
Eve's glowing herald swam in light
And every star awoke.

The Lyre re-strung its burning
chords;
Streamed from the Cross its earliest
ray;
Then rose Altair, more sweet than
words
Or music's soul could say.

They from old time, in course the
same,
Familiar set, familiar rise;
But what art thou, wild lovely flame,
Across the startled skies?

Mysterious yet as when it burst,
Through the vast void of nature
hurled,
And shook their shrinking hearts at
first,
The fathers of the world!

No curious sage the scroll unseals,
Vain quest for baffled science
given!
Its orbit ages, while it wheels,
The miracle of heaven!

In nature's plan thy sphere unknown,
Save that no sphere this order mars,
Whose law could guide thy path alone
In realms beyond the stars.

God's minister! we know no more
Of thee, thy frame, thy mission
still,
Than he who watched thy flight of
yore
On the Chaldean hill.

Yet thus, transcendent from thy
blaze
Beams light to pierce this mortal
clod;
Scarcely "the fool" on thee could
gaze
And say, "There is no God!"

LORD LYTTON

[EDWARD BULWER].

IS IT ALL VANITY?

LIFE answers, "No! If ended here
be life,
Seize what the sense can give; it
is thine own
Disarm thee, Virtue! barren is thy
strife;
Knowledge, thy torch let fall!

"Seek thy lost Psyche, yearning
Love, no more!
Love is but lust, if soul be only
breath;
Who would put forth one billow from
the shore
If the great sea be Death?"

But if the soul, that slow artificer,
For ends its instincts rears *from*
life hath striven,
Feeling beneath its patient web-work
stir
Wings only freed in heaven, —

Then, and but then, to toll is to be
wise;
Solved is the riddle of the grand
desire
Which ever, ever for the distant
sighs,
And must perforce aspire.

Rise then, my soul, take comfort from
thy sorrow;
Thou feel'st thy treasure when
thou feel'st thy load;
Life without thought, the day with-
out the morrow,
God on the brute bestowed; —

Longings obscure as for a native
 clime,
 Flight from what is, to live in
 what may be
 God gave the soul:—thy discontent
 with time
 Proves thine eternity.

[From *Richelieu*.]

JUSTICE, THE REGENERATIVE
 POWER.

My liege, your anger can recall
 your trust,
 Annul my office, spoil me of my
 lands,
 Rifle my coffers; but my name, —
 my deeds, —
 Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.
 Pass sentence on me, if you will; —
 from kings,
 Lo, I appeal to time! Be just, my
 liege.
 I found your kingdom rent with her-
 esies,
 And bristling with rebellion; — law-
 less nobles
 And breadless serfs; England fom-
 menting discord,
 Austria, her clutch on your domin-
 ion; Spain
 Forging the prodigal gold of either
 Ind
 To armed thunderbolts. The arts
 lay dead;
 Trade rotted in your marts; your
 armies mutinous,
 Your treasury bankrupt. Would you
 now revoke
 Your trust, so be it! and I leave
 you, sole,
 Supreme monarch of the mightiest
 realm,
 From Ganges to the icebergs. Look
 without, —
 No foe not humbled! Look within, —
 the arts
 Quit for our schools, their old Hes-
 perides,
 The golden Italy! while throughout
 the veins

Of your vast empire flows in strength-
 ening tides
 Trade, the calm health of nations!
 Sire, I know
 That men have called me cruel; —
 I am not; — I am *just*! I found
 France rent asunder,
 The rich men despots, and the poor
 banditti;
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within
 the temple.
 Brawls festering to rebellion; and
 weak laws
 Rotting away with rust in antique
 sheaths.
 I have re-created France; and, from
 the ashes
 Of the old feudal and decrepit car-
 cass,
 Civilization, on her luminous wings
 Soars phoenix-like, to Jove! What
 was my art?
 Genius, some say; — some, fortune;
 witchcraft, some.
 Not so; — my art was Justice!

[From *King Arthur*.]

CARADOC, THE BARD, TO THE
 CYMRANS.

No Cymrian bard, by the primitive law,
 could bear weapons.

HARK to the measured march! — The
 Saxons come!
 The sound earth quails beneath the
 hollow tread!
 Your fathers rushed upon the swords
 of Rome,
 And climbed her war-ships, when
 the Caesar fled,
 The Saxons come! why wait within
 the wall?
 They scale the mountain: — let its
 torrents fall!
 Mark, ye have swords, and shields,
 and armor, ye!
 No mail defends the Cymrian
 child of Song;
 But where the warrior, there the
 bard shall be!
 All fields of glory to the bards be-
 long!

His realm extends wherever godlike
 strife
 Spurns the base death, and wins im-
 mortal life.

Unarmed he goes — his guard the
 shield of all,
 Where he bounds foremost on the
 Saxon spear!

Unarmed he goes, that, falling, even
 his fall

Shall bring no shame, and shall
 bequeath no fear!

Does the song cease? — avenge it by
 the deed,

And make the sepulchre — a nation
 freed!

LORD LYTTON

(EDWARD ROBERT BULWER)

(OWEN MEREDITH).

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,
 Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
 Those evenings in the bleak Decem-
 ber,

Curtained warm from the snowy
 weather,

When you and I played chess to-
 gether,

Checkmated by each other's eyes?
 Ah! still I see your soft white hand

Hovering warm o'er queen and
 knight;

Brave pawns in valiant battle stand;
 The double castles guard the wings;

The bishop, bent on distant things,
 Moves sidling through the fight.

Our fingers touch, our glances meet,
 And falter, falls your golden hair

Against my cheek: your bosom sweet
 Is heaving; down the field, your

queen
 Rides slow her soldiery all between,
 And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle's done,
 Dispersed is all its chivalry;

Full many a move, since then, have
 we

'Mid life's perplexing chequers made,
 And many a game with fortune
 played —

What is it we have won?

This, this at least — if this alone —
 That never, never, never more,

As in those old still nights of yore —
 Ere we were grown so sadly wise —

Can you and I shut out the skies,
 Shut out the world and wintry

weather,
 And eyes exchanging warmth with
 eyes,

Play chess as then we played together!

CHANGES.

WHOM first we love, you know, we
 seldom wed.

Time rules us all. And life indeed,
 is not

The thing we planned it out ere hope
 is dead.

And then, we women cannot choose
 our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard
 to bear:

Much given away which it were
 sweet to keep.

God help us all! who need, indeed,
 His care,

And yet I know, the Shepherd
 loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
 Upon my knee his earliest infant

prayer;
 He has his father's eager eyes, I know;

And, they say too, his mother's
 sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon
 my knee,

And I can feel his light breath
 come and go,

I think of one — Heaven help and
 pity me!

Who loved me, and whom I loved,
 long ago.

Who might have been — ah, what I
dare not think?

We all are changed. God judges
for us best.

God help us do our duty, and not
shrink,

And trust in Heaven humbly for
the rest.

But blame us women not, if some
appear

Too cold at times; and some too gay
and light.

Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes
are hard to bear;

Who knows the past? and who can
judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might
have been,

And not by what we are, too apt to
fall!

My little child — he sleeps and smiles
between

These thoughts and me. In heaven
we shall know all!

[From *Lucile*.]

LIFE A VICTORY.

A POWER hid in pathos; a fire veiled
in cloud:

Yet still burning outward: a branch
which, though bowed

By the bird in its passage, springs
upward again:

Through all symbols I search for her
sweetness — in vain!

Judge her love by her life. For our
life is but love

In act. Pure was hers: and the
dear God above,

Who knows what his creatures have
need of for life,

And whose love includes all loves,
through much patient strife

Led her soul into peace. Love,
though love may be given

In vain, is yet lovely. Her own na-
tive heaven

More clearly she mirrored, as life's
troubled dream

Wore away; and love sighed into
rest, like a stream

That breaks its heart over wild rocks
toward the shore

Of the great sea which hushes it up
evermore

With its little wild wailing. No
stream from its source

Flows seaward, how lonely soever its
course,

But what some land is gladdened.
No star ever rose

And set, without influence some-
where. Who knows

What earth needs from earth's lowest
creature? No life

Can be pure in its purpose and
strong in its strife

And all life not be purer and stronger
thereby.

The spirits of just men made perfect
on high,

The army of martyrs who stand by
the throne

And gaze into the face that makes
glorious their own,

Know this, surely, at last. Honest
love, honest sorrow,

Honest work for the day, honest
hope for the morrow,

Are these worth nothing more than
the hand they make weary,

The heart they have sadden'd, the
life they leave dreary?

Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the
voice of the Spirit

Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all
things inherit.

[From *Lucile*.]

THE UNFULFILLED.

How blest should we be, have I often
conceived,

Had we really achieved what we
nearly achieved!

We but catch at the skirts of the
thing we would be,

And fall back on the lap of a false
destiny.

So it will be, so has been, since this
world began!

And the happiest, noblest, and best
 part of man
 Is the part which he never hath fully
 played out:
 For the first and last word in life's
 volume is — Doubt.
 The face the most fair to our vision
 allowed
 Is the face we encounter and lose in
 the crowd;
 The thought that most thrills our
 existence is one
 Which, before we can frame it in
 language, is gone.

— ◆ —

JAMES I. MCKAY.

A SUMMER MORNING.

OH, the earth and the air!
 Honeysuckle and rose;
 Fir-trees tapering high
 Into the deep repose
 Of the fleckless sky:
 Hills that climb and are strong;
 Basking, contented plain;
 Sunlight poured out along
 The sea of the grass like rain;
 Spice-burdened winds that rise,
 Whisper, wander and hush;
 And the carolling harmonies
 Of robin and quail and thrush!
 O God, Thy world is fair!

And this but the place of His feet!
 I had cried, "Let me see! let me
 hear!

Show me the ways of Thy hand!"
 For it all was a riddle drear
 That I fainted to understand.
 Canopy, close-drawn round,
 Part not, nor lift from the ground:
 Move not your finger-tips,
 Firs, from the heavens' lips.
 When this is the place of His feet,
 How should I fear to raise
 My blasted vision to meet
 The inconceivable blaze
 Of His majesty complete?

CAMERON MANN.

THE LONGING OF CIRCE.

THE vapid years drag by, and bring
 not here
 The man for whom I wait;
 All things pall on me; in my heart
 grows fear
 Lest I may miss my fate.

I weary of the heavy wealth and ease
 Which all my isle enfold,
 The fountain's sleepy plash, the
 changeless breeze,
 That bears nor heat nor cold,

With dull unvaried mien, my maids
 and I
 Glide through our household tasks;
 Gather strange herbs, weave purple
 tapestry,
 Distil, in magic flasks.

Most weary am I of these men who
 yield
 So swiftly to my spell, —
 The beastly rout now wandering afield
 With grunt and snarl and yell.

Ah! when in place of tigers and of
 swine,
 Shall he confront me, whom
 My song cannot enslave, nor that
 bright wine
 Where rank enchantments fume?

Then with what utter gladness will I
 cast
 My sorceries away;
 And kneel to him, my lord revealed
 at last
 And serve him night and day!

— ◆ —

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

A PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS
 LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That grove or valley, hill or field,
 Or wood and steepy mountain yield.

Where we will sit on rising rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their
flocks

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Pleased will I make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant
posies;

A cap of flowers and rural kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myr-
tle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we
pull;
And shoes lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
If these, these pleasures can thee
move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

— — —
PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

FROM FAR.

O LOVE, come back, across the weary
way
Thou didst go yesterday —
Dear Love, come back!

"I am too far upon my way to turn;
Be silent, hearts that yearn
Upon my track."

O Love! Love! Love! sweet Love!
we are undone,
If thou indeed be gone
Where lost things are.

"Beyond the extremest sea's waste
light and noise,
As from Ghostland, thy voice
Is borne afar."

O Love, what was our sin that we
should be
Forsaken thus by thee?
So hard a lot!

"Upon your hearts, my hands and
lips were set —
My lips of fire — and yet
Ye knew me not.

Nay, surely, Love! We knew thee
well, sweet Love!
Did we not breathe and move
Within thy light?

"Ye did reject my thorns who wore
my roses;
Now darkness closes
Upon your sight."

O Love! stern Love! be not impla-
cable;
We loved thee, Love, so well!
Come back to us!

"To whom, and where, and by what
weary way
That I went yesterday,
Shall I come thus?

Oh, weep, weep, weep! for Love who
tarried long
With many a kiss and song
Has taken wing,

No more he lightens in our eyes like
fire!
He heeds not our desire,
Or songs we sing.

— — —
TOO NEAR.

So close we are, and yet so far apart,
So close, I feel your breath upon my
cheek;
So far that all this love of mine is
weak
To touch in any way your distant
heart;
So close that when I hear your voice
I start,
To see my whole life standing bare
and bleak;
So far that though for years and
years I seek,
I shall not find thee other than
thou art;

So while I live and walk upon the
 verge
 Of an impassable and changeless sea,
 Which more than death divides me,
 love, from thee:
 The mournful beating of its leaden
 surge
 Is all the music now that I shall
 hear;—
 O love, thou art too far and yet too
 near!

—◆—
 CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

MAY.

I saw a child, once, that had lost its
 way
 In a great city: ah, dear Heaven, such
 eyes!
 A far-off look in them, as if the skies
 Her birthplace were. So looks to me
 the May.
 April is ominous; June is glad and
 gay;
 May glides between them in such
 wondering wise,
 Lovely as dropped from some far Par-
 adise,
 And knowing, all the while, herself
 astray.
 Or, is the fault with us? Nay, call
 it not
 A fault, but a sweet trouble. Is it
 we,—
 Catching some glimpse of our own
 destiny
 In May's renewing touch, some yearn-
 ing thought
 Of Heaven, beneath her resurrecting
 hand,—
 We who are aliens, lost in a strange
 land?

—◆—
 AN OPEN SECRET.

Would the lark sing the sweeter if
 he knew
 A thousand hearts hung breathless
 on his lay?
 And if "How fair!" the rose could
 hear us say,

Would she, her primal fairness to
 outdo,
 Take on a richer scent, a lovelier
 hue?
 Who knows or cares to answer yea or
 nay?
 O tuneful lark! sail singing on your
 way,
 Brimmed with excess of ecstasy; and
 you,
 Sweet rose! renew with every perfect
 June,
 Your perfect blossoming! Still na-
 ture-wise
 Sing, bloom, because ye must and not
 for praise.
 If only we who covet the fair boon
 Of well-earned fame, and wonder
 where it lies
 Would read the secret in your simple
 ways!

—◆—
 WEIR MITCHELL

THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD.

FOUR straight brick walls, severely
 plain,
 A quiet city square surround;
 A level space of nameless graves,
 The Quaker's burial-ground.
 In gown of gray or coat of drab,
 They trod the common ways of
 life,
 With passions held in sternest leash,
 And hearts that knew not strife.
 To yon grim meeting-house they
 fared,
 With thoughts as sober as their
 speech
 To voiceless prayer, to songless
 praise,
 To hear the elders preach.
 Through quiet lengths of days they
 came,
 With scarce a change to this re-
 pose;
 Of all life's loveliness they took
 The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves
 Glad rings the southward robin's
 glee;
 And sparrows fill the autumn air
 With merry mutiny.

While on the graves of drab and
 gray
 The red and gold of autumn lie;
 And wilful Nature decks the sod
 In gentlest mockery.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

MY SAINT.

OH, long the weary vigils since you
 left me —
 In your far home, I wonder, can
 you know
 To what dread uttermost your loss
 bereft me,
 Or half it meant to me that you
 should go ?

This world is full, indeed, of fair
 hopes perished,
 And loves more fleet than this poor
 fleeting breath;
 But that deep heart in which my
 heart was cherished
 Must surely have survived what we
 call death.

They cannot cease — our own true
 dead — to love us,
 And you will hear this far-off cry
 of mine,
 Though you keep holiday so high
 above us,
 Where all the happy spirits sing
 and shine.

Steal back to me to-night, from your
 far dwelling,
 Beyond the pilgrim moon, beyond
 the sun;
 They will not miss your single voice
 for swelling
 Their rapture-chorus — you are
 only one.

Ravish my soul, as with divine em-
 braces;
 Teach me, if life is false, that
 Death is true;
 With pledge of new delights in
 heavenly places
 Entice my spirit ; take me hence
 with you.

AT SEA.

OUTSIDE the mad sea ravens for its
 prey —
 Shut from it by a floating plank I
 lie;
 Through this round window search
 the faithless sky,
 The hungry waves that fain would
 rend and slay,
 The live-long, blank, interminable
 way,
 Blind with the sun and hoarse with
 the wind's cry
 Of wild, unconquerable mutiny,
 Until night comes more terrible than
 day.
 No more at rest am I than wind and
 wave;
 My soul cries with them in their wild
 despair,
 I, who am Destiny's impatient slave,
 Who find no help in hope, nor ease
 in prayer,
 And only dream of rest, on some dim
 shore
 Where sea and storms and life shall
 be no more.

LEFT BEHIND.

WILT thou forget me in that other
 sphere —
 Thou who hast shared my life so
 long in this —
 And straight grown dizzy with that
 greater bliss,
 Fronting heaven's splendor strong
 and full and clear,
 No longer hold the old embraces
 dear
 When some sweet seraph crowns
 thee with her kiss?
 Nay, surely from that rapture thou
 wouldst miss

Some slight, small thing that thou
hast cared for here.

I do not dream that from those ulti-
mate heights

Thou wilt come back to seek me
where I bide;

But if I follow, patient of thy slights,

And if I stand there, waiting by
thy side,

Surely thy heart with some old thrill
will stir,

And turn thy face toward me, even
from her.

HIC JACET.

So Love is dead that has been quick
so long!

Close, then, his eyes, and bear him
to his rest,

With eglantine and myrtle on his
breast;

And leave him there, their pleasant
scents among,

And chant a sweet and melancholy
song

About the charms of which he
was possest;

And how of all things he was love-
liest,

And to compare with aught were him
to wrong.

Leave him, beneath the still and
solemn stars,

That gather and look down from
their far place,

With their long calm our brief
woes to deride.

Until the sun the morning's gate un-
bars,

And mocks, in turn, our sorrows
with his face —

And yet, had Love been Love,
he had not died.

FROM A WINDOW IN CHAMOUNI.

Long waited for, the lingering sun
arose:

Hid was the low east, flushed with
crimson shame,

By stately hills to which his glory
came

One after one, kindling the virgin
snows,

That on their brows eternally repose,
To glowing welcome of his godlike
claim

To be their lord and lover, and his
flame

Of everlasting passion to disclose.

Even so for you, impatient hearts,
that wait,

Cold 'neath the snows of your
virginity,

The hour shall come that warms you,
soon or late:

Though long your night, the long-
est night goes by,

Strong love shall shine in triumph
from your sky,

And with his kiss of fire fulfil your
fate.

CAROLINE FRANCES ORNE.

THE GOLD UNDER THE ROSES.

"OH where hae ye been, my ain
Johnnie?

Where hae ye been wi' your little
spade?"

"I hae been to dig up a pot o' money
Amang the roses white and red."

"O dear, my Johnnie, my ain John-
nie,

Hae ye digged my roses red and sweet?
What did ye find, my little laddie?

What gaed wrang? and what gars
ye greet?"

"I fand nae aucht but ane aul
penny —

A thistle upon its grimy head;
And the sweet white roses, the sweet
red roses,

Are a' uprooted and withered and
dead."

"Ah, my wee mannie, my ain John-
nie!

Tak tent the lesson be wisely sped;
For gold or gear waste not life's
sweetness,

Better love's roses white and red."

SARAH HAMMOND PALFREY

(E. FOXTON).

THE CHILD'S PLEA.

BECAUSE I wear the swaddling-bands
of time,
Still mark and watch me,
Eternal Father, on Thy throne sub-
lime,
Lest Satan snatch me.

Because to seek Thee I have yet to
learn,
Come down and lead me;
Because I am too weak my bread to
earn,
My Father, feed me.

Because I grasp at things that are
not mine,
And might undo me,
Give, from thy treasure-house of
goods divine,
Good gifts unto me.

Because too near the pit I creeping
go,
Do not forsake me.
To climb into Thine arms I am too
low;
O Father, take me!

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

O'er waves that murmur ever nigh
My window opening toward the
deep,
The light-house, with its wakeful eye
Looks into mine, that shuts to
sleep.

I lose myself in idle dreams,
And wake in smiles or sighs or
fright
According to my vision's themes,
And see it shining in the night,

Forever there and still the same;
While many more, besides me,
mark,—
On various course, with various
aim,—
That light that shineth in the dark.

It draws my heart towards those
who roam
Unknown, nor to be known by me;
I see it and am glad, at home,
They see it, and are safe at sea.

On slumbrous, thus, or watching
eyes,
It shines through all the dangerous
night;
Until at length the day doth rise,
And light is swallowed up of light.

Light of the world, incarnate Word,
So shin'st thou through our night
of time,
Whom freemen love to call their Lord,
O Beacon, steadfast and sublime!

And men of every land and speech,
If but they have Thee in their
sight,
Are bound to Thee, and each to each,
Through thee, by countless threads
of light.

GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE.

THE RIVER IN THE MAMMOTH
CAVE.

O DARK, mysterious stream, I sit by
thee
In awe profound, as myriad wander-
ers
Have sat before. I see thy waters
move
From out the ghostly glimmerings of
my lamp
Into the dark beyond, as noiselessly
As if thou wert a sombre river drawn
Upon a spectral canvas, or the stream
Of dim Oblivion flowing through the
lone
And shadowy vale of death. There
is no wave
To whisper on thy shore, or breathe
a wall,
Wounding its tender bosom on thy
sharp

And jagged rocks. Innumerable mingled tones.
 The voices of the day and of the night,
 Are ever heard through all our outer world,
 For Nature there is never dumb; but here
 I turn and turn my listening ear, and catch
 No mortal sound, save that of my own heart,
 That 'mid the awful stillness throbs aloud,
 Like the far sea-surf's low and measured beat
 Upon its rocky shore. But when a cry,
 Or shout, or song is raised, how wildly back
 Come the weird echoes from a thousand rocks,
 As if unnumbered airy sentinels,
 The genii of the spot, caught up the voice,
 Repeating it in wonder — a wild maze
 Of spirit-tones, a wilderness of sounds,
 Earth-born but all unearthly.
 Thou dost seem,
 O wizard stream, a river of the dead —
 A river of some blasted, perished world,
 Wandering forever in the mystic void.
 No breeze e'er strays across thy solemn tide;
 No bird e'er breaks thy surface with his wing;
 No star, or sky, or bow, is ever glassed
 Within thy depths; no flower or blade
 e'er breathes
 Its fragrance from thy bleak banks on the air.
 True, here are flowers, or semblances
 of flowers,
 Carved by the magic fingers of the drops
 That fall upon thy rocky battlements —
 Fair roses, tulips, pinks, and violets —
 All white as cerements of the coffined dead;

But they are flowers of stone, and never drank
 The sunshine or the dew. O sombre stream,
 Whence comest thou, and whither goest? Far
 Above, upon the surface of old Earth,
 A hundred rivers o'er thee pass and sweep,
 In music, and in sunshine, to the sea; —
 Thou art not born of them. Whence comest thou,
 And whither goest? None of earth can know.
 No mortal e'er has gazed upon thy source —
 No mortal seen where thy dark waters blend
 With the abyss of Ocean. None may guess
 The mysteries of thy course. Perchance thou hast
 A hundred mighty cataracts, thundering down
 Toward Earth's eternal centre; but their sound
 Is not for ear of man. All we can know
 Is that thy tide rolls out, a spectre stream,
 From yon stupendous, frowning wall of rock,
 And, moving on a little way, sinks down
 Beneath another mass of rock as dark
 And frowning, even as life — our little life —
 Born of one fathomless eternity,
 Steals on a moment and then disappears
 In an eternity as fathomless.

— ♦ —
 LAURA C. REDDEN

(HOWARD GLYNDON).

FAIR AND FIFTEEN.

SHE is the east just ready for the sun
 Upon a cloudless morning. Oh,
 her cheek

Hath caught the trick of that first,
delicate streak
Which says earth's light-ward foot-
steps have begun!

And still her brow is like some Arctic
height

Which never knows the full, hot
flush of noon;

She wears the seal of May and not
of June;

She is the new day, furthest off from
night!

Luring in promise of all daintiest
sweetness:

A bud with crimson rifting through
its green;

The large, clear eyes, so shy their
lids between

Give hints of this dear wonder's near
completeness.

For, when the bud is fair and full,
like this,

We know that there will be a queen
of roses,

Before her cloister's emerald gate
uncloses,

And her true knight unlocks her with
a kiss!

And gazing on the young moon,
fashioned slightly,

A silver cipher inlaid on the blue,
For all that she is strange and slim
and new,

We know that she will grow in glory
nightly.

And dear to loving eyes as that first
look

The watcher getteth of the far
white sail,

This new light on her face; she
doth prevail

Upon us like a rare, unopened book!

HELEN RICH.

SILENT MOTHERS.

I WONDER, child, if, when you cry
To me, in such sore agony

As I moaned "Mother!" yesterday,
I shall not find some gracious way,
Of comforting my little May!

If, when you kiss my silent lips,
They will not pass from death's
eclipse

To smile in peace I then shall know,
That waits where tired mothers go—
Ay, kiss and bless you soft and low?

If my poor children's grief will fail
To stir the white and frosty veil
That hides my secret from their eyes,
Shall I not turn from Paradise
To still the tempest of their sighs?

Oh! patient hands, that toil to keep
The wolf at bay while children sleep,
That smooth each flossy tangled
tress,
And thrill with mother happiness;
Have they not soon the power to
bless?

I think the sting of death must be
Resigning Love's sweet mastery;
To bid our little ones "Good night,"
And even with all Heaven in sight,
To turn from home and its delight.

HIRAM RICH.

STILL TENANTED.

OLD house, how desolate thy life!
Nay, life and death alike have fled;
Nor thrift, nor any song within,
Nor daily thought for daily bread.

The dew is nightly on thy hearth.
Yet something sweeter to thee
clings,
And some who enter think they hear
The murmur of departing wings.

No doubt within the chambers
there,
Not by the wall nor through the
gate,
Uncounted tenants come, to whom
The house is not so desolate.

To them the walls are white and
warm,
The chimneys lure the laughing
flame,
The bride and groom take happy
hands,
The new-born babe awaits a name.

Who knows what far-off journeyers
At night return with winged
feet,
To cool their fever in the brook,
Or haunt the meadow, clover-
sweet?

And yet the morning mowers find
No footprint in the grass they mow,
The water's clear, unwritten song
Is not of things that come or go.

'Tis not forsaken rooms alone
That unseen people love to tread,
Nor in the moments only when
The day's eluded cares are dead.

To every home, or high or low,
Some unimagined guests repair,
Who come unseen to break and bless
The bread and oil they never share.

ROGER RIORDAN.

INVOCATION.

Come, come, come, my love, come and hurry, and come, my dear;
You'll find me ever loving true, or lying on my bier:
For love of you has burned me through — has oped a gap for Death, I fear;
O come, come, come, my love, before his hand is here,

Though angels' swords should bar your way, turn you not back, but
persevere;
Though heaven should send down fiery hail, rain lightnings, do not fear;
Let your small, exquisite, white feet fly over cliffs and mountains sheer,
Bridge rivers, scatter armed foes, shine on the hill-tops near.

Like citizens to greet their queen, then shall my hopes, desires, troop out,
Eager to meet you on your way and compass you about —
To speed, to urge, to lift you on, 'mid storms of joy and floods of tears,
To the poor town, the battered wall, delivered by your spears.

The javelin-scourges of your eye, the lightnings from your glorious face,
Shall drive away Death's armies gray in ruin and disgrace.
Lift me you shall, and succor me; my ancient courage you shall rouse,
Till like a giant I shall stand, with thunder on my brows.

Then, hand in hand, we'll laugh at Death, his brainless skull, his nerveless
arm;
How can he wreak our overthrow, or plot, to do us harm?
For what so weak a thing as Death when you are near, when you are near?
Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hand is here!

MARY L. RITTER.

RECOMPENSE.

HEART of my heart! when that great
light shall fall,
Burning away this veil of earthly
dust,
And I behold thee beautiful and
strong,
My grand, pure, perfect angel, wise
and just;
If the strong passions of my mortal
life
Should, in the vital essence, still re-
main,
Would there be then—as now—
some cruel bar
Whereon my tired hands should beat
in vain?
Or should I, drawn and lifted, folded
close
In eager-asking arms, unlearn my
fears
And in one transport, ardent, wild
and sweet,
Receive the promise of the endless
years?

T. H. ROBERTSON.

COQUETTE.

“COQUETTE,” my love they some-
times call,
For she is light of lips and heart;
What though she smile alike on all,
If in her smiles she knows no art?
Like some glad brook she seems to
be,
That ripples o’er its pebbly bed,
And prattles to each flower or tree,
Which stoops to kiss it, overhead.
Beneath the heavens’ white and blue
It curls and sings and laughs and
leaps.
The sunny meadows dancing through
O’er noisy shoals and frothy steep.

’Tis thus the world doth see the
brook;

But I have seen it otherwise,
When following it to some far nook
Where leafy shields shut out the
skies.

And there its waters rest, subdued,
In shadowy pools, serene and shy,
Wherein grave thoughts and fancies
brood

And tender dreams and longings
lie.

I love it when it laughs and leaps,
But love it better when at rest—

’Tis only in its tranquil deeps
I see my image in its breast!

AN IDLE POET.

’Tis said that when the nightingale
His mate has found,
He fills no more the woodland deeps
With songful sound.

I sing not since I found my love,
For, like the bird’s
My heart is full of song too sweet,
Too deep, for words.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

HER CONQUEST.

MUSTER thy wit, and talk of whatso-
ever

Light, mirth-provoking matter
thou canst find:

I laugh, and own that thou, with
small endeavor,
Hast won my mind.

Be silent if thou wilt—thine eyes ex-
pressing

Thy thoughts and feelings, lift
them up to mine:

Then quickly thou shalt hear me,
love, confessing
My heart is thine.

And let that brilliant glance become
but tender —
Return me heart for heart — then
take the whole
Of all that yet is left me to surrender:
Thou hast my soul.

Now, when the three are fast in thy
possession,
And thou hast paid me back their
worth, and more,
I'll tell thee — all whereof I've made
thee cession
Was thine before.

ANDREW B. SAXTON.

MIDSUMMER.

MIDWAY about the circle of the year
There is a single perfect day that lies
Supremely fair before our careless
eyes;
After the spathes of floral bloom ap-
pear,
Before is found the first dead leaf and
sere,
It comes precursor of the autumn
skies,
And crown of spring's endeavor.
Till it dies
We do not dream the flawless day is
here.
And thus, as on the way of life we
speed,
Mindful but of the joys we hope to
see,
We never think. "These present
hours exceed
All that has been or that shall ever
be;"
Yet somewhere on our journey we
shall stay
Backward to gaze on our midsummer
day.

DELAY.

THOU dear, misunderstood, maligned
Delay,
What gentler hand than thine can
any know!

How dost thou soften Death's un-
kindly blow,
And halt his messenger upon the way!
How dost thou unto Shame's swift
herald say,
"Linger a little with thy weight of
woe!"
How art thou, unto those whose
joys o'erflow,
A stern highwayman, bidding passion
stay,
Robbing the lover's pulses of their
heat
Within the lonesome shelter of thy
wood!
Of all Life's varied accidents we meet
Where can we find so great an of-
fered good?
Even the longed-for heaven might
seem less sweet
Could we but hurry to it when we
would.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

OUT OF THE DARK.

DAY like a flower blossoms from the
night,
And all things beautiful arise from
things
That bear a lesser grace. The lily
springs
Pure as an angel's soul, and just as
white,
From out the dark clod where no ray
of light
E'er creeps. The butterfly, on airy
wings,
Rises from the cold chrysalis that
clings
To some dead, mouldering leaflet, hid
from sight.
If thus in nature all things good and
fair,
And all things that the grace of beauty
wear,
Begotten are of things that hold no
charm,
Then will I seek to find in every care,
And every sorrow, and in all the harm
That comes to me, a pleasure sweet
and rare.

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

A DESIRE.

LET me not lay the lightest feather's
weight
Of duty upon love. Let not, my
own,
The breath of one reluctant kiss be
blown
Between our hearts. I would not be
the gate
That bars, like some inexorable
fate,
The portals of thy life; that says,
"Alone
Through me shall any joy to thee be
known!"
Rather the window, fragrant early
and late
With thy sweet, clinging thoughts,
that grow and twine
Around me like some bright and
blooming vine,
Through which the sun shall shed his
wealth on thee
In golden showers; through which
thou mayest look out
Exulting in all beauty, without
doubt,
Or fear, or shadow of regret from me.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

FLOWER AND FRUIT.

IN the spring, perverse and sour,
He cared not for bud or flower,
Garden row or blossomed tree:
Rounded fruit he fain would see;
Vintage glow on sunburnt hills,
Bursting garners, toiling mills.
Sheer unreason!
Pity 'twere to waste the blooming
season!

What's the matter? Now he sits
Deep in thought; his brow he knits
Here is fruit on vine and bough, —
Malcontent! what seeks he now?
Would have flowers when flowers
are none,

So in love with springtime grown!
Sheer unreason!
Pity 'twere to waste the ripened sea-
son!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE MORNING HILLS.

I.

HE sits among the morning hills,
His face is bright and strong;
He scans far heights, but scarcely
notes
The herdsman's idle song.

He cannot brook this peaceful life,
While battle's trumpet calls;
He sees a crown for him who wirs,
A tear for him who falls.

The flowery glens and shady slopes
Are hateful to his eyes;
Beyond the heights, beyond the
storms,
The land of promise lies.

II.

He is so old and sits so still,
With face so weak and mild,
We know that he remembers naught,
Save when he was a child.

His fight is fought, his fame is won,
Life's highest peak is past,
The laurel crown, the triumph's arch
Are worthless at the last.

The frosts of age destroy the bay, —
The loud applause of men
Falls feebly on the palsied ears
Of fourscore years and ten.

He does not hear the voice that bears
His name around the world;
He has no thought of great deeds done
Where battle-tempests whirled.

But evermore he's looking back,
Whilst memory fills and thrills
With echoes of the herdsman's song
Among the morning hills.

BEFORE DAWN.

A KEEN, insistent hint of dawn
 Came from the mountain height;
 A wan, uncertain gleam betrayed
 The faltering of the night.

The emphasis of silence made
 The fog above the brook
 Intensely pale; the trees took on
 A haunted, haggard look.

Such quiet came, expectancy
 Filled all the earth and sky;
 Time seemed to pause a little space;
 I heard a dream go by!

FRANK O. TICKNOR.

LITTLE GIFFEN.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire,
 Out of the hospital walls as dire;
 Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
 (Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
 Spectre! such as you seldom see,
 Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the sur-
 geons said;
 Little the doctor can help the dead!
 So we took him; and brought him
 where
 The balm was sweet in the summer
 air;
 And we laid him down on a whole-
 some bed—
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated
 breath, —
 Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
 Months of torture, how many such?
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
 And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
 Told of a spirit that *wouldn't* die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's
 despite
 The crippled skeleton "learned to
 write."
Dear mother, at first, of course; and
 then

Dear captain, inquiring about the
 men.

Captain's answer: of eighty-and-five,
 Giffen and I are left alive.

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
 Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
 Little Giffen was up and away;
 A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye,
 "I'll write, if spared!" There was
 news of the fight;
 But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
 Of the princely knights of the golden
 ring,
 With the song of the minstrel in mine
 ear,
 And the tender legend that trembles
 here,
 I'd give the best on his bended knee,
 The whitest soul of my chivalry,
 For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

GRAY.

SOMETHING so human-hearted
 In a tint that ever lies
 Where a splendor has just departed
 And a glory is yet to rise!

Gray in the solemn gloaming,
 Gray in the dawning skies;
 In the old man's crown of honor,
 In the little maiden's eyes.

Gray mists o'er the meadows brood-
 ing,
 Whence the world must draw its
 best;
 Gray gleams in the churchyard
 shadows,
 Where all the world would "rest."

Gray gloom in the grand cathedral,
 Where the "Glorias" are poured,
 And, with angel and archangel,
 We wait the coming Lord.

Silvery gray for the bridal,
 Leaden gray for the pall;
 For urn, for wreath, for life and death,
 Ever the *Gray* for all.

Gray in the very sadness
Of ashes and sackcloth; yea,
While our raiment of beauty and
gladness
Tarries, our *tears* shall stay;
And our soul shall smile through
their sadness,
And our hearts shall wear the *Gray*.

HENRY TIMROD.

HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND'

HARK to the shouting wind!
Hark to the flying rain!
And I care not though I never see
A bright blue sky again.

There are thoughts in my breast to-
day
That are not for human speech;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
And the roar upon the beach.

And oh! to be with that ship
That I watch through the blinding
brine!
O wind! for thy sweep of land and
sea!
O sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless wind,
To the frightened and flying rain!
I care not though I never see
A calm blue sky again.

DECORATION ODE,

*Sung at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston,
S. C. 1867.*

SLEEP sweetly in your humble
graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is
blown,
And somewhere waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied
tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their
tears,
And these memorial blooms,

Small tributes! but your shades will
smile
More proudly on those wreaths to-
day,
Than when some cannon-moulded
pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

A COMMON THOUGHT.

SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness. Hist, oh,
hist!

In a dim and musky chamber,
I am breathing life away!
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

ISAAC WATTS.

INSIGNIFICANT EXISTENCE.

THERE are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born,
But only to consume the corn.

Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
 And leave behind an empty dish.
 The crows and ravens do the same,
 Unlucky birds of hateful name;
 Ravens or crows might fill their
 places,
 And swallow corn and carcasses,
 Then if their tombstone, when they
 die,
 Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
 There's nothing better will be said
 Than that "they've eat up all their
 bread,
 Drunk up their drink, and gone to
 bed."

—
 LORD, WHEN I QUIT THIS
 EARTHLY STAGE.

LORD, when I quit this earthly
 stage,
 Where shall I flee but to thy breast?
 For I have sought no other home,
 For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here,
 Without some glimpses of thy face;
 And heaven, without thy presence
 there,
 Would be a dark and tiresome
 place.

My God! And can a humble child,
 That loves thee with a flame so
 high,
 Be ever from thy face exiled,
 Without the pity of thy eye?

Impossible. For thine own hands
 Have tied my heart so fast to thee,
 And in thy book the promise stands,
 That where thou art thy friends
 must be.

—
 THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-fading flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling
 flood,
 Stand dressed in living green:
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and
 shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger, trembling, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts re-
 move,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes;—

Could we but climb where Moses
 stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream—nor death's
 cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

—
 AMELIA B. WELBY.

TWILIGHT AT SEA.

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew
 by,
 As lightly and as free;
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
 Ten thousand on the sea.

For every wave with dimpled face
 That leaped upon the air,
 Had caught a star in its embrace
 And held it trembling there.

—
 SARAH H. WHITMAN.

SONNETS TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WHEN first I looked into thy glorious
 eyes,
 And saw, with their unearthly beauty
 pained,

Heaven deepening within heaven,
 like the skies
 Of autumn nights without a shadow
 stained, —
 I stood as one whom some strange
 dream enthalls:
 For, far away, in some lost life
 divine,
 Some land which every glorious
 dream recalls,
 A spirit looked on me with eyes like
 thine.
 E'en now, though death has veiled
 their starry light,
 And closed their lids in his relentless
 night —
 As some strange dream, remembered
 in a dream,
 Again I see in sleep their tender
 beam;
 Unfading hopes their cloudless azure
 fill,
 Heaven deepening within heaven,
 serene and still.

II.

If thy sad heart, pining for human
 love,
 In its earth solitude grew dark with
 fear,
 Lest the high sun of heaven itself
 should prove
 Powerless to save from that phantas-
 mal sphere
 Wherein thy spirit wandered — If the
 flowers
 That pressed around thy feet seemed
 but to bloom
 In lone Gethsemanes, through star-
 less hours,
 When all who loved had left thee to
 thy doom! —
 Oh, yet believe that in that hollow
 vale
 Where thy soul lingers, waiting to at-
 tain
 So much of Heaven's sweet grace as
 shall avail
 To lift its burden of remorseful
 pain, —
 My soul shall meet thee, and its
 heaven forego
 Till God's great love on both, one
 hope, one Heaven, bestow.

THE LAST FLOWERS.

Dost thou remember that autumnal
 day
 When by the Seekonk's lovely
 wave we stood,
 And marked the languor of repose
 that lay,
 Softer than sleep, on valley, wave,
 and wood?
 A trance of holy sadness seemed to
 lull
 The charmed earth and circum-
 ambient air;
 And the low murmur of the leaves
 seemed full
 Of a resigned and passionless des-
 pair.
 Though the warm breath of summer
 lingered still
 In the lone paths where late her
 footsteps passed,
 The pallid star-flowers on the purple
 hill
 Sighed dreamily, "We are the last
 — the last!"
 I stood beside thee, and a dream of
 heaven
 Around me like a golden halo fell!
 Then the bright veil of fantasy was
 riven,
 And my lips murmured, "Fare
 thee well! farewell!"
 I dared not listen to thy words, nor
 turn
 To meet the mystic language of
 thine eyes;
 I only felt their power, and in the
 urn
 Of memory, treasured their sweet
 rhapsodies.
 We parted then, forever — and the
 hours
 Of that bright day were gathered to
 the past —
 But through long, wintry nights I
 heard the flowers
 Sigh dreamily, "We are the last!
 — the last!"

WILLIAM YOUNG.

THE HORSEMAN.

Who is it rides with whip and spur—
Or madman, or king's messenger?

The night is near, the lights begin
To glimmer from the roadside inn,

And o'er the moorland, waste and
wide,
The mists behind the horseman ride.

"Ho, there within — a stirrup-cup!
No time have I to sleep or sup.

"An honest cup! — and mingle well
The juices that have still the spell

"To banish doubt and care, and
slay
The ghosts that prowl the king's
highway."

"And whither dost thou ride, my
friend?"

"My friend, to find the roadway's
end."

His eyeballs shone: he caught and
quaffed,
With scornful lips, the burning
draught.

"Yea, friend, I ride to prove my
life;
If there be guerdon worth the strife—

"If after loss, and after gain,
And after bliss, and after pain,

"There be no deeper draught than
this —
No sharper pain — no sweeter bliss—

"Nor anything which yet I crave
This side, or yet beyond the grave —

"All this, all this I ride to know;
So pledge me, gray-beard, ere I go."

"But gold thou hast: and youth is
thine,
And on thy breast the blazoned sign

"Of honor — yea, and Love hath
bound,
With rose and leaf thy temples round.

"With youth, and name, and wealth
in store,
And woman's love, what wilt thou
more?"

"'What more?' 'what more?' thou
gray-beard wight?
That something yet — that one de-
light —

"To know! to know! — although it
be
To know but endless misery!

"The something that doth beckon
still,
Beyond the plain, beyond the hill,

"Beyond the moon, beyond the sun,
Where yonder shining coursers run.

"Farewell! Where'er the pathway
trend,
I ride, I ride, to find the end!"

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He was a man whom danger could not daunt,	<i>Sir A. De Vere,</i>	184
He was in logic a great critic,	<i>S. Butler,</i>	699
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Like to the clear in highest sphere,	Lodge,	340
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Little inmate, full of mirth,	C. Smith,	507
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Mother of tortures ! persecuting Zeal,	<i>Thomson,</i>	585
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My conscience is my crown ;	<i>Southwell,</i>	523
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My daughter ! with thy name this song begun,	<i>Byron,</i>	105
My days pass pleasantly away ;	<i>Saxe,</i>	474
My fairest child, I have no song to give you,	<i>Kingsley,</i>	321
My friendly fire, thou blazest clear and bright,	<i>R. Southey,</i>	522
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made,	<i>A. A. Procter,</i>	440
My grief or mirth,	<i>A. T. De Vere,</i>	184
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My little child, so sweet a voice might wake,	<i>S. M. B. Platt,</i>	421
My little love, do you remember,	<i>R. B. Lytton,</i>	840
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My mind to me a kingdom is,	<i>Dyer,</i>	819
Mynheer, bleasè halb a boor oldt man,	<i>C. F. Adams,</i>	666
My pictures blacken in their frames,	<i>Landon,</i>	328
Myself I force some narrowest passage through,	<i>Trench,</i>	605
My sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name,	<i>Byron,</i>	95
My soul, there is a country,	<i>Vaughan,</i>	623
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Mysterious Night ! when our first parents knew,	<i>B. White,</i>	634
My uncle Phillip, hale old man,	<i>Stoddard,</i>	780
My wind has turned to bitter north,	<i>Clough,</i>	131
My window that looks down the west,	<i>Whitney,</i>	637
Nae star was glintin' out aboon,	<i>E. Cook,</i>	150
Nature, in zeal for human amity,	<i>E. Young,</i>	678
Nay, Lord, not thus ! white lilies in the spring,	<i>O. Wilde,</i>	648
Nay, smile not at my sullen brow,	<i>Byron,</i>	100
Nay, soul, though near to dying, do not this !	<i>Symonds,</i>	561
Nay, thank me not again for those,	<i>Landon,</i>	327
Near a small village in the West,	<i>Præd,</i>	771
Nearer, my God, to thee,	<i>S. F. Adams,</i>	3
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,	<i>Goldsmith,</i>	234
Never any more,	<i>R. Browning,</i>	68
New being is from being ceased ;	<i>Savage,</i>	472
No blank, no trifle, Nature made, or meant,	<i>E. Young,</i>	680
No coward soul is mine,	<i>E. Bronie,</i>	54
No ; I shall pass into the Morning Land,	<i>M. Collins,</i>	144
No man e'er found a happy life by chance ;	<i>E. Young,</i>	684
None are unhappy ; all have cause to smile,	<i>E. Young,</i>	684
Noon,—and the northwest sweeps the empty road,	<i>Morris,</i>	389
Nor cold nor stern, my soul ! yet I detest,	<i>S. T. Coleridge,</i>	710
Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us ! O ye—	<i>Dobell,</i>	189
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both,	<i>E. Young,</i>	683

No song of a soldier riding down,	<i>O'Reilly,</i>	399
No sound of life was coming,	<i>Joyce,</i>	824
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,	<i>Wolfe,</i>	665
Not a kiss in life; but one kiss, at life's end,	<i>Bunner,</i>	898
Not from the whole wide world I choose thee,	<i>Gilder,</i>	232
Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves,	<i>Akerman,</i>	8
Nothing resting in its own completeness,	<i>A. A. Procter,</i>	443
Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,	<i>W. A. Butler,</i>	701
Not in a moment drops the rose,	<i>E. D. Proctor,</i>	448
Not made by worth, nor marred by flaw,	<i>Winter,</i>	680
No, Tom, you may banter as much as you please;	<i>Cranch,</i>	719
Not profitless the game, even when we lose,	<i>Simms,</i>	502
Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness,	<i>E. Spenser,</i>	528
Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,	<i>Altingham,</i>	18
Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,	<i>Burns,</i>	698
Now is my love all ready forth to come,	<i>E. Spenser,</i>	524
Now lies the Earth all Banast to the stars,	<i>Tennyson,</i>	578
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,	<i>Cowper,</i>	158
Now summer finds her perfect prime!	<i>E. D. Proctor,</i>	446
Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,	<i>Milton,</i>	378
Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne,	<i>Trench,</i>	606
Now we're afloat upon the tropic sea;	<i>Sargent,</i>	471
O bairn, when I am dead,	<i>Buchanan,</i>	807
O beautiful new life within my bosom,	<i>Hopkins,</i>	829
O blithe new-comer! I have heard,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	676
October turned my maple leaves to gold;	<i>T. B. Aldrich,</i>	12
O dark mysterious stream, I sit by thee,	<i>Prentice,</i>	847
O'er waves that murmur ever nigh,	<i>S. H. Palfrey,</i>	847
O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,	<i>S. T. Coleridge,</i>	140
O faint, delicious spring-time violet,	<i>Stor,</i>	543
O fair midspring, besung so oft and oft,	<i>W. Morris,</i>	390
Of all the attributes whose starry rays,	<i>Preston,</i>	435
Of all the mysteries wherethrough we move,	<i>Symonds,</i>	560
Of all the streams that seek the sea,	<i>E. D. Proctor,</i>	447
Of all the thoughts of God that are,	<i>E. B. Browning,</i>	60
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